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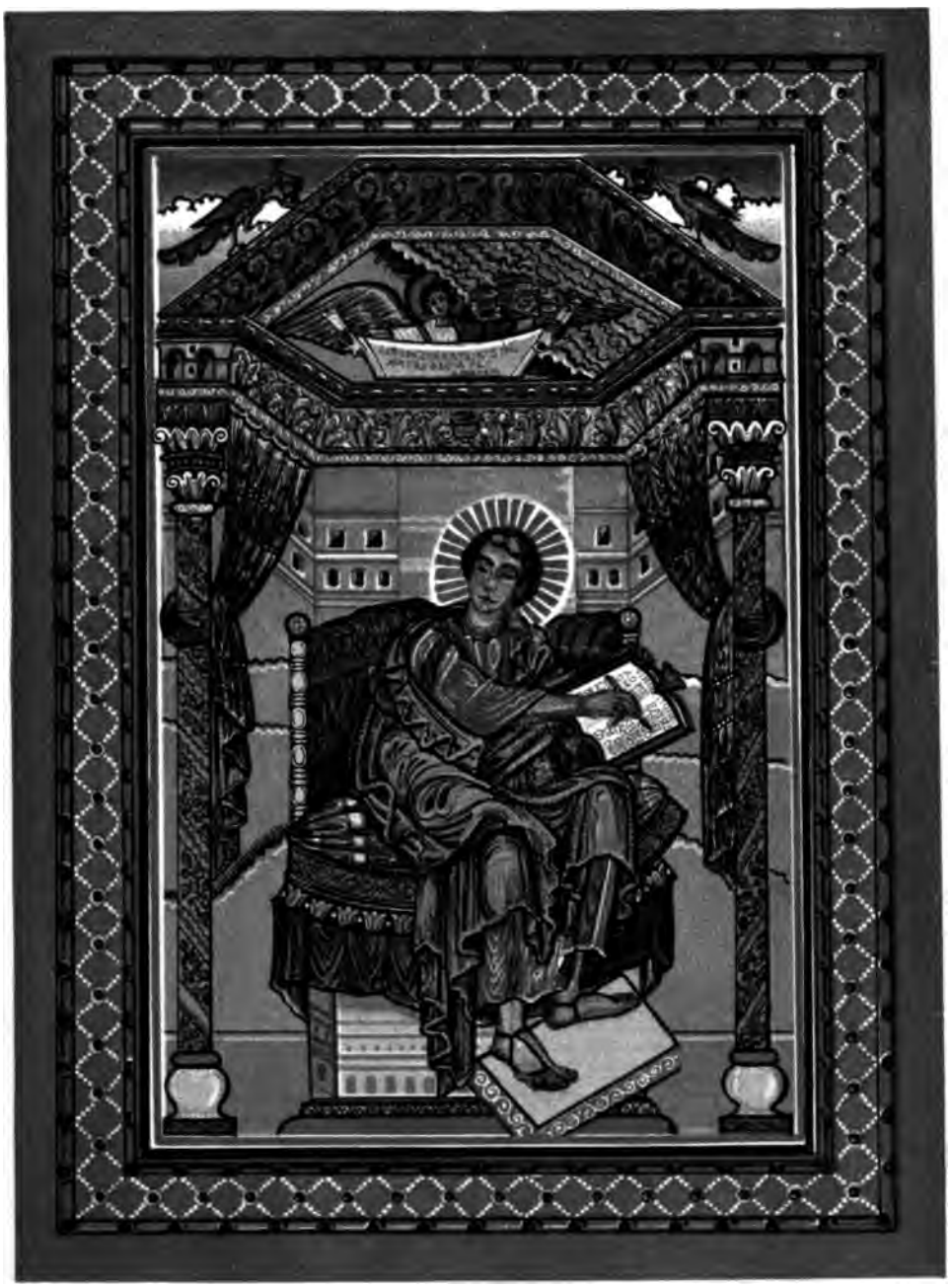

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WESTMINSTER EDITION

THE

UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

A COLLECTION OF THE BEST LITERATURE, ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

EDITED BY

RICHARD GARNETT

KEEPER OF PRINTED BOOKS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON, 1851 TO 1899

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LE DRAME MODERNE

By Maurice Maeterlinck

Quand je parle ici du drame moderne, il va sans dire que je n'entends parler que de ce qui a lieu dans les régions vraiment nouvelles et peu peuplées encore de la littérature dramatique. Plus bas, dans les théâtres ordinaires, le drame ordinaire et traditionnel subit, il est vrai, d'une manière très lente, l'influence du théâtre d'avant-garde, mais il est inutile d'attendre les traînards quand on a l'occasion d'interroger les éclaireurs.

Ce qui, dès le premier coup-d'œil, semble caractériser le drame d'aujourd'hui, c'est d'abord l'affaiblissement et, pour ainsi parler, la paralysie progressive de l'action extérieure, ensuite une tendance très ardente à descendre plus avant dans la conscience humaine et à accorder une part plus grande aux problèmes moraux, et enfin la recherche encore bien tâtonnante d'une sorte de poésie nouvelle, plus spirituelle, plus abstraite que l'ancienne. On ne saurait le nier, il y a sur les scènes actuelles beaucoup moins d'aventures violentes et extraordinaires. Le sang y est plus rarement versé, les passions y sont moins excessives, l'héroïsme moins tendu, le courage moins farouche et moins matériel. On y meurt encore, il est vrai, car on mourra toujours dans la réalité, mais la mort n'est plus, ou du moins on peut espérer que bientôt elle ne sera plus le cadre indispensable, le but inévitable de tout poème dramatique. Il est peu fréquent, en effet, dans notre vie, qui est cruelle peut-être, mais qui ne l'est que d'une manière cachée et silencieuse, il y est peu fréquent que les plus violentes de nos crises se terminent par la mort; et le théâtre, encore qu'il soit plus lent que tous les autres

arts à suivre l'évolution de la conscience humaine, doit finir cependant par en tenir compte, lui aussi, dans une certaine mesure.

Il est certain que les anecdotes antiques et fatales qui constituent tout le fond du théâtre classique, que les anecdotes italiennes, espagnoles, scandinaves ou légendaires qui forment la trame de toutes les œuvres de l'époque shakespearienne et aussi,—pour ne pas passer entièrement sous silence un art infiniment moins spontané,—de toutes celles du romantisme allemand et français, il est certain, dis-je, que ces anecdotes n'offrent plus pour nous l'intérêt immédiat qu'elles offraient en un temps où elles étaient quotidiennement et très naturellement possibles, en un temps, où, tout au moins, les circonstances, les sentiments, les mœurs qu'elles évoquaient n'étaient pas encore éteints dans l'esprit de ceux qui les voyaient reproduites devant eux.

Mais ces aventures ne correspondent plus pour nous à une réalité profonde, vivante et actuelle. Si un jeune homme aime aujourd'hui, au milieu d'obstacles qui représentent plus ou moins, dans un autre ordre d'idées et d'événements, ceux qui entravèrent l'amour de Roméo, nous savons parfaitement que rien de ce qui fait la poésie et la grandeur des amours de Roméo et de Juliette n'embellira son aventure. Il n'y aura plus là l'atmosphère enivrante d'une vie seigneuriale et passionnée. Il n'y aura plus de combats dans les rues, plus d'intermèdes somptueux ou sanglants, plus de poison mystérieux, plus de tombeau fastueux. Il n'y aura plus la grande nuit d'été, qui n'est si grande, si savoureuse et si compréhensible que parce qu'elle est déjà toute pleine de l'ombre d'une mort inévitable et héroïque. Otez tous ces beaux ornements à l'histoire de Roméo et de Juliette, et vous n'aurez plus que le très simple et très ordinaire désir d'un malheureux adolescent de noble cœur, vers une jeune fille que des parents obstinés lui refusent. Toute la poésie, toute la splendeur, toute la vie personnelle de ce désir est faite de l'éclat, de la noblesse, du tragique propres au milieu où il s'épanouit, et il n'est pas un baiser, pas un murmure d'amour, pas un cri de colère, de douleur ou de désespoir qui n'emprunte toute sa grandeur, toute sa grâce, toute sa tendresse, tout son héroïsme, en un mot, toutes les

déroule dans une maison moderne, entre des hommes et des femmes d'aujourd'hui. Les noms des protagonistes invisibles, qui sont les passions et les sentiments, sont à peu près les mêmes qu'autrefois. On voit l'amour, on voit la haine, l'ambition, l'envie, l'avidité, la jalousie, le sens de la justice, l'idée du devoir, la piété, la pitié, la bonté, le dévouement, l'apathie, l'égoïsme, l'orgueil, la vanité, etc. etc. Mais si les noms sont à peu près les mêmes, à quel point l'aspect, l'allure, les qualités, l'étendue, l'influence, les habitudes intimes de ces acteurs idéaux ne se sont-ils pas modifiés! Ils n'ont plus une seule de leurs armes, plus un seul de leurs merveilleux ornements de jadis. Il n'y a presque plus de cris, très rarement du sang, peu de larmes visibles. Le bonheur ou le malheur des êtres se décide dans une étroite chambre, autour d'une table, au coin du feu. On aime, on souffre, on fait souffrir, on meurt sur place, dans son coin, et c'est grand hasard si une porte ou une fenêtre s'entr'ouvre un moment sous la pression d'un désespoir ou d'une félicité extraordinaire. Il n'y a plus de beauté accidentelle et adventice, il n'y a plus de poésie extérieure.—Et quelle poésie, pour peu qu'on aille au fond des choses, n'emprunte presque tout son charme et toute son ivresse à des éléments extérieurs?—Enfin, il n'y a plus de Dieu qui élargit ou domine l'action; il n'y a plus de destin inexorable qui forme aux gestes les plus insignifiants de l'homme un fond mystérieux, tragique et solennel, une atmosphère féconde et sombre qui parvenait à ennoblir jusqu'à ses crimes les moins excusables, jusqu'à ses plus misérables faiblesses. Il subsiste, il est vrai, un inconnu terrible, mais il est si divers, si ondoyant, si incertain, si arbitraire, si contestable pour peu qu'on le précise le moins du monde, qu'il est fort dangereux de l'évoquer, fort difficile aussi de s'en servir de bonne foi pour agrandir jusqu'au mystère les gestes, les paroles, les actions des hommes que nous coudoyons chaque jour. C'est ainsi qu'on a essayé tour à tour de remplacer par la problématique et redoutable énigme de l'hérédité, par la grandiose mais improbable énigme de la justice immanente, par plus d'une autre encore, la vaste énigme de la Providence ou de la Fatalité de jadis. Mais ne peut-on pas observer que ces jeunes énigmes nées d'hier

paraissent déjà plus vieilles, plus inconsistantes, plus arbitraires, plus invraisemblables que celles dont elles ont pris la place dans un accès d'orgueil ?

Dès lors, où chercher la grandeur, la beauté qui ne peuvent plus se trouver dans l'action visible, ni dans les paroles qui n'ont plus guère d'images attrayantes attendu que les paroles ne sont que des sortes de miroirs qui reflètent la beauté de ce qui les entoure ? et la beauté du monde nouveau où nous vivons ne semble pas encore avoir envoyé ses rayons jusqu'à ces miroirs un peu lents. Où chercher enfin cette poésie et cet horizon qu'il est pour ainsi dire impossible de trouver encore dans un mystère qui existe toujours, mais qui s'évapore dès qu'on essaye de lui donner un nom ?

Il semble que le drame moderne se soit confusément rendu compte de tout cela. Ne pouvant plus s'agiter au dehors, n'ayant plus d'ornements extérieurs, n'osant plus faire sérieusement appel à une divinité, à une fatalité déterminées, il s'est replié sur lui-même, il a tenté de retrouver dans les régions de la psychologie et dans celles de la vie morale, l'équivalent de ce qu'il avait perdu dans la vie décorative et expansive d'autrefois. Il a descendu plus avant dans la conscience humaine ; mais ici il s'est heurté à des difficultés inattendues et singulières.

Descendre plus avant dans la conscience humaine, cela est permis et facile au penseur, au moraliste, au romancier, à l'historien, au poète lyrique même ; mais le poète dramatique ne peut à aucun prix être un philosophe inactif ou un contemplateur. Quoiqu'on fasse, quelque merveille qu'on puisse un jour imaginer, la loi souveraine, l'exigence essentielle du théâtre sera toujours l'*action*. Quand le rideau se lève, le haut désir intellectuel que nous avons apporté semble se transformer soudain, et le penseur, le moraliste, le mystique ou le psychologue qui est en nous cède la place au spectateur instinctif qui veut " voir se passer quelque chose." Si étrange que soit cette transformation ou cette substitution, elle est incontestable, et tient apparemment à l'influence de la foule, à une indéniable faculté de l'âme humaine, qui parait douée d'un organe spécial, primitif et presque imperfectible, pour penser,

pour jouir, pour s'émouvoir "en masse." Il n'est alors si admirables, si profondes et si nobles paroles qui bientôt ne nous importunent si elles ne changent rien à la situation, si elles n'aboutissent à un acte, si elles n'amènent un conflit décisif, si elles ne hâtent une solution définitive.

Mais d'où naît l'action dans la conscience de l'homme? A un premier degré, elle naîtra de la lutte de diverses passions opposées. Mais dès qu'elle s'élève un peu, et, à y regarder de bien près, dès le premier degré même, on peut dire qu'elle ne naît guère que d'une lutte entre une passion et une loi morale, entre un devoir et un désir. Aussi le drame moderne s'est-il plongé avec délices dans tous les problèmes de la morale contemporaine, et il est permis d'affirmer qu'en ce moment il se nourrit presque exclusivement de l'agitation de ces divers problèmes.

Cela a commencé par les drames d'Alexandre Dumas fils, qui mettaient en scène les conflits moraux les plus élémentaires, et vivaient tout entiers sur des interrogations telles, que le moraliste idéal qu'il faut toujours supposer dans le spectateur, ne se les pose même pas au cours de son existence spirituelle, tant la réponse est évidente. Faut-il pardonner à l'épouse ou à l'époux infidèles?—Est-il bon de se venger de l'infidélité par l'infidélité? Un enfant naturel a-t-il des droits? Le mariage d'inclination est-il préférable au mariage d'argent? Les parents ont-ils le droit de s'opposer à un mariage d'amour? Le divorce est-il permis quand un enfant est né du mariage? L'adultère de la femme est-il plus grave que celui du mari? etc. etc. Au reste, pour le dire en passant, tout le théâtre français d'aujourd'hui, et une bonne partie du théâtre étranger, qui n'en est que le reflet, s'alimentent uniquement de questions de ce genre, et des réponses gravement superflues qu'on y fait.

Mais d'autre part, à la pointe extrême de la conscience humaine, cela se termine dans les drames de Björnson, d'Hauptmann et surtout dans les drames d'Ibsen. Ici, nous arrivons au bout des ressources de la dramaturgie nouvelle. En effet, plus on descend dans la conscience de l'homme, moins on y trouve de conflits. On ne peut descendre très avant dans une conscience qu'à condition que cette

conscience soit très éclairée, car il est indifférent de faire dix pas ou mille pas au fond d'une âme plongée dans les ténèbres, on n'y trouvera rien d'imprévu, rien de nouveau, les ténèbres étant partout semblables à elles-mêmes. Or, une conscience très éclairée a des passions et des désirs infiniment moins exigeants, infiniment plus pacifiques, infiniment plus patients, infiniment plus salutaires, infiniment plus abstraits et plus généraux qu'une conscience ordinaire. De là, bien moins de luttes, et, en tout cas, des luttes bien moins ardentes entre ces passions agrandies et assagies par le fait même qu'elles sont plus hautes et plus vastes ; car si rien n'est plus sauvage, plus bruyant et plus dévastateur qu'un petit ruisseau encaissé, rien n'est plus tranquille, plus silencieux, plus bienfaisant qu'un fleuve qui s'élargit.

Et d'un autre côté, cette conscience éclairée s'inclinera devant infiniment moins de lois, admettra infiniment moins de devoirs nuisibles ou douteux. Il n'est, pour ainsi dire, pas de mensonge, pas d'erreur, pas de préjugé, pas de convention, pas de demi-vérité qui ne puisse prendre, et qui ne prenne réellement lorsque l'occasion s'en présente, la forme d'un devoir dans une conscience incomplète. C'est ainsi que l'honneur au sens chevaleresque et conjugal du mot (j'entends par ceci l'honneur du mari, qu'on fait dépendre de la faute de la femme), la vengeance, une sorte de pudeur et de chasteté maladives, l'orgueil, la vanité, la piété envers les dieux, mille autres illusions, ont été et sont encore la source intarissable d'une foule de devoirs absolument sacrés, absolument inébranlables pour un grand nombre de consciences inférieures. Et ces soi-disant devoirs sont les pivots de presque tous les drames de l'époque romantique et de la plupart de ceux d'aujourd'hui. Mais dans une conscience qu'une saine et vivante lumière a suffisamment pénétrée, il devient très difficile d'acclimater un de ces sombres devoirs impitoyables et aveugles qui poussent fatalement l'homme vers le malheur ou vers la mort. Il ne s'y trouve plus d'honneur, il ne s'y trouve plus de vengeance, il ne s'y trouve plus de conventions qui réclament du sang. On n'y rencontre plus de préjugés qui exigent des larmes, on n'y voit plus de justice qui veuille le malheur. Il n'y règne plus de dieux qui

ordonnent des supplices, ni d'amour qui demande la mort; et quand le soleil est entré dans la conscience du sage, comme il faut espérer qu'il entrera un jour dans la conscience de tous les hommes, on n'y distingue plus qu'un seul devoir qui est de faire le moins de mal et le plus de bien possible, et d'aimer les autres comme on s'aime soi-même; et de ce devoir-là ne naissent guère de drames.

Aussi, voyez ce qui a lieu dans les drames d'Ibsen. On y descend parfois très avant dans les profondeurs de la conscience humaine; mais le drame ne demeure possible que parce qu'on y descend avec une lumière singulière, une sorte de lumière rouge, sombre, capricieuse et, pour ainsi dire, maudite, qui n'éclaire que d'étranges fantômes. Et, en fait, presque tous les devoirs qui constituent le principe actif des tragédies d'Ibsen sont des devoirs exaspérés et maladifs, des devoirs non plus situés en deçà mais au delà de la conscience sainement éclairée; et les devoirs que l'on croit découvrir par delà cette conscience touchent souvent de bien près à une sorte de folie chagrine et maladive.

Il est bien entendu, pour dire ici toute ma pensée, que cette remarque n'enlève rien à mon admiration pour le grand poète scandinave; car s'il est vrai qu'Ibsen n'a ajouté que bien peu d'exemples, bien peu de préceptes et bien peu d'éléments salutaires à la morale contemporaine, il est le seul qui au théâtre ait entrevu et mis en œuvre une poésie nouvelle, et qui soit parvenu à l'envelopper d'une sorte de beauté et de grandeur farouche et assombrie (trop farouche et trop assombrie même pour qu'elle puisse être générale et définitive), qui ne doit rien à la poésie, à la beauté, à la grandeur des drames violemment enluminés de l'antiquité et de la Renaissance.

Mais en attendant qu'il y ait dans la conscience humaine plus de passions utiles et moins de devoirs néfastes, qu'il y ait par conséquent sur la scène de ce monde plus de bonheur et moins de tragédies, un grand devoir de charité et de justice, qui offusque tous les autres, subsiste pour le moment au fond du cœur de tous les hommes de bonne volonté. Et peut-être est-ce de la lutte de ce devoir contre notre égoïsme, notre indifférence et notre ignorance que doit naître le véritable drame de notre siècle. Hauptmann a

tenté de l'en tirer dans *Les Tisserands*, Björnson dans *Au delà des Forces*, Mirbeau dans *Les Mauvais Bergers*, de Curel dans *Le Repas du Lion*, mais en dépit de ces très honorables tentatives, il n'a pas été fait jusqu'ici. Une fois cette étape franchie dans la vie réelle comme sur la scène, il sera peut-être permis de parler d'un théâtre nouveau, d'un théâtre de paix, de bonheur et de beauté sans larmes.

Maurice Maeterlinck

THE MODERN DRAMA

By Maurice Maeterlinck

When I speak of the modern drama, it must be well understood that I refer only to what is actually happening in those regions of dramatic literature which truly are new, for all that they may be, as yet, but sparsely inhabited. Lower down, in the ordinary theatre, it may well be that the ordinary and traditional drama is in its turn undergoing, be it ever so slowly, the influence of the theatre of the advance-guard; but it were useless to wait for the laggards when it lies in our power to question those in the van.

The first glance that we throw on the drama of the day would seem to reveal, as its chief characteristic, the weakening, the progressive paralysis, so to speak, of exterior action; further, a most ardent tendency to penetrate ever more deeply into human consciousness, and attribute still greater importance to moral problems; and last of all we are struck by the search, so far still very timid, for a kind of new beauty that shall be more spiritual, more abstract, than was the old. It cannot be denied that adventures on the stage of to-day have become far less extraordinary and far less violent. Bloodshed has grown less frequent, passions less turbulent; heroism has become less rigid, courage less material and ferocious. People still die on the stage, it is true, as in reality they still must die; but death has ceased—or will cease, let us hope, very soon—to be the indispensable setting, the inevitable end, of every dramatic poem. It is rarely, indeed, in our own life—which, though it be cruel perhaps, is cruel only in hidden and silent ways—it is rarely

indeed in our life that death puts an end to the more violent of our crises; and for all that the theatre is slower than the rest of the arts to follow the evolution of human consciousness, it will still be at last compelled, in some measure, to take this into account.

There is no doubt but what the ancient and fatal legends which constitute the entire basis of the classic theatre: and the Italian, Scandinavian, Spanish, or mythical legends, which build up the plot of works of the Shakespearian period, as also of the period of German and French romanticism (which last we must not pass by without mention, though its art is infinitely less spontaneous)—there is no doubt but what all these are no longer able to offer us the immediate interest they bore at a time when they appeared most natural, when their occurrence was daily possible; at a time when, at any rate, the circumstances, manners, and sentiments they evoked were not yet extinct in the minds of those who witnessed their reproduction.

But to us these adventures no longer correspond with a deep, and actual, and living reality. If a youth of our own time loves, and is confronted by obstacles not unlike those which, in another order of ideas and events, beset Romeo's love, we know perfectly well that nothing of all that which made the poetry and grandeur of Romeo and Juliet's love will shed beauty upon his adventure. The entrancing atmosphere of a magnificent, passionate life no longer abides with us; nor have we the brawls in the street, the sanguinary or sumptuous episodes, mysterious poisons, or fastidious tombs. Gone, too, is that grand summer's night—the night that owed all its grandeur, its charm, its comprehensibleness even, to the shadow of an heroic, inevitable death, that already lay heavy upon it. Strip the story of Romeo and Juliet of all these beautiful ornaments, and we have only the very simple and ordinary desire of a noble-hearted, unfortunate youth for a young girl whose hand is denied him by her obdurate parents. All the poetry, the splendour, the personal life of this desire is derived from the brilliance, nobility, tragedy, which fitly form the environment wherein it flowers; nor is there a kiss, a whisper of love, a cry of

anger, grief, or despair, but owes all its grandeur, tenderness, heroism, and grace—every image, in a word, that has helped it to visible form—to the objects and beings that surround it; as, for instance, the beauty and sweetness of a kiss are contained far less in the kiss itself than in the circumstance, hour, and place of its giving. And the same remarks would hold good if we chose to imagine a man of our time to be jealous as Othello was jealous, possessed of Macbeth's ambition, as unhappy as King Lear; or, like Hamlet, wavering and restless, crushed by an impossible, harassing duty.

These conditions no longer exist. The adventure of the modern Romeo—to consider only the external events to which it would give rise—would not furnish material enough for a single act. Some will say that a modern poet who desires to put on the stage an analogous poem of youthful love, is perfectly justified in borrowing from days gone by a setting more decorative, more fertile in heroic incident, than is offered by these times of ours. True: and yet what would the result be of such an expedient? Would not the feelings and passions that demand, for their fullest, most perfect development, the atmosphere of to-day—for the modern poet's feelings and passions must, himself notwithstanding, be entirely and exclusively modern—would not these be suddenly thrust into a world where all things prevented their living? They no longer have faith; and yet they are charged with the fear of eternal punishment and the hope of eternal reward. They have learned to cling in their sorrow to a mass of new forces, that at length have grown trustworthy, human, and sure; and behold them placed in a century wherein prayer and the sword decide all. They have profited, it may be unconsciously, by all our moral acquirements; and they are suddenly flung far back into days when the slightest gesture was governed by prejudices that awaken only their terror or smile. In such an atmosphere what can they do—how hope that they truly can live there?

But we need not dwell any longer on the necessarily artificial poems that spring from the impossible marriage of past and present. Let us consider the drama that actually does represent

the reality of our time, as the Greek drama and that of the Renaissance represented the reality of theirs. It is in a modern house, and between men and women of to-day, that this drama unfolds itself. The names of the invisible protagonists—which are the passions and feelings—these are the same, more or less, as of old. We see love, hatred, ambition, jealousy, envy, and greed; the sense of justice and idea of duty; pity, goodness, devotion, piety, apathy, selfishness, vanity, pride, etc., etc., etc. But although the names of these ideal actors have not changed, how great is the modification of their aspect and qualities, their extent, and habits, and influence; not one of their ancient weapons is left them, not one of the marvellous ornaments of days long gone. It is seldom that cries are heard now; and bloodshed is rare, while tears are but seldom seen. It is in a small room, round a table, close to the fireside, that the joys and the sorrows of men are determined. We suffer, or bring suffering to others, we love and we die, there, in our corner, wherever we happen to be; and it were by most singular chance that a window or door would for one instant fly open under the pressure of extraordinary despair or rejoicing. Accidental, adventitious beauty exists no longer; nor is there poetry now in externals.—And what poetry is there—if we choose to probe into the heart of things—but borrows nearly all of its charm, nearly all of its ecstasy, from external elements? And, finally, there is no longer a God to widen the sphere of the action, or master it; nor is there an inexorable fate to form a mysterious, solemn, and tragical background for the slightest gesture of man, and enwrap it with a sombre, fecund atmosphere, capable of ennobling even his most contemptible weaknesses, his least excusable crimes. There does yet abide with us, it is true, a terrible unknown; but it is so diverse and evasive, it becomes so arbitrary, uncertain, and contestable the moment we make the slightest attempt to determine it, that it is dangerous indeed to evoke it, and a matter of extreme difficulty loyally to avail ourselves of it in order to heighten the mystery, the gestures, and actions, and words of the men we pass by every day. The endeavour has been made; the formidable, problematic enigma of heredity, the grandiose but improbable

enigma of inherent justice, and others besides, have each in their turn been seized on as a substitute for the vast enigma of the Providence or fatality of old. And it is curious to note how these youthful enigmas, born but of yesterday, already seem to be older, more inconsistent, more arbitrary, and more improbable than were those whose places they took in an access of pride.

Where shall we look, then, for the grandeur and beauty that can no longer be found in visible action, or in the words that have lost their attractive images—for words are only a species of mirror which reflects the beauty of all that surrounds it, and the beauty of this new world in which we have being does not seem as yet to have reached with its rays these somewhat reluctant mirrors. Where shall we seek this horizon and poetry, that it seems impossible to find in a mystery which still exists, it is true, but evaporates the moment we try to give it a name?

All this would appear to have been vaguely realised by the modern drama. Incapable of exterior development, deprived of exterior ornament, no longer venturing to make serious appeal to a special fatality or divinity, it has fallen back on itself, and endeavoured to discover, in the regions of moral life and in those of psychology, the equivalent of all that it once possessed in the decorative, expansive life of former days. It has penetrated further into human consciousness; but here it has encountered strange and unexpected difficulties.

It is legitimate, and easy for the thinker, the moralist, historian, novelist, even for the lyric poet, to open up new ground in the consciousness of man; but at no price whatever may the dramatic poet be an inactive observer or philosopher. Do what we will, and whatever the marvels we may some day imagine, it is always *action* that will be the sovereign law, the essential demand, of the theatre. It would seem as though the rise of the curtain brought about a sudden transformation in the lofty intellectual thought we bring with us; as though the thinker, psychologist, mystic, or moralist in us makes way for the mere instinctive spectator, who wants to see something happen? This transformation or substitution is incontestable, however strange it

may seem, and is due perhaps to the influence of the crowd, to an inherent faculty of the human soul, that appears to possess a special sense, primitive and scarcely susceptible of improvement, by virtue of which men think, and enjoy, and feel, *en masse*. And there are no words so admirable, profound, and noble but they will soon weary us if they leave the situation unchanged, if they lead to no action, bring about no decisive conflict, or hasten no definite solution.

But whence is it that action arises in the consciousness of man? In its lowest form it will spring from the struggle between diverse conflicting passions. But no sooner has it risen somewhat—and a closer inspection will show that this is true of the lower forms also—than it would seem to arise only from the conflict between a passion and a moral law, between a desire and a duty. And the modern drama has flung itself with delight into all the problems of contemporary morality, and it is fair to assert that at this moment it confines itself almost exclusively to the discussion of these different problems.

This movement was initiated by the dramas of Alexandre Dumas fils, dramas which brought the most elementary of moral conflicts on to the stage; dramas, indeed, whose entire existence was based on problems such as the spectator, who must always be assumed to be an ideal moralist, would never put to himself in the course of his whole spiritual existence, so evident is their solution. Should the faithless husband or wife be forgiven? Is it well to revenge infidelity by infidelity? Has the illegitimate child any rights? Is the marriage of inclination preferable to the marriage for money? Have parents the right to oppose a marriage which has love for its basis? Is divorce permissible when a child is born of the union? Is the sin of the adulterous wife greater than that of the adulterous husband? etc., etc., etc. And it may here be said that the entire French theatre of to-day, and a considerable portion of the foreign theatre, which is only its echo, exist solely on questions of this kind and the entirely superfluous answers provided to them.

But, on the other hand, the loftiest point of human conscious-

ness is reached by the dramas of Björnson, of Hauptmann, and, above all, by the dramas of Ibsen. Here we attain the limit of the resources of modern dramaturgy. For, in truth, the further we go into the consciousness of man, the less struggle do we find. We cannot penetrate far into any consciousness unless that consciousness be very enlightened; for it matters not whether the steps we take in the depths of the soul that is plunged in darkness be one or a thousand, we shall find therein naught that is new, that we have not expected; for darkness everywhere will be like unto itself. Whereas a consciousness that is truly enlightened possesses passions and desires that are infinitely less exacting, more peaceful and patient, more salutary, abstract, and general than are those that have their abode in the ordinary consciousness. And therefore it follows that we shall come across far less struggle, or that at least the struggle will be far less violent, between these passions that have been enhanced and ennobled by the mere fact of their having become loftier and vaster; for if there be nothing more savage, destructive, and turbulent than a dammed-up stream, there is nothing more tranquil, beneficent, and silent than the river whose banks ever widen.

And, again, this enlightened consciousness will bow down before infinitely fewer laws, will admit infinitely fewer duties that are doubtful or harmful. It may be said that there is scarcely a falsehood or error, a prejudice, half-truth, or convention that is not capable of assuming—that does not really assume, when the occasion presents itself—the form of a duty in an incomplete consciousness. Of such is honour in the chivalrous, conjugal sense of the word (I refer to the honour of the husband, which is supposed to depend on the wife's fidelity); of such are revenge, and a kind of morbid prudishness and chastity; of such are pride, vanity, piety to the gods, and a thousand other illusions, all of which have been, and are still, the unquenchable source of a multitude of duties which are looked upon as absolutely sacred and inviolable by a vast number of inferior consciousnesses. And these so-called duties are the pivots of almost all the dramas of the Romantic period, as of most of those of to-day. But none of these sombre, blind, and

pitiless duties, which so fatally impel mankind to death and disaster, will readily take root in the consciousness that a healthy, living light has adequately penetrated; in such there will be no room for honour or vengeance, or conventions that clamour for blood. Prejudices that call for tears will no longer be found there, or the justice that demands unhappiness. The gods who insist on sacrifice, the love that asks for death, all these will have been dethroned; and when the sun has entered into the consciousness of him who is wise, as we may hope it will some day enter into the consciousness of all men, no duties will be discovered therein but one alone, which is that it behoves us to do the least possible harm and the utmost good, and love others as we love ourselves; and from this duty no drama can spring.

And now let us see what takes place in Ibsen's dramas. Here we descend at times very far into the depths of human consciousness, but the drama remains possible only because in our descent there goes with us a singular light, red, as it were, and sombre, capricious,—unhallowed, we almost might call it,—a light that illumines only strange phantoms. And in truth nearly all the duties which form the active principles of Ibsen's tragedies are embittered and morbid; they are duties whose home is without, and no longer within, the healthy, enlightened consciousness; and duties we believe to have discovered outside this zone are often most closely akin to a sort of morbid and gloomy madness.

It must not be imagined, however,—as it would indeed be far from my thoughts—that these remarks of mine in any way detract from my admiration for the great Scandinavian poet. And, indeed, if it be true that Ibsen has offered but few helpful examples, elements, precepts, to the morality of our time, he is still the only dramatist who has seen a new poetry and set it forth on the stage, and succeeded in enwrapping it with a kind of sombre, ferocious beauty and grandeur (too ferocious and sombre even for it to be general or definite); as he is the only one who has borrowed nothing from the poetry, beauty, and grandeur of the violently illumined dramas of antiquity and the Renaissance.

But until such time as the human consciousness shall contain

more useful passions and fewer nefarious duties, and the theatre of the world shall consequently present to us more happiness and fewer tragedies, we must still recognise the existence, at this very moment, deep down in the hearts of all men of loyal intention, of a great duty of charity and justice which undermines all the others. And it is perhaps from the struggle of this duty against our egoism, indifference, and ignorance that the veritable drama of our century shall spring into being. Hauptmann has made the attempt in *Die Weber*, Björnson in *Au delà des Forces*, Mirbeau in *Les Mauvais Bergers*, de Curel in *Le Repas du Lion*, but all these very honourable endeavours notwithstanding, the achievement has been not yet. Once this gap has been bridged, on the stage as in actual life, it will be permissible perhaps to speak of a new theatre—a theatre of peace and happiness, and of beauty without tears.

Translated by ALFRED SUTRO.

CHARLES THE BOLD.

By EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

[Edward Augustus Freeman, a leading English historical scholar, was born in Staffordshire, August 2, 1823; became a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. His first preoccupation was with mediæval architecture, which led him to ecclesiastical and political antiquarian studies; he very early formed the design of writing the history of the genesis, achievement, and effects of the Norman Conquest; his detestation alike of the Turks and of the Austrian Empire which protected Europe from the Turks — as both built up on the ruins of the freedom of the East European states — was the basis of a vast quantity of essay and review writing on mediæval Europe; and there was hardly any historical subject which was not touched upon by his tireless industry, and his enormous and minute scholarship. His first work was a "History of Architecture" (1849); his next a series of lectures on the "History and Conquests of the Saracens" (1856); the chief of his many other works are the unfinished "History of Federal Government" (1863); his masterpiece, the "History of the Norman Conquest" (1867–1876; supplementary volume on the reign of William Rufus, in 1882); several works on early English history, the English constitution, etc.; "Historical Geography of Europe," "General Sketch of European History," and several others in this line; "Comparative Politics"; the "Continuity of History"; four volumes of "Historical Essays"; "Methods of Historical Study"; lectures at Oxford, where he was regius professor of modern history, and four volumes of a "History of Sicily" intended to fill fourteen (1891–1894). He died at Alicante, Spain, March 16, 1892.]

The position of Charles was a very peculiar one; it requires a successful shaking off of modern notions fully to take in what it was. He held the rank of one of the first princes in Europe without being a king, and without possessing an inch of ground for which he did not owe service to some superior lord. And more than this, he did not owe service to one lord only. The phrase of "Great Powers" had not been invented in the fifteenth century; but there can be no doubt that if it had been, the Duke of Burgundy would have ranked among

the foremost of them. He was, in actual strength, the equal of his royal neighbor to the west, and far more than the equal of his Imperial neighbor to the east. Yet for every inch of his territories he owed a vassal's duty to one or other of them. Placed on the borders of France and the Empire, some of his territories were held of the Empire and some of the French crown. Charles, Duke of Burgundy, Count of Flanders and Artois, was a vassal of France; but Charles, Duke of Brabant, Count of Burgundy, Holland, and a dozen other duchies and counties, held his dominions as a vassal of Cæsar. His dominions were large in positive extent, and they were valuable out of all proportion to their extent. No other prince in Europe was the direct sovereign of so many rich and flourishing cities, rendered still more rich and flourishing through the long, and, in the main, peaceful administration of his father. The cities of the Netherlands were incomparably greater and more prosperous than those of France or England; and, though they enjoyed large municipal privileges, they were not, like those of Germany, independent commonwealths, acknowledging only an external superior in their nominal lord. Other parts of his dominions, the duchy of Burgundy especially, were as rich in men as Flanders was rich in money.

So far the Duke of Burgundy had some great advantages over every other prince of his time. But, on the other hand, his dominions were further removed than those of any prince in Europe from forming a compact whole. He was not king of one kingdom, but duke, count, and lord of innumerable duchies, counties, and lordships, acquired by different means, held by different titles and of different overlords, speaking different languages, subject to different laws, transmitted according to different rules of succession, and each subject to possible escheat to its own lord. These various territories, moreover, had as little geographical as they had political connection. They lay in two large masses, the two Burgundies forming one and the Low Countries forming the other, so that their common master could not go from one of his capitals to another without passing through a foreign territory.

And even within these two great masses, there were portions of territory intersecting the ducal dominions which there was no hope of annexing by fair means. The dominions of a neighboring duke or count might be acquired by marriage, by purchase, by exchange, by various means short of open rob-

bery. But the dominions of the free cities and of the ecclesiastical princes were in their own nature exempt from any such processes. If the Duke of Burgundy became also Duke of Brabant, the inhabitants simply passed from one line of princes to another; no change was involved in their laws or in their form of government. But as Mr. Kirk well points out, the bishopric of Lüttich could never pass by marriage, inheritance, forfeiture, or purchase. Just as little could the free Imperial city of Besançon. The duke whose dominions hemmed them in could win them only by sheer undisguised conquest, a conquest too which must necessarily change the whole framework of their government. The rights of princely government were in no way affected by the transfer, even the violent transfer, of a duchy from one duke to another; but the rights of the Church in one case, and the rights of civic freedom in the other, would have been utterly trampled underfoot by the annexation of a bishopric or a free city.

Charles too, lord of so many lordships, was also closely connected with many royal houses. In France he was not only the first feudatory of the kingdom, the Dean of the Peers of France: he was also a prince of the blood royal, with no great number of lives between him and the crown. On his mother's side he claimed descent from the royal houses of England and Portugal: he closely identified himself with England; he spoke our language; he played an active part in our politics; he seems to have cherished a hope, one perhaps not wholly unreasonable, that, among the revolutions and disputed successions of our country, the extinction of both the contending houses might at last place the island crown upon his own brow. Looking to his eastern frontier, to the states which he held of the Empire, he was beyond all comparison the most powerful of the Imperial feudatories. The next election might place him upon the throne of the Cæsars, where he would be able to reign after a very different sort from the feeble Austrian whom he aspired to succeed or to displace. Or, failing of any existing crown, he might dream of having a crown called out of oblivion for his special benefit. Burgundy might again give its name to a kingdom, and his scattered duchies and lordships might be firmly welded together under a royal scepter. Perhaps no man ever had so many dreams, dreams which in any one else would have been extravagant, naturally suggested to him by the position in which he found himself by inheritance.

And now what sort of man was he who inherited so much, and whose inheritance prompted him to strive after so much more? We wish to speak of him as he was in his better days; towards the end of his life the effect of unexpected misfortunes darkened all his faults, even if it did not actually touch his reason. . . .

Charles was perhaps unlucky in the age in which he lived; he was certainly unlucky in the predecessor whom he succeeded and in the rival against whom he had to struggle. It may be, as Mr. Kirk says, that he was better fitted for an earlier age than that in which he lived; it is certain that he was quite unfit either to succeed Philip the Good or to contend against Lewis the Eleventh. One can have no hesitation in saying that Charles was morally a better man than his father. He had greater private virtues, and he was certainly not stained with greater public crimes. Yet Philip passed with unusual prosperity and reputation through a reign of unusual length, while the career of Charles was short and stormy, and he left an evil memory behind him. Philip, profligate as a man and unprincipled as a ruler, was still the Good Duke, who lived beloved and died regretted by his subjects. Charles, chaste and temperate in his private life, and with a nearer approach to justice and good faith in his public dealings than most princes of his time, was hated even by his own soldiers, and died unlamented by any one.

As in many other men, the virtues and the vices of Charles were closely linked together. He knew no mercy either for himself or for anybody else. Austere in his personal morals and a strict avenger of vice in others, he probably made himself enemies by his very virtues, where a little genial profligacy might have made him friends. His home government was strictly just; his ear was open to the meanest petitioner, and he was ready to send the noblest offender to the scaffold. But such stern justice was not the way to make himself popular in those days. A justice which knows not how to yield or to forgive is hardly suited for fallible man in any age, and in that age Charles sometimes drew blame upon himself by acts which we should now look on as crowning him with honor. His inexorable justice refused to listen to any entreaties for the life of a gallant young noble who had murdered a man of lower degree. In this we look on him as simply discharging the first duty of a sovereign; in his own age the execution seemed to men of all ranks to be an act of remorseless cruelty. In short,

Charles, as a civil ruler, practiced none of the arts by which much worse rulers have often made themselves beloved. He was chary of gifts, of praise, of common courtesy. No wonder then that so many of his servants forsook him for a prince who at least knew how to appreciate and to reward their services.

And what Charles was as a ruler he was even more conspicuously as a captain. In warfare his discipline was terrible; he imposed indeed no hardship on the lowest sentinel which he did not equally impose upon himself; but the commander who had no kind word for any one, and a heavy punishment for the slightest offense, did not go the way to win the love of his soldiers. His cruelty towards Dinant and Lüttich did not greatly exceed — in some respects it did not equal — the ordinary cruelty of the age; but the cold and quasi judicial severity with which he planned the work of destruction is almost more repulsive than the familiar horrors of the storm and the sack.

It was his utter want of sympathy with mankind which made Charles the Bold hated, while really worse men have been beloved. The ambition of Philip the Good was more unprincipled than that of his son, but it was more moderate, and kept more carefully within the bounds of possibility. The means by which he gained large portions of his dominions, Holland and Hennegau especially, were perhaps more blameworthy than anything in the career of Charles, and in particular acts of cruelty and in violent outbursts of wrath there was little to choose between father and son. But Philip's ambition was satisfied with now and then seizing a province or two which came conveniently within his grasp; he did not keep the world constantly in commotion; he had no longing after royal or Imperial crowns, and indeed refused them when they came in his way; his rule was on the whole peaceful and beneficent, and his very annexations, when they were once made, secured large districts from the horrors of border warfare. But Charles was always planning something, and the world was always wondering what he might be planning. He attacked and annexed so widely that it was no wonder if even those whom he had no mind to attack deemed it necessary to stand ready for him.

His loftiest flights of ambition were far from being so wild and reckless as they are commonly represented; his dream of a new Burgundian kingdom was far from irrational; still less was there anything monstrous either in a great French prince

aspiring to a paramount influence in France, or in a great German prince aspiring to the crown of the Empire. But the misfortune of Charles was that he was always aspiring after something; he was always grasping at something which he had not, instead of enjoying what he had. Neither his own subjects nor strangers were allowed a moment's peace: wars with France, wars with Lüttich, Gelders annexed, Elsass purchased, Neuss besieged, Lorraine conquered, Provence bargained for, were enough to keep the whole world in commotion. The ten years of Charles' reign are as rich in events as the forty-eight years of his father.

Mr. Kirk is fond of enlarging on Charles' good faith; and for a prince of the fifteenth century, the praise is not wholly undeserved. As compared with the contemporary kings of England and France, the Duke of Burgundy may fairly pass for a man of his word. He certainly did not openly trample on oaths and obligations like Edward the Fourth, nor did he carry on a systematic trade of secret intrigue like Lewis the Eleventh. Even in the affair of Péronne, to which Mr. Kirk frequently points as an exception to Charles' general straightforwardness, there seems to have been no deliberate treachery on Charles' part, though there certainly was a breach in words of the safeconduct which he had given to Lewis. The King sought an interview of his own accord; it was to take place in the then Burgundian town of Péronne. The Duke gave the King a safeconduct, notwithstanding anything which had happened or might happen. While Lewis was at Péronne, Charles discovered, or believed that he had discovered, evidence that the King was plotting with the revolted people of Lüttich. Charles then kept him as a prisoner till he had signed an unfavorable treaty, and further obliged him to accompany him on his campaign against Lüttich, and to witness and take a part in the utter overthrow of his allies. Here was undoubtedly a breach of an engagement: according to the letter of the bond, Charles should have taken Lewis safe back into his own dominions, and should have declared war and pursued him the moment he had crossed the frontier. But, setting aside the literal breach of faith, to deal with Lewis as he did, to humble him before all the world, to make him follow where he was most unwilling to go, was quite in character with the stern and ostentatious justice of Charles. As a mere breach of faith, it was a light matter compared with the everyday career of Lewis

himself. But what shocked the feeling of the time was for a vassal to put his suzerain lord under personal duress. To rebel against such a lord and make war upon him was an ordinary business; but for a Duke of Burgundy to make a King of France his prisoner was a breach of all feudal reverence, a sacrilegious invasion of the sanctity of royalty, which carried men's minds back to a deed of treason more than five hundred years old.

We cannot look upon this business at Péronne as being morally of so deep a dye as the long course of insincerity pursued by Charles with regard to the marriage of his daughter. It is clear that he was possessed with a strong and not very intelligible dread of a son-in-law in any shape. Like many other princes, he shrank from the notion of a successor; he shrank especially from a successor who would not be one of his own blood, but the husband of his daughter, one who most likely would seek in her marriage and his affinity nothing but stepping stones to the ducal or royal crown of Burgundy. So far one can enter into the feeling; but it is clear that Charles first carried it to a morbid extent, and then made use of it for a disingenuous political purpose. He held out hopes of his daughter's hand to every prince whom he wished for the moment to attach to his interests, without the least serious intention of bestowing her upon any of them. Mary was used as the bait for Charles of Guienne, for Nicolas of Calabria, for Maximilian of Austria. Now this, though it might serve an immediate end, was a base and selfish policy, which could not fail to leave, as in the end it did leave, both his daughter and his dominions without any lawful or acknowledged protector. The feelings alike of a father and of a sovereign should have made Charles overcome his dread of an acknowledged successor, rather than run the risk of leaving a young girl to grapple unprotected with the turbulent people of Flanders and with such a neighbor as Lewis the Eleventh. It is here, we think, rather than in his formal breach of faith at Péronne, that we should look for the most marked exception to that general character for good faith and sincerity which is claimed for Charles by his biographer. It is certain that he piqued himself upon such a character, and that his conduct was on the whole not inconsistent with it. The worst deeds of his later career, his treatment of the princes of Lorraine and Würtemburg, his unprovoked attack on Neuss, his cruelties after the loss of

Elsass, were deeds of open violence rather than of bad faith. Through the whole of his dealings with Austria and Switzerland there runs a vein of conscious sincerity, a feeling that his own straightforwardness was not met with equal straightforwardness on the part of those with whom he had to deal.

Where then Charles failed was that he had neither the moral nor the intellectual qualities which alone could have enabled him to carry out the great schemes which he was ever planning. Success has often been the lot of brave, frank, and open-hearted princes, who have carried everything before them, and who have won hearts as well as cities by storm. Sometimes again it has fallen to the lot of a cold, crafty, secret plotter, like Charles' own rival and opposite. The gallant, genial René of Lorraine won the love of subjects and allies, and recovered the dominions which Charles had stolen from him. Lewis, from his den at Plessis, established his power over all France; he extended the bounds of France by two great provinces, and permanently attached the stout pikes and halberts of Switzerland to his interest. But Charles the Bold, always planning schemes which needed the genius and opportunities of Charles the Great, was doomed to failure in the nature of things. A prince, just, it may be, and truthful, but harsh and pitiless, who never made a friend public or private, whose very virtues were more repulsive than other men's vices, who displayed no single sign of deep or enlarged policy, but whose whole career was one simple embodiment of military force in its least amiable form, — such a prince was not the man to found an empire; he was the very man to lose the dominions which he had himself inherited and conquered.

And now we turn from the character of the man to the events in which he was the actor or the instrument. The history of Charles is a history of the highest and most varied interest. The tale, as a mere tale, as a narrative of personal adventure and a display of personal character, is one of the most attractive in European history. As such it has been chosen by Scott as the material for two of his novels, one of which, if not absolutely one of his masterpieces, at any rate ranks high among his writings. It is probably from "Quentin Durward" that most English readers have drawn their ideas of Lewis the Eleventh and of Charles the Bold; some may even have drawn their main ideas of the fights of Granson, Morat,

and Nancy from the hurried narrative in "Anne of Geierstein." In fact, a nobler subject, whether for romance or poetry or tragedy, can hardly be conceived than the exaltation and the fall of the renowned Burgundian Duke.

But to the historian the fate of Charles and his duchy has an interest which is far higher and wider than this. Chronologically and geographically alike, Charles and his duchy form the great barrier, or the great connecting link, whichever we choose to call it, between the main divisions of European history and European geography. The dukes of Burgundy of the house of Valois form a sort of bridge between the latter Middle Age and the period of the Renaissance and the Reformation. They connect those two periods by forming the kernel of the vast dominion of that Austrian house to which their inheritance fell, and which, mainly by virtue of that inheritance, fills such a space in the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But the dominions of the Burgundian dukes hold a still higher historical position. They may be said to bind together the whole of European history for the last thousand years. From the ninth century to the nineteenth, the politics of Europe have largely gathered round the rivalry between the Eastern and the Western kingdoms — in modern language, between Germany and France. From the ninth century to the nineteenth, a succession of efforts have been made to establish, in one shape or another, a middle state between the two. Over and over again during that long period have men striven to make the whole or some portion of the frontier lands stretching from the mouth of the Rhine to the mouth of the Rhone into an independent barrier state. The first expression of the idea is to be seen in the kingdom of Lothar, the grandson of Charles the Great, a kingdom of which Provence and the Netherlands were alike portions. The neutralizations, or attempted neutralizations, of Switzerland, Savoy, Belgium, and Lüzelburg, have been the feebler contributions of the nineteenth century to the same work. Meanwhile various kingdoms and duchies of Burgundy and Lorraine have risen and fallen, all of them, knowingly or unknowingly, aiming at the same European object. That object was never more distinctly aimed at, and it never seemed nearer to its accomplishment, than when Charles the Bold actually reigned from the Zuyder Zee to the lake of Neufchâtel, and was not without hopes of extending his frontier to the gulf of Lyons.

To understand his position, to understand the position of the lands over which he ruled, it is not needful to go back to any of the uses of the Burgundian name earlier than the division of the Empire in 888. The old Lotharingia of forty years earlier, the narrow strip reaching from the German Ocean to the Mediterranean, had then ceased to exist as a separate state. Its northern portion had become the later Lotharingia, that border land between the Eastern and Western kingdoms, which for a hundred years formed an endless subject of dispute between them. Its southern portion had become what our Old-English Chroniclers emphatically call the "middelrice" — the Middle kingdom, the state placed between France, Germany, and Italy. This is that Burgundy, sometimes forming one kingdom, sometimes two, which was at last annexed to the Empire, and of which Arles was the capital, where those Emperors who chose to go through a somewhat empty ceremony took the crown of their Burgundian kingdom. This kingdom took in the County Palatine of Burgundy, better known as Franche Comté, which, till the days of Lewis the Fourteenth, remained a fief of the Empire. It did not take in the duchy of Burgundy, the duchy of which Dijon was the capital, which was always a fief of the crown of France. Now there can be no doubt that Charles, Duke of the French Duchy, Count of the Imperial Palatinate, Duke, by inheritance, of the Lower Lorraine (or Brabant), Duke, by conquest, of the Upper Lorraine, had always before his eyes the memory of these earlier Burgundian and Lotharingian kingdoms. Holding, as he did, parts of old Lotharingia and parts of old Burgundy, there can be no doubt that he aimed at the reestablishment of a great Middle kingdom, which should take in all that had ever been Burgundian or Lotharingian ground. He aimed in short, as others have aimed before and since, at the formation of a state which should hold a central position between France, Germany, and Italy — a state which should discharge, with infinitely greater strength, all the duties which our own age has endeavored to throw on Switzerland, Belgium, and Savoy. . . .

This twofold position of Charles, as at once a French and a German prince, forms the key to his history. When he had turned away his thoughts from his schemes of preëminence within the French kingdom, the creation of such a middle state as we have spoken of was a natural form for his ambition to

take. His schemes of this kind form the great subject of the second of the two great divisions of his history. The second division then is undoubtedly the more important, but the former is by far the better known. It has the great advantage of being recorded by one of the few mediæval writers — if Philip of Comines is to count as a mediæval writer — who are familiar to many who are not specially given to mediæval studies. It is a plain straightforward tale, about which there is little difficulty or controversy, and it is so constantly connected with the history of our own country as to have special attractions for the English student. The German career of Charles holds a very different position. One or two facts in it, at least the names of one or two great battles, are familiar to the whole world. Every one can point the moral how the rash and proud Duke was overthrown by the despised Switzer at Granson, at Morat, and at Nancy. But the real character and causes of the war are, for the most part, completely unknown or utterly misrepresented.

Each of the two positions which were held by Charles assumes special importance in one of the two great divisions of his career. He succeeded to the ducal crown in 1467; but his practical reign may be dated from a point at least two years earlier, when the old age and sickness of Philip threw the chief management of affairs into his hands. What we have called his French career lasts from this point till 1472. In these years, both before and after the death of his father, he appears mainly as a French prince. His main policy is to maintain and increase that predominance in French politics which had been gained by his father. During this period, with the single exception of his wars with Lüttich, his field of action lies almost wholly within the kingdom of France; and Lüttich, though it lay within the Empire, had at this time a closer practical connection with France than with Germany. Charles' chief French dominions were the duchy of Burgundy and the counties of Artois and Flanders, the last being strictly a French fief, though circumstances have always tended to unite that province, together with some of its neighbors, into a system of their own, distinct alike from France and from Germany. There was also that fluctuating territory in Picardy, the towns on the Somme, so often pledged, recovered, ceded, and conquered within the space of so few years. These possessions made Charles the most powerful of French princes, to say nothing of the fiefs beyond the kingdom which helped to make him

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many difficulties, and would insure the world against many dangers. It would in fact accomplish, in a much more thoroughgoing way, the objects which modern statesmen have tried to accomplish by guaranteeing the neutrality of the smaller states on the same border. How vain such guaranties are the experience of the last few years has taught us. But the kingdom which Charles dreamed of, had it been held together long enough to acquire any consistency, would have needed no guaranty, but would have stood by its own strength. Such a state would indeed have had two great points of weakness, its enormous extent of frontier and the heterogeneous character of its population. But German and Italian neighbors would hardly have been more dangerous to Burgundy than they have been to France, and such a Burgundy would have been far better able to resist the aggressions of France than Germany and Italy have been. The population would certainly have been made up of very discordant elements, but they would have been less discordant than the elements to be found in the modern "empire" of Austria, and they would have had a common interest in a way in which the subjects of Austria have not. Perhaps indeed a common government and a common interest might in course of time have fused them together as closely as the equally discordant elements in modern Switzerland have been fused together.

Anyhow the great dream of Charles, the formation of a barrier power between France and Germany, is one which, if it only could be carried out, would be most desirable for Europe to have carried out. Statesmen of a much later age than Charles the Bold have dreamed of the kingdom of Burgundy as the needful counterpoise to the power of France. But though the creation of such a state would be highly desirable now, it does not follow that it was desirable then, still less does it follow that any prince or people of those days could be expected to see that it was desirable. With the map of Europe now before us, it seems madness in Switzerland, or in any other small and independent state, to league itself with France and Austria to destroy a Duke of Burgundy. That is to say, it is very easy to be a Prometheus after the fact. But neither princes nor commonwealths can be expected to look on so many centuries before them. Austria was in those days the least threatening of all powers. Its sovereigns were small German dukes, who had much ado to keep their own small dominions together.

In fact, the Duke of Austria with whom we have to do was only a titular Duke of Austria; his capital was not Vienna, but Innsbruck; his dominions consisted of the county of Tyrol and the Swabian and Alsatian lordships of his house. And it would have been only by a miraculous foresight of which history gives few examples that a citizen of Switzerland or of any other country could have perceived that France was a power more really dangerous to the liberties of Europe than Burgundy was. Lewis seemed to have quite enough to do to maintain his power in his own kingdom, while Charles seemed to ride through the whole world, going forth conquering and to conquer. In this case, as in all others, we must try to throw ourselves into the position of the times, and not to judge of everything according to the notions of our own age.

QUENTIN DURWARD'S INITIATION.

By Sir WALTER SCOTT.

[Sir Walter Scott: The great Scotch novelist and poet; born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, where he attended the university. He practiced as an advocate for a while, then withdrew from the bar and devoted his attention largely to literature. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805) brought him into prominence as an author; and in 1814 he published anonymously "Waverley," the first of the "Waverley Novels." He became a partner in Constable's publishing house and the Ballantynes' printing house, in order to realize all sides of the profit from his works; but bad management, and his immense overdrafts on their resources to build up a great feudal estate at Abbotsford, left them so weak that the panic of 1825 ruined both. He wore out his life in the effort to pay up in full the liabilities of £120,000, and the royalties on his books achieved this after his death. His other great poems are "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake," and lesser ones in merit are "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," "Harold the Dauntless," "The Bridal of Triermain," and "The Vision of Don Roderick." Among the "Waverleys" may be cited "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," "Quentin Durward," "The Pirate," and "The Talisman."]

THE cavalier who awaited Quentin Durward's descent into the apartment where he had breakfasted, was one of those of whom Louis XI. had long since said that they held in their hands the fortunes of France, as to them were intrusted the direct custody and protection of the royal person.

Charles the Sixth had instituted this celebrated body, the

Archers, as they were called, of the Scottish Bodyguard, with better reason than can generally be alleged for establishing round the throne a guard of foreign and mercenary troops. The divisions which tore from his side more than half of France, together with the wavering and uncertain faith of the nobility who yet acknowledged his cause, rendered it impolitic and unsafe to commit his personal safety to their keeping. The Scottish nation was the hereditary enemy of the English, and the ancient, and, as it seemed, the natural allies of France. They were poor, courageous, faithful — their ranks were sure to be supplied from the superabundant population of their own country, than which none in Europe sent forth more or bolder adventurers. Their high claims of descent, too, gave them a good title to approach the person of a monarch more closely than other troops, while the comparative smallness of their numbers prevented the possibility of their mutinying, and becoming masters where they ought to be servants.

On the other hand, the French monarchs made it their policy to conciliate the affections of this select band of foreigners, by allowing them honorary privileges and ample pay, which last most of them disposed of with military profusion in supporting their supposed rank. Each of them ranked as a gentleman in place and honor; and their near approach to the King's person gave them dignity in their own eyes, as well as importance in those of the nation of France. They were sumptuously armed, equipped, and mounted; and each was entitled to allowance for a squire, a valet, a page, and two yeomen, one of whom was termed *coutelier*, from the large knife which he wore to dispatch those whom in the *mêlée* his master had thrown to the ground. With these followers, and a corresponding equipage, an Archer of the Scottish Guard was a person of quality and importance; and vacancies being generally filled up by those who had been trained in the service as pages or valets, the cadets of the best Scottish families were often sent to serve under some friend and relation in those capacities, until a chance of preferment should occur.

The coutelier and his companion, not being noble or capable of this promotion, were recruited from persons of inferior quality; but as their pay and appointments were excellent, their masters were easily able to select from among their wandering countrymen the strongest and most courageous to wait upon them in these capacities.

Ludovic Lesly, or, as we shall more frequently call him, Le Balafré, by which name he was generally known in France, was upwards of six feet high, robust, strongly compacted in person, and hard-favored in countenance, which latter attribute was much increased by a large and ghastly scar, which, beginning on his forehead, and narrowly missing his right eye, had laid bare his cheek bone, and descended from thence almost to the tip of his ear, exhibiting a deep seam, which was sometimes scarlet, sometimes purple, sometimes blue, and sometimes approaching to black, but always hideous, because at variance with the complexion of the face in whatever state it chanced to be, whether agitated or still, flushed with unusual passion, or in its ordinary state of weather-beaten and sunburnt swarthiness.

His dress and arms were splendid. He wore his national bonnet, crested with a tuft of feathers, and with a Virgin Mary of massive silver for a brooch. These brooches had been presented to the Scottish Guard, in consequence of the King, in one of his fits of superstitious piety, having devoted the swords of his guard to the service of the Holy Virgin, and, as some say, carried the matter so far as to draw out a commission to Our Lady as their Captain General. The Archer's gorget, arm-pieces, and gauntlets were of the finest steel, curiously inlaid with silver, and his hauberk, or shirt of mail, was as clear and bright as the frostwork of a winter morning upon fern or brier. He wore a loose surcoat or cassock, of rich blue velvet, open at the sides like that of a herald, with a large white Saint Andrew's cross of embroidered silver bisecting it both before and behind — his knees and legs were protected by hose of mail and shoes of steel — a broad strong poniard (called the "Mercy of God") hung by his right side — the baldric for his two-handed sword, richly embroidered, hung upon his left shoulder; but, for convenience, he at present carried in his hand that unwieldy weapon, which the rules of his service forbade him to lay aside.

Quentin Durward, though, like the Scottish youth of the period, he had been early taught to look upon arms and war, thought he had never seen a more martial-looking, or more completely equipped and accomplished man at arms, than now saluted him in the person of his mother's brother, called Ludovic with the Scar, or Le Balafré; yet he could not but shrink a little from the grim expression of his countenance, while with

its rough mustaches he brushed first the one and then the other cheek of his kinsman, welcomed his nephew to France, and, in the same breath, asked what news from Scotland.

"Little good tidings, dear uncle," replied young Durward; "but I am glad that you know me so readily."

"I would have known thee, boy, in the *landes* of Bordeaux, had I met thee marching there like a crane on a pair of stilts. But sit thee down — sit thee down — if there is sorrow to hear of, we will have wine to make us bear it. — Ho! old Pinch-Measure, our good host, bring us of thy best, and that in an instant."

The well-known sound of the Scottish-French was as familiar in the taverns near Plessis as that of the Swiss-French in the modern *guinguettes* of Paris; and promptly — ay, with the promptitude of fear and precipitation, was it heard and obeyed. A flagon of champagne stood before them, of which the elder took a draught, while the nephew helped himself only to a moderate sip, to acknowledge his uncle's courtesy, saying, in excuse, that he had already drunk wine that morning.

"That had been a rare good apology in the mouth of thy sister, fair nephew," said Le Balafré; "you must fear the wine pot less, if you would wear beard on your face, and write yourself soldier. But, come — come — unbuckle your Scottish mail bag — give us the news of Glen-houlakin — how doth my sister?"

"Dead, fair uncle," answered Quentin, sorrowfully.

"Dead!" echoed his uncle, with a tone rather marked by wonder than sympathy — "why, she was five years younger than I, and I was never better in my life. Dead! the thing is impossible. I have never had so much as a headache, unless after reveling out my two or three days' furlough with the brethren of the joyous science — and my poor sister is dead! — And your father, fair nephew, hath he married again?"

And, ere the youth could reply, he read the answer in his surprise at the question, and said, "What! no? — I would have sworn that Allan Durward was no man to live without a wife. He loved to have his house in order — loved to look on a pretty woman too; and was somewhat strict in life withal — matrimony did all this for him. Now, I care little about these comforts; and I can look on a pretty woman without thinking on the sacrament of wedlock — I am scarce holy enough for that."

"Alas! dear uncle, my mother was left a widow a year

since, when Glen-houlakin was harried by the Ogilvies. My father, and my two uncles, and my two elder brothers, and seven of my kinsmen, and the harper, and the tasker, and some six more of our people, were killed in defending the castle; and there is not a burning hearth or a standing stone in all Glen-houlakin."

"Cross of Saint Andrew!" said Le Balafré, "that is what I call an onslaught! Ay, these Ogilvies were ever but sorry neighbors to Glen-houlakin — an evil chance it was; but fate of war — fate of war. — When did this mishap befall, fair nephew?" With that he took a deep draught of wine, and shook his head with much solemnity, when his kinsman replied that his family had been destroyed upon the festival of Saint Jude last by-past.

"Look ye there," said the soldier; "I said it was all chance — on that very day I and twenty of my comrades carried the Castle of Roche-noir by storm, from Amaury Bras-de-fer, a captain of free lances, whom you must have heard of. I killed him on his own threshold, and gained as much gold as made this fair chain, which was once twice as long as it now is — and that minds me to send part of it on an holy errand. — Here, Andrew — Andrew!"

Andrew, his yeoman, entered, dressed like the Archer himself in the general equipment, but without the armor for the limbs, — that of the body more coarsely manufactured — his cap without a plume, and his cassock made of serge, or ordinary cloth, instead of rich velvet. Untwining his gold chain from his neck, Balafré twisted off, with his arm and strong-set teeth, about four inches from the one end of it, and said to his attendant, "Here, Andrew, carry this to my gossip, jolly Father Boniface, the monk of Saint Martin's — greet him well from me, by the same token that he could not say God save ye when we last parted at midnight. Tell my gossip that my brother and sister, and some others of my house, are all dead and gone, and I pray him to say masses for their souls as far as the value of these links will carry him, and to do on trust what else may be necessary to free them from Purgatory. And hark ye, as they were just-living people, and free from all heresy, it may be that they are well-nigh out of limbo already, so that a little matter may have them free of the fetlocks; and in that case, look ye, ye will say I desire to take out the balance of the gold in curses upon a generation called the Ogilvies of Angusshire, in what

way soever the church may best come at them. You understand all this, Andrew?"

The coutelier nodded.

"Then look that none of the links find their way to the wine house ere the Monk touches them; for if it so chance, thou shalt taste of saddle girth and stirrup leather, till thou art as raw as Saint Bartholomew.— Yet hold, I see thy eye has fixed on the wine measure, and thou shalt not go without tasting."

So saying he filled him a brimful cup, which the coutelier drank off, and retired to do his patron's commission.

"And now, fair nephew, let us hear what was your own fortune in this unhappy matter."

"I fought it out among those who were older and stouter than I was, till we were all brought down," said Durward, "and I received a cruel wound."

"Not a worse slash than I received ten years since myself," said Le Balafré. — "Look at this now, my fair nephew," tracing the dark crimson gash which was imprinted on his face.— "An Ogilvie's sword never plowed so deep a furrow."

"They plowed deep enough," answered Quentin, sadly; "but they were tired at last, and my mother's entreaties procured mercy for me, when I was found to retain some spark of life; but although a learned monk of Aberbrothick, who chanced to be our guest at the fatal time, and narrowly escaped being killed in the fray, was permitted to bind my wounds, and finally to remove me to a place of safety, it was only on promise, given both by my mother and him, that I should become a monk."

"A monk!" exclaimed the uncle — "holy Saint Andrew! that is what never befell me. No one, from my childhood upward, ever so much as dreamed of making me a monk. — And yet I wonder when I think of it; for you will allow that, bating the reading and writing, which I could never learn, and the psalmody, which I could never endure, and the dress, which is that of a mad beggar — Our Lady forgive me! — [here he crossed himself] — and their fasts, which do not suit my appetite, I would have made every whit as good a monk as my little gossip at St. Martin's yonder. But I know not why, none ever proposed the station to me. — Oh so, fair nephew, you were to be a monk, then — and wherefore, I pray you?"

"That my father's house might be ended, either in the cloister or in the tomb," answered Quentin, with deep feeling.

"I see," answered his uncle — "I comprehend. Cunning rogues — very cunning! They might have been cheated, though; for, look ye, fair nephew, I myself remember the canon Robersart, who had taken the vows and afterward broke out of cloister and became a captain of Free Companions. He had a mistress, the prettiest wench I ever saw, and three as beautiful children. — There is no trusting monks, fair nephew, — no trusting them — they may become soldiers and fathers when you least expect it — but on with your tale."

"I have little more to tell," said Durward, "except that, considering my poor mother to be in some degree a pledge for me, I have induced to take upon me the dress of a novice, and conformed to the cloister rules, and even learned to read and write."

"To read and write!" exclaimed Le Balafré, who was one of that sort of people who think all knowledge is miraculous which chances to exceed their own. — "To write, say'st thou, and to read! I cannot believe it — never Durward could write his name that ever I heard of, nor Lesly either. I can answer for one of them — I can no more write than I can fly. Now, in Saint Louis' name, how did they teach it you?"

"It was troublesome at first," said Durward, "but became more easy by use; and I was weak with my wounds, and loss of blood, and desirous to gratify my preserver, Father Peter, and so I was the more easily kept to my task. But after several months' languishing, my good kind mother died, and as my health was now fully restored, I communicated to my benefactor, who was also Subprior of the Convent, my reluctance to take the vows; and it was agreed between us, since my vocation lay not to the cloister, that I should be sent out into the world to seek my fortune, and that, to save the Subprior from the anger of the Ogilvies, my departure should have the appearance of flight; and to color it, I brought off the Abbot's hawk with me. But I was regularly dismissed, as will appear from the hand and seal of the Abbot himself."

"That is right, that is well," said his uncle. "Our King cares little what other theft thou mayst have made, but hath a horror at anything like a breach of the cloister. And, I warrant thee, thou hadst no great treasure to bear thy charges?"

"Only a few pieces of silver," said the youth; "for to you, fair uncle, I must make a free confession."

"Alas!" replied Le Balafré, "that is hard. Now, though I am never a hoarder of my pay, because it doth ill to bear a charge about one in these perilous times, yet I always have (and I would advise you to follow my example) some odd gold chain or bracelet, or carcanet, that serves for the ornament of my person, and can at need spare a superfluous link or two, or it may be a superfluous stone for sale, that can answer any immediate purpose. — But you may ask, fair kinsman, how you are to come by such toys as this?" — (he shook his chain with complacent triumph) — "they hang not on every bush — they grow not in fields like the daffodils, with whose stalks children make knight's collars. What then! — you may get such where I got this, in the service of the good King of France, where there is always wealth to be found, if a man has but the heart to seek it, at the risk of a little life or so."

"I understood," said Quentin, evading a decision to which he felt himself as yet scarcely competent, "that the Duke of Burgundy keeps a more noble state than the King of France, and that there is more honor to be won under his banners — that good blows are struck there, and deeds of arms done; while the most Christian King, they say, gains his victories by his ambassadors' tongues."

"You speak like a foolish boy, fair nephew," answered he with the Scar; "and yet, I bethink me, when I came hither I was nearly as simple: I could never think of a King but what I supposed him either sitting under the high dais, and feasting amid his high vassals and Paladins, eating *blanc manger*, with a great gold crown upon his head, or else charging at the head of his troops like Charlemagne in the romaunts, or like Robert Bruce or William Wallace in our own true histories, such as Barbour and the Minstrel. Hark in thine ear, man — it is all moonshine in the water. Policy — policy does it all. But what is policy, you will say? It is an art this French King of ours has found out, to fight with other men's swords, and to wage his soldiers out of other men's purses. Ah! it is the wisest prince that ever put purple on his back — and yet he weareth not much of that neither — I see him often go plainer than I would think befitted me to do."

"But you meet not my exception, fair uncle," answered young Durward; "I would serve, since serve I must in a foreign land, somewhere where a brave deed, were it my hap to do one, might work me a name."

"I understand you, my fair nephew," said the royal man at arms, "I understand you passing well; but you are unripe in these matters. The Duke of Burgundy is a hot-brained, impetuous, pudding-headed, iron-ribbed dare-all. He charges at the head of his nobles and native knights, his liegemen of Artois and Hainault; think you, if you were there, or if I were there myself, that we could be much further forward than the Duke and all his brave nobles of his own land? If we were not up with them, we had a chance to be turned on the Provost Marshal's hands for being slow in making to; if we were abreast of them, all would be called well, and we might be thought to have deserved our pay; and grant that I was a spear's length or so in the front, which is both difficult and dangerous in such a *mêlée* where all do their best, why, my lord duke says, in his Flemish tongue, when he sees a good blow struck, 'Ha! *gut getroffen!* a good lance — a brave Scot — give him a florin to drink our health; but neither rank nor lands, nor treasures, come to the stranger in such a service — all goes to the children of the soil."

"And where should it go, in Heaven's name, fair uncle?" demanded young Durward.

"To him that protects the children of the soil," said Balafré, drawing up his gigantic height. "Thus says King Louis: 'My good French peasant — mine honest Jacques Bonhomme — get you to your tools, your plow and your harrow, your pruning knife and your hoe — here is my gallant Scot that will fight for you, and you shall only have the trouble to pay him. — And you, my most serene duke, my illustrious count, and my most mighty marquis, e'en rein up your fiery courage till it is wanted, for it is apt to start out of the course, and to hurt its master; here are my companies of ordnance — here are my French Guards — here are, above all, my Scottish Archers, and mine honest Ludovic with the Scar, who will fight, as well or better than you, with all that undisciplined valor which, in your father's time, lost Cressy and Azincour.' Now, see you not in which of these states a cavalier of fortune holds the highest rank, and must come to the highest honor?"

"I think I understand you, fair uncle," answered the nephew; "but, in my mind, honor cannot be won where there is no risk. Sure, this is — I pray you pardon me — an easy and almost slothful life, to mount guard round an elderly man whom no one thinks of harming, to spend summer day and

winter night up in yonder battlements, and shut up all the while in iron cages, for fear you should desert your posts — uncle, uncle, it is but the hawk upon his perch, who is never carried out to the fields!"

"Now, by Saint Martin of Tours, the boy has some spirit! a right touch of the Lesly in him; much like myself, though always with a little more folly in it. Hark ye, youth — Long live the King of France! — scarce a day but there is some commission in hand by which some of his followers may win both coin and credit. Think not that the bravest and most dangerous deeds are done by daylight. I could tell you of some, as scaling castles, making prisoners, and the like, where one who shall be nameless hath run higher risk, and gained greater favor, than any desperado in the train of desperate Charles of Burgundy. And if it pleases his Majesty to remain behind, and in the background, while such things are doing, he hath the more leisure of spirit to admire, and the more liberality of hand to reward the adventurers, whose dangers, perhaps, and whose feats of arms, he can better judge of than if he had personally shared them. Oh, 'tis a sagacious and most politic monarch!"

His nephew paused, and then said, in a low but impressive tone of voice, "The good Father Peter used to often teach me there might be much danger in deeds by which little glory was acquired. I need not say to you, fair uncle, that I do in course suppose that these secret commissions must needs be honorable."

"For whom or for what take you me, fair nephew?" said Balafré, somewhat sternly; "I have not been trained, indeed, in the cloister, neither can I write or read. But I am your mother's brother; I am a loyal Lesly. Think you that I am like to recommend to you anything unworthy? The best knight in France, Du Guesclin himself, if he were alive again, might be proud to number my deeds among his achievements."

"I cannot doubt your warranty, fair uncle," said the youth; "you are the only adviser my mishap has left me. But is it true, as fame says, that this King keeps a meager Court here at his Castle of Plessis? No repair of nobles or courtiers, none of his grand feudatories in attendance, none of the high officers of the crown; half-solitary sports, shared only with the menials of his household; secret councils, to which only low and obscure men are invited; rank and nobility depressed, and men raised from the lowest origin to the kingly favor — all this seems

unregulated, resembles not the manners of his father, the noble Charles, who tore from the fangs of the English lion this more than half-conquered kingdom of France."

"You speak like a giddy child," said Le Balafré; "and even as a child, you harp over the same notes on a new string. Look you: if the King employs Oliver Dain, his barber, to do what Oliver can do better than any peer of them all, is not the kingdom the gainer? If he bids his stout Provost Marshal, Tristan, arrest such or such a seditious burgher, take off such or such a turbulent noble, the deed is done and no more of it; when, were the commission given to a duke or peer of France, he might perchance send the King back a defiance in exchange. If, again, the King pleases to give to plain Ludovic le Balafré a commission which he will execute, instead of employing the High Constable, who would perhaps betray it, doth it not show wisdom? Above all, doth not a monarch of such conditions best suit cavaliers of fortune, who must go where their services are most highly prized, and most frequently in demand? — No, no, child; I tell thee Louis knows how to choose his confidants, and what to charge them with; suiting, as they say, the burden to each man's back. He is not like the King of Castile, who choked of thirst, because the great butler was not beside to hand his cup. — But hark to the bell of Saint Martin's! I must hasten back to the Castle. — Farewell — make much of yourself, and at eight to-morrow morning present yourself before the drawbridge, and ask the sentinel for me. Take heed you step not off the straight and beaten path, in approaching the portal! There are such traps and snaphances as may cost you a limb, which you will sorely miss. You shall see the King, and learn to judge him for yourself — farewell."

So saying, Balafré hastily departed, forgetting, in his hurry, to pay for the wine he had called for, a shortness of memory incidental to persons of his description, and which his host, overawed, perhaps, by the nodding bonnet and ponderous two-handed sword, did not presume to use any efforts for correcting. It might have been expected that, when left alone, Durward would have again betaken himself to his turret, in order to watch for the repetition of those delicious sounds which had soothed his morning reverie. But that was a chapter of romance, and his uncle's conversation had opened to him a page of the real history of life. It was no pleasing one, and for the present the recollections and reflections which it excited

were qualified to overpower other thoughts, and especially all of a light and soothing nature. Quentin resorted to a solitary walk along the banks of the rapid Cher, having previously inquired of his landlord for one which he might traverse without fear of disagreeable interruption from snares and pitfalls; and there endeavored to compose his turmoiled and scattered thoughts, and consider his future motions, upon which his meeting with his uncle had thrown some dubiety. He could not help being surprised that so near a relative had not offered him the assistance of his purse. He wronged his uncle, however, in supposing that this want of attention to his probable necessities was owing to avarice. Not precisely needing money himself at that moment, it had not occurred to Le Balafré that his nephew might be in exigencies; otherwise, he held a near kinsman so much a part of himself, that he would have provided for the weal of the living nephew, as he endeavored to do for that of his deceased sister and her husband. . .

On a slight eminence, rising above the rapid and beautiful Cher, in the direct line of his path, two or three large chestnut trees were so happily placed as to form a distinguished and remarkable group; and beside them stood three or four peasants, motionless, with their eyes turned upward, and fixed, apparently, upon some object amongst the branches of the tree next to them. The meditations of youth are seldom so profound as not to yield to the slightest impulse of curiosity, as easily as the lightest pebble, dropped casually from the hand, breaks the surface of a limpid pool. Quentin hastened his pace, and ran lightly up the rising ground, time enough to witness the ghastly spectacle which attracted the notice of these gazers — which was nothing less than the body of a man, convulsed by the last agony, suspended on one of the branches.

"Why do you not cut him down?" said the young Scot, whose hand was as ready to assist affliction as to maintain his own honor when he deemed it assailed.

One of the peasants, turning on him an eye from which fear had banished all expression but its own, and a face as pale as clay, pointed to a mark cut upon the bark of the tree, having the same rude resemblance to a *fleur-de-lis* which certain talismanic scratches, well known to our revenue officers, bear to a *broad arrow*. Neither understanding nor heeding the import of this symbol, young Durward sprung lightly as the ounce up into the tree, drew from his pouch that most necessary implement of a Highlander or woodsman, the trusty *skene-dhu*, and,

calling to those below to receive the body on their hands, cut the rope asunder in less than a minute after he had perceived the exigency.

But his humanity was ill seconded by the bystanders. So far from rendering Durward any assistance, they seemed terrified at the audacity of his action, and took to flight with one consent, as if they feared their merely looking on might have been construed into accession to his daring deed. The body, unsupported from beneath, fell heavily to earth in such a manner that Quentin, who presently afterward jumped down, had the mortification to see that the last sparks of life were extinguished. He gave not up his charitable purpose, however, without further efforts. He freed the wretched man's neck from the fatal noose, undid the doublet, threw water on the face, and practiced the other ordinary remedies resorted to for recalling suspended animation.

While he was thus humanely engaged, a wild clamor of tongues, speaking a language which he knew not, arose around him; and he had scarcely time to observe that he was surrounded by several men and women of a singular and foreign appearance, when he found himself roughly seized by both arms, while a naked knife, at the same moment, was offered to his throat.

"Pale slave of Eblis!" said a man, in imperfect French, "are you robbing him you have murdered? — But we have you — and you shall aby it."

There were knives drawn on every side of him as these words were spoken, and the grim and distorted countenances which glared on him were like those of wolves rushing on their prey.

Still the young Scot's courage and presence of mind bore him out. "What mean ye, my masters?" he said; "if that be your friend's body, I have just now cut him down, in pure charity, and you will do better to try to recover his life, than misuse an innocent stranger to whom he owes his chance of escape."

The women had by this time taken possession of the dead body, and continued the attempts to recover animation which Durward had been making use of, though with the like bad success; so that, desisting from their fruitless efforts, they seemed to abandon themselves to all the Oriental expressions of grief, — the women making a piteous wailing, and tearing their long black hair, while the men seemed to rend their gar-

ments, and to sprinkle dust upon their heads. They gradually became so much engaged in their mourning rites, that they bestowed no longer any attention on Durward, of whose innocence they were probably satisfied from circumstances. It would certainly have been his wisest plan to have left these wild people to their own courses, but he had been bred in almost reckless contempt of danger, and felt all the eagerness of youthful curiosity.

The singular assemblage, both male and female, wore turbans and caps, more similar, in general appearance, to his own bonnet, than to the hats commonly worn in France. Several of the men had curled black beards, and the complexion of all was nearly as dark as that of Africans. One or two, who seemed their chiefs, had some tawdry ornaments of silver about their necks and in their ears, and wore showy scarfs of yellow, or scarlet, or light green; but their legs and arms were bare, and the whole troop seemed wretched and squalid in appearance. There were no weapons among them that Durward saw, except the long knives with which they had lately menaced him, and one short crooked saber, or Moorish sword, which was worn by an active-looking young man, who often laid his hand upon the hilt, while he surpassed the rest of the party in his extravagant expression of grief, and seemed to mingle with them threats of vengeance.

The disordered and yelling group were so different in appearance from any beings whom Quentin had yet seen, that he was on the point of concluding them to be a party of Saracens, of those "heathen hounds," who were the opponents of gentle knights and Christian monarchs, in all the romances which he had heard or read, and was about to withdraw himself from a neighborhood so perilous, when a galloping of horse was heard, and the supposed Saracens, who had raised by this time the body of their comrade upon their shoulders, were at once charged by a party of French soldiers.

This sudden apparition changed the measured wailing of the mourners into irregular shrieks of terror. The body was thrown to the ground in an instant, and those who were around it showed the utmost and most dexterous activity in escaping under the bellies, as it were, of the horses, from the point of the lances which were leveled at them, with the exclamations of "Down with the accursed heathen thieves — take and kill — bind them like beasts — spear them like wolves!"

These cries were accompanied with corresponding acts of violence; but such was the alertness of the fugitives, the ground being rendered unfavorable to the horsemen by the thickets and bushes, that only two were struck down and made prisoners, one of whom was the young fellow with the sword, who had previously offered some resistance. Quentin, whom fortune seemed at this period to have chosen for the butt of her shafts, was at the same time seized by the soldiers, and his arms, in spite of his remonstrances, bound down with a cord, those who apprehended him showing a readiness and dispatch in the operation, which proved them to be no novices in matters of police.

Looking anxiously to the leader of the horsemen, from whom he hoped to obtain liberty, Quentin knew not exactly whether to be pleased or alarmed upon recognizing in him the down-looking and silent companion of Maître Pierre. True, whatever crime these strangers might be accused of, this officer might know, from the history of the morning, that he, Durward, had no connection with them whatever; but it was a more difficult question, whether this sullen man would be either a favorable judge or a willing witness in his behalf, and he felt doubtful whether he would mend his condition by making any direct application to him.

But there was little leisure for hesitation. "Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André," said the down-looking officer to two of his band, "these same trees stand here quite convenient. I will teach these misbelieving, thieving sorcerers to interfere with the King's justice, when it has visited any of their accursed race. Dismount, my children, and do your office briskly."

Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André were in an instant on foot, and Quentin observed that they had each, at the crupper and pommel of his saddle, a coil or two of ropes, which they hastily undid, and showed that, in fact, each coil formed a halter, with the fatal noose adjusted, ready for execution. The blood ran cold in Quentin's veins, when he saw three cords selected, and perceived that it was proposed to put one around his own neck. He called on the officer loudly, reminding him of their meeting that morning, claimed the right of a freeborn Scotsman, in a friendly and allied country, and denied any knowledge of the persons along with whom he was seized, or of their misdeeds.

The officer whom Durward thus addressed scarce deigned to look at him while he was speaking, and took no notice whatever of the claim he preferred to prior acquaintance. He barely

turned to one or two of the peasants who were now come forward, either to volunteer their evidence against the prisoners, or out of curiosity, and said gruffly, "Was yonder young fellow with the vagabonds?"

"That he was, sir, an it pleases your noble Provostship," answered one of the clowns; "he was the very first blasphemously to cut down the rascal whom his Majesty's justice most deservedly hung up, as we told your worship."

"I'll swear by God, and Saint Martin of Tours, to have seen him with their gang," said another, "when they pillaged our *métairie*."

"Nay, but, father," said a boy, "yonder heathen was black, and this youth was fair; yonder one had short curled hair, and this hath long fair locks."

"Ay, child," said the peasant, "and perhaps you will say yonder one had a green coat and this a gray jerkin. But his worship, the Provost, knows that they can change their complexions as easily as their jerkins, so that I am still minded he was the same."

"It is enough that you have seen him intermeddle with the course of the King's justice, by attempting to recover an executed traitor," said the officer. — "Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André, dispatch."

"Stay, signior officer!" exclaimed the youth, in mortal agony — "hear me speak — let me not die guiltlessly — my blood will be required of you by my countrymen in this world, and by Heaven's justice in that which is to follow."

"I will answer for my actions in both," said the Provost, coldly; and made a sign with his left hand to the executioners; then, with a smile of triumphant malice, touched with his forefinger his right arm, which hung suspended in a scarf, disabled probably by the blow which Quentin had dealt him that morning.

"Miserable, vindictive wretch!" answered Quentin, persuaded by that action that private revenge was the sole motive of this man's rigor, and that no mercy whatever was to be expected from him.

"The poor youth raves," said the functionary: "speak a word of comfort to him ere he make his transit, Trois-Eschelles; thou art a comfortable man in such cases, when a confessor is not to be had. Give him one minute of ghostly advice, and dispatch matters in the next. I must proceed on the rounds. —Soldiers, follow me!"

The Provost rode on, followed by his guard, excepting two or three, who were left to assist in the execution. The unhappy youth cast after him an eye almost darkened by despair, and thought he heard, in every tramp of his horse's retreating hoofs, the last slight chance of his safety vanish. He looked around him in agony, and was surprised, even in that moment, to see the stoical indifference of his fellow-prisoners. They had previously testified every sign of fear, and made every effort to escape; but now, when secured, and destined apparently to inevitable death, they awaited its arrival with the utmost composure. The scene of fate before them gave, perhaps, a more yellow tinge to their swarthy cheeks; but it neither agitated their features, nor quenched the stubborn haughtiness of their eye. They seemed like foxes, which, after all their wiles, and artful attempts at escape are exhausted, die with a silent and sullen fortitude, which wolves and bears, the fiercer objects of the chase, do not exhibit.

They were undaunted by the conduct of the fatal executioners, who went about their work with more deliberation than their master had recommended, and which probably arose from their having acquired by habit a kind of pleasure in the discharge of their horrid office. We pause an instant to describe them, because, under a tyranny, either despotic or popular, the character of the hangman becomes a subject of great importance.

These functionaries were essentially different in their appearance and manners. Louis used to call them Democritus and Heraclitus, and their master, the Provost, termed them, *Jean-qui-pleure*, and *Jean-qui-rit*.

Trois-Eschelles was a tall, thin, ghastly man, with a peculiar gravity of visage, and a large rosary around his neck, the use of which he was accustomed piously to offer to those sufferers on whom he did his duty. He had one or two Latin texts continually in his mouth on the nothingness and vanity of human life; and, had it been regular to have enjoyed such a plurality, he might have held the office of confessor to the jail, in commendam with that of executioner. Petit-André, on the contrary, was a joyous-looking, round, active, little fellow, who rolled about in execution of his duty as if it were the most diverting occupation in the world. He seemed to have a sort of fond affection for his victims, and always spoke of them in kindly and affectionate terms. They were his poor honest fel-

lows, his pretty dears, his gossips, his good old fathers, as their age or sex might be; and as Trois-Eschelles endeavored to inspire them with a philosophical or religious regard to futurity, Petit-André seldom failed to refresh them with a jest or two, as if to induce them to pass from life as something that was ludicrous, contemptible, and not worthy of serious consideration.

I cannot tell why or wherefore it was, but these two excellent persons, notwithstanding the variety of their talents, and the rare occurrence of such among persons of their profession, were both more utterly detested than perhaps any creatures of their kind, whether before or since; and the only doubt of those who knew aught of them was, whether the grave and pathetic Trois-Eschelles, or the frisky, comic, alert Petit-André was the object of the greatest fear, or of the deepest execration. It is certain they bore the palm in both particulars over every hangman in France, unless it were perhaps their master, Tristan l'Hermite, the renowned Provost Marshal, or *his* master, Louis XI.

It must not be supposed that these reflections were of Quentin Durward's making. Life, death, time, and eternity were swimming before his eyes — a stunning and overwhelming prospect, from which human nature recoiled in its weakness, though human pride would fain have borne up. He addressed himself to the God of his fathers; and when he did so, the little rude and unroofed chapel, which now held almost all his race but himself, rushed on his recollection. "Our feudal enemies gave my kindred graves in our own land," he thought, "but I must feed the ravens and kites of a foreign land, like an excommunicated felon!" The tears gushed involuntarily from his eyes. Trois-Eschelles, touching one shoulder, gravely congratulated him on his heavenly disposition for death, and pathetically exclaiming, "*Beati qui in Domino moriuntur*," remarked, the soul was happy that left the body while the tear was in the eye. Petit-André, slapping the other shoulder, called out, "Courage, my fair son! since you must begin the dance, let the ball open gayly, for all the rebecs are in tune," twitching the halter at the same time, to give point to his joke. As the youth turned his dismayed looks, first on one and then on the other, they made their meaning plainer by gently urging him forward to the fatal tree, and bidding him be of good courage, for it would be over in a moment.

In this fatal predicament, the youth cast a distracted look around him. "Is there any good Christian who hears me," he said, "that will tell Ludovic Lesly of the Scottish Guard, called in this country Le Balafré, that his nephew is here basely murdered?"

The words were spoken in good time, for an Archer of the Scottish Guard, attracted by the preparations for the execution, was standing by, with one or two other chance passengers, to witness what was passing.

"Take heed what you do," he said to the executioners; "if this young man be of Scottish birth, I will not permit him to have foul play."

"Heaven forbid, Sir Cavalier," said Trois-Eschelles; "but we must obey our orders," drawing Durward forward by one arm.

"The shortest play is ever the fairest," said Petit-André, pulling him onward by the other.

But Quentin had heard words of comfort, and, exerting his strength, he suddenly shook off both the finishers of the law, and, with his arms still bound, ran to the Scottish Archer. "Stand by me, countryman," he said, in his own language, "for the love of Scotland and Saint Andrew! I am innocent —I am your own native landsman. Stand by me, as you shall answer at the last day."

"By Saint Andrew! they shall make at you through me," said the Archer, and unsheathed his sword.

"Cut my bonds, countryman," said Quentin, "and I will do something for myself."

This was done with a touch of the Archer's weapon; and the liberated captive, springing suddenly on one of the Provost's guard, wrested from him a halbert with which he was armed; "and now," he said, "come on, if you dare!"

The two officers whispered together.

"Ride thou after the Provost Marshal," said Trois-Eschelles, "and I will detain them here, if I can.— Soldiers of the Provost's guard, stand to your arms."

Petit-André mounted his horse, and left the field, and the other Marshals-men in attendance drew together so hastily at the command of Trois-Eschelles, that they suffered the other two prisoners to make their escape during the confusion. Perhaps they were not very anxious to detain them; for they had of late been sated with the blood of such wretches, and like other

ferocious animals, were, through long slaughter, become tired of carnage. But the pretext was, that they thought themselves immediately called upon to attend to the safety of Trois-Eschelles; for there was a jealousy, which occasionally led to open quarrels, betwixt the Scottish Archers and the Marshal-guards, who executed the orders of their Provost.

"We are strong enough to beat the proud Scots twice over, if it be your pleasure," said one of these soldiers to Trois-Eschelles.

But that cautious official made a sign to him to remain quiet, and addressed the Scottish Archer with great civility. "Surely, sir, this is a great insult to the Provost Marshal, that you should presume to interfere with the course of the King's justice, duly and lawfully committed to his charge; and it is no act of justice to me, who am in lawful possession of my criminal. Neither is it a well-meant kindness to the youth himself, seeing that fifty opportunities of hanging him may occur, without his being found in so happy a state of preparation as he was before your ill-advised interference."

"If my young countryman," said the Scot, smiling, "be of opinion I have done him an injury, I will return him to your charge without a word more dispute."

"No, no! — for the love of Heaven, no!" exclaimed Quentin. "I would rather you swept my head off with your long sword — it would better become my birth, than to die by the hands of such a foul churl."

"Hear how he revileth," said the finisher of the law. "Alas! how soon our best resolutions pass away! — he was in a blessed frame for departure but now, and in two minutes he has become a contemner of authorities."

"Tell me at once," said the Archer, "what has this young man done?"

"Interfered," answered Trois-Eschelles, with some earnestness, "to take down the dead body of a criminal, when the *fleur-de-lis* was marked on the tree where he was hung with my own proper hand."

"How is this, young man?" said the Archer; "how came you to have committed such an offense?"

"As I desire your protection," answered Durward, "I will tell the truth as if I were at confession. I saw a man struggling on a tree, and I went to cut him down out of mere humanity. I thought neither of fleur-de-lis nor of clove gilly-

flower, and had no more idea of offending the King of France than our Father the Pope."

"What a murrain had you to do with the dead body, then?" said the Archer. "You'll see them hanging, in the rear of this gentleman, like grapes on every tree, and you will have enough to do in this country if you go a gleaning after the hangman. However, I will not quit a countryman's cause if I can help it. — Hark ye, Master Marshals-man, you see this is entirely a mistake. You should have some compassion on so young a traveler. In our country at home he has not been accustomed to see such active proceedings as yours and your master's."

"Not for want of need of them, Signior Archer," said Petit-André, who returned at this moment. "Stand fast, Trois-Eschelles, for here comes the Provost Marshal; we shall presently see how he will relish having his work taken out of his hand before it is finished."

"And in good time," said the Archer, "here come some of my comrades."

Accordingly, as the Provost Tristan rode up with his patrol on one side of the little hill which was the scene of the altercation, four or five Scottish Archers came as hastily up on the other, and at their head the Balafré himself.

Upon this urgency, Lesly showed none of that indifference toward his nephew of which Quentin had in his heart accused him; for he no sooner saw his companion and Durward standing upon their defense, than he exclaimed, "Cunningham, I thank thee. — Gentlemen — comrades, lend me your aid. — It is a young Scottish gentleman — my nephew — Lindsay — Guthrie — Tyrie, draw, and strike in!"

There was now every prospect of a desperate scuffle between the parties, who were not so disproportioned in numbers but that the better arms of the Scottish cavaliers gave them an equal chance of victory. But the Provost Marshal, either doubting the issue of the conflict, or aware that it would be disagreeable to the King, made a sign to his followers to forbear from violence, while he demanded of Balafré, who now put himself forward as the head of the other party, "What he, a cavalier of the King's Bodyguard, purposed by opposing the execution of a criminal?"

"I deny that I do so," answered the Balafré. — "Saint Martin! there is, I think, some difference between the execution of a criminal, and the slaughter of my own nephew?"

"Your nephew may be a criminal as well as another, Signior," said the Provost Marshal; "and every stranger in France is amenable to the laws of France."

"Yes, but we have privileges, we Scottish Archers," said Balafré; "have we not, comrades?"

"Yes, yes," they all exclaimed together. "Privileges — privileges! Long live King Louis — long live the bold Balafré — long live the Scottish Guard — and death to all who would infringe our privileges!"

"Take reason with you, gentlemen cavaliers," said the Provost Marshal; "consider my commission."

"We will have no reason at your hand," said Cunningham; "our own officers shall do us reason. We will be judged by the King's grace, or by our own Captain, now that the Lord High Constable is not in presence."

"And we will be hanged by none," said Lindsay, "but Sandie Wilson, the auld Marshals-man of our ain body."

"It would be a positive cheating of Sandie, who is as honest a man as ever tied noose upon hemp, did we give way to any other proceeding," said the Balafré. "Were I to be hanged myself, no other should tie tippet about my craig."

"But hear ye," said the Provost Marshal, "this young fellow belongs not to you, and cannot share what you call your privileges."

"What we *call* our privileges, all shall admit to be such," said Cunningham.

"We will not hear them questioned!" was the universal cry of the Archers.

"Ye are mad, my masters," said Tristan l'Hermite. — "No one disputes your privileges; but this youth is not one of you."

"He is *my* nephew," said the Balafré, with a triumphant air.

"But no Archer of the Guard, I think," retorted Tristan l'Hermite.

The Archers looked on each other in some uncertainty.

"Stand to it yet, comrade," whispered Cunningham to Balafré. — "Say he is engaged with us."

"Saint Martin! you say well, fair countryman," answered Lesly; and raising his voice, swore that he had that day enrolled his kinsman as one of his own retinue.

This declaration was a decisive argument.

"It is well, gentlemen," said the Provost Tristan, who was aware of the King's nervous apprehension of disaffection creep-

ing in among his Guards. — "You know, as you say, your privileges, and it is not my duty to have brawls with the King's Guards, if it is to be avoided. But I will report this matter for the King's own decision; and I would have you to be aware that, in doing so, I act more mildly than perhaps my duty warrants me."

So saying, he put his troop into motion, while the Archers, remaining on the spot, held a hasty consultation what was next to be done.

"We must report the matter to Lord Crawford, our Captain, in the first place, and have the young fellow's name put on the roll."

"But, gentlemen, and my worthy friends and preservers," said Quentin, with some hesitation, "I have not yet determined whether to take service with you or no."

"Then settle in your own mind," said his uncle, "whether you choose to do so, or be hanged — for I promise you that, nephew of mine as you are, I see no other chance of your 'scaping the gallows."

This was an unanswerable argument, and reduced Quentin at once to acquiesce in what he might have otherwise considered as no very agreeable proposal; but the recent escape from the halter, which had been actually around his neck, would probably have reconciled him to a worse alternative than was proposed.

"He must go home with us to our caserne," said Cunningham; "there is no safety for him out of our bounds, whilst these manhunters are prowling about."

"May I not then abide for this night at the hostelry, where I breakfasted, fair uncle?" said the youth — thinking, perhaps, like many a new recruit, that even a single night of freedom was something gained.

"Yes, fair nephew," answered his uncle, ironically, "that we may have the pleasure of fishing you out of some canal or moat, or perhaps out of a loop of the Loire, knit up in a sack, for the greater convenience of swimming — for that is like to be the end on't. — The Provost Marshal smiled on us when we parted," continued he, addressing Cunningham, "and that is a sign his thoughts were dangerous."

"I care not for his danger," said Cunningham; "such game as we are beyond his birdbolts. But I would have thee tell the whole to the Devil's Oliver, who is always a good friend

to the Scottish Guard, and will see Father Louis before the Provost can, for he is to shave him to-morrow."

"But hark you," said Balafré, "it is ill going to Oliver empty-handed, and I am as bare as the birch in December."

"So are we all," said Cunningham. "Oliver must not scruple to take our Scottish words for once. We will make up something handsome among us against the next pay day; and if *he* expects to share, let me tell you, the pay day will come about all the sooner."

"And now for the Chateau," said Balafré; "and my nephew shall tell us by the way how he brought the Provost Marshal on his shoulders, that we may know how to frame our report both to Crawford and Oliver."

CHARLES THE BOLD AND LOUIS XI.

By PHILIPPE DE COMINES.

[PHILIPPE DE COMINES, or COMMINES, French statesman and historian, was born in Flanders in 1445; in 1463 became a palace official of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; in 1472, being sent by Charles on a mission to Louis XI., the latter saw his value, and made offers which induced him to transfer his services to Louis, — he doubtless also foreseeing the pending downfall of Charles. Louis gave him a valuable fief, and he became by marriage Lord of Argenton. After Louis' death in 1483, Comines was imprisoned by Charles VIII., but ultimately regained favor, and remained in it until his death in 1509, under Louis XII. His "Memoirs" of his own time are the first French history proper.]

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING THE ADVANTAGE WHICH THE KNOWLEDGE OF LETTERS, AND MORE ESPECIALLY OF HISTORY, IS TO PRINCES AND GREAT LORDS.

IT is the highest act of imprudence for any prince to put himself into the power of another, especially if they be at war; and it is no less advantageous to them to be well acquainted in their youth with the passages and surprising accidents of former times; for history shows them at large the success of such assemblies, the frauds, artifices, and perjuries wherewith they have inveigled, imprisoned, and killed such as, relying upon the honor of their enemies, have put themselves into their hands. I do not say that everybody has met with such treach-

erous dealings, but one example is sufficient to make many people more wise, and teach them to be careful of themselves.

* * * * * * *

THE OCCASION OF THE KING'S BEING SEIZED AND SECURED IN THE CASTLE OF PÉRONNE BY THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY. — 1468.

The king at his coming to Péronne had quite forgot his sending of two ambassadors to Liège to stir them up to a rebellion against the duke, and they had managed the affair with such diligence that they had got together such a considerable number, that the Liégeois went privately to Tongres (where the Bishop of Liège and the Lord of Humbercourt were quartered with more than 2000 men) with a design to surprise them. The bishop, the Lord of Humbercourt, and some of the bishop's servants, were taken, but the rest fled and left whatever they had behind them, as despairing to defend themselves. After which action the Liégeois marched back again to Liège, which is not far from Tongres; and the Lord of Hum bercourt made an agreement for his ransom with one Monsieur William de Ville, called by the French Le Sauvage, a knight, who, suspecting the Liégeois would kill him in their fury, suffered the Lord of Humbercourt to escape, but was slain himself not long after. The people were exceedingly overjoyed at the taking of their bishop. There were also taken with him that day several canons of the church, whom the people equally hated, and killed five or six of them for their first repast; among the rest there was one Monsieur Robert, an intimate friend of the bishop's, and a person I have often seen attending him armed at all points, for in Germany this is the custom of the prelates. They slew this Robert in the bishop's presence, cut him into small pieces, and in sport threw them at one another's heads. Before they had marched seven or eight leagues, which was their full journey, they killed about sixteen canons and other persons, the majority of whom were the bishop's servants; but they released some of the Burgundians, for they had been privately informed that some overtures of peace had already been made, and they were forced to pretend that what they had done was only against their bishop, whom they brought prisoner along with them into their city. Those who fled (as I said before) gave the

alarm to the whole country, and it was not long before the duke had the news of it. Some said all of them were put to the sword; others affirmed the contrary (for in things of that nature, one messenger seldom comes alone); but there were some who had seen the habits of the canons who were slain, and supposing the bishop and the Lord of Humbercourt had been of the number, they positively averred that all that had not escaped were killed, and that they had seen the king's ambassadors among the Liégeois, and they mentioned their very names.

All this being related to the duke, he gave credit to it immediately; and falling into a violent passion against the king, he charged him with a design of deluding him by his coming thither; ordered the gates both of the town and castle to be suddenly shut up, and gave out, by way of pretense, that it was done for the discovery of a certain casket which was lost, and in which there were money and jewels to a very considerable value. When the king saw himself shut up in the castle, and guards posted at the gates, and especially when he found himself lodged near a certain tower in which a Count of Vermandois had caused his predecessor, one of the Kings of France, to be put to death, he was in great apprehension. I was at that time waiting upon the Duke of Burgundy in the quality of chamberlain, and (when I pleased) I lay in his chamber, as was the custom of that family. When he saw the gates were shut, he ordered the room to be cleared, and told us who remained, that the king was come thither to circumvent him; that he himself had never approved of the interview, but had complied purely to gratify the king; then he gave us a relation of the passages at Liège, how the king had behaved himself by his ambassadors, and that all his forces were killed. He was much incensed, and threatened his majesty exceedingly; and I am of opinion that if he had then had such persons about him as would have fomented his passion, and encouraged him to any violence upon the king's person, he would certainly have done it, or at least committed him to the tower.

None were present at the speaking of these words but myself and two grooms of his chamber, one of whom was called Charles de Visen, born at Dijon, a man of honor, and highly esteemed by his master. We did not exasperate, but soothed his temper as much as possibly we could. Some time after he used the same expressions to other people; and the news being

carried about the town, it came at last to the king's ear, who was in great consternation; and indeed so was everybody else.

[Louis, caught in a trap, was forced to buy his release not only by renouncing his alliance with Liège, but by accompanying Charles on an expedition which stormed and sacked the city, with a horrible massacre. Charles, in a final campaign against the Swiss, was defeated and slain at Nancy, January 5, 1476.]

A Digression concerning the Virtues of the Duke of Burgundy, and the Time of his House's Prosperity.

I saw a seal ring of his, after his death, at Milan, with his arms cut curiously upon a sardonyx that I have often seen him wear in a riband at his breast, which was sold at Milan for two ducats, and had been stolen from him by a varlet that waited on him in his chamber. I have often seen the duke dressed and undressed in great state and formality, and by very great persons; but, at his last hour, all this pomp and magnificence ceased, and both he and his family perished (as you have heard already) on the very spot where he had delivered up the constable not long before, out of a base and avaricious motive; but may God forgive him! I have known him a powerful and honorable prince, in as great esteem and as much courted by his neighbors (when his affairs were in a prosperous condition), as any prince in Europe, and perhaps more so; and I cannot conceive what should have provoked God Almighty's displeasure so highly against him, unless it was his self-love and arrogance, in attributing all the success of his enterprises, and all the renown he ever acquired, to his own wisdom and conduct, without ascribing anything to God: yet, to speak truth, he was endowed with many good qualities.

No prince ever had a greater desire to entertain young noblemen than he; or was more careful of their education. His presents and bounty were never profuse and extravagant, because he gave to many, and wished everybody should taste of his generosity. No prince was ever more easy of access to his servants and subjects. Whilst I was in his service he was never cruel, but a little before his death he became so, which was an infallible sign of the shortness of his life. He was very splendid and pompous in his dress, and in everything else, and, indeed, a little too much. He paid great honors to all ambassadors and foreigners, and entertained them nobly. His ambitious desire

of glory was insatiable, and it was that which more than any other motive induced him to engage eternally in wars. He earnestly desired to imitate the old kings and heroes of antiquity, who are still so much talked of in the world, and his courage was equal to that of any prince of his time.

But all his designs and imaginations were vain, and turned afterwards to his own dishonor and confusion, for it is the conquerors and not the conquered that win renown. I cannot easily determine towards whom God Almighty showed his anger most, whether towards him who died suddenly, without pain or sickness, in the field of battle, or towards his subjects, who never enjoyed peace after his death, but were continually involved in wars against which they were not able to maintain themselves, upon account of the civil dissensions and cruel animosities that arose among them; and that which was the most insupportable was that the very people to whom they were now indebted for their defense and preservation were the Germans, who were strangers and not long since had been their enemies. In short, after the duke's death, there was not a man who wished them to prosper, whoever defended them. And by the management of their affairs, their understanding seemed to be as much infatuated as their master's was just before his death; for they rejected all good counsel, and pursued such methods as directly tended to their destruction; and they are still in great danger of a relapse into calamity, and it will be well if it turn not in the end to their utter ruin.

I am partly of the opinion of those who maintain that God gives princes, as He in His wisdom thinks fit, to punish or chastise their subjects: and He disposes the affections of subjects to their princes, as He has determined to exalt or depress them. Just so it has pleased Him to deal with the house of Burgundy; for after a long series of riches and prosperity, and sixscore years' peace under three illustrious princes, predecessors to Duke Charles (all of them of great prudence and discretion), it pleased God to send this Duke Charles, who continually involved them in bloody wars, as well winter as summer, to their great affliction and expense, in which most of their richest and stoutest men were either killed or taken prisoners. Their misfortunes began at the siege of Nuz, and continued for three or four battles successively, to the very hour of his death; so much so, that at the last, the whole strength of the country was destroyed, and all were killed or taken prisoners who had any zeal or affection

for the house of Burgundy, or power to defend the state and dignity of that family; so that in a manner their losses equaled, if they did not overbalance, their former prosperity; for as I had seen these princes puissant, rich, and honorable, so it fared with their subjects: for I think I have seen and known the greatest part of Europe, yet I never knew any province or country, though of a larger extent, so abounding in money, so extravagantly fine in their furniture, so sumptuous in their buildings, so profuse in their expenses, so luxurious in their feasts and entertainments, and so prodigal in all respects, as the subjects of these princes in my time; and if any think I have exaggerated, others who lived in my time will be of opinion that I have rather said too little.

But it pleased God, at one blow, to subvert this great and sumptuous edifice, and ruin this powerful and illustrious family, which had maintained and bred up so many brave men, and had acquired such mighty honor and renown far and near, by so many victories and successful enterprises, as none of all its neighboring states could pretend to boast of. A hundred and twenty years it continued in this flourishing condition, by the grace of God, all its neighbors having, in the mean time, been involved in troubles and commotions, and all of them applying to it for succor or protection: to wit, France, England, and Spain, as you have seen by experience of our master the King of France, who in his minority, and during the reign of Charles VII., his father, retired to this court, where he lived six years, and was nobly entertained all that time by Duke Philip the Good. Out of England I saw there also two of King Edward's brothers, the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester (the last of whom was afterwards called King Richard the Third); and of the house of Lancaster, the whole family or very near, with all their party. In short, I have seen this family in all respects the most flourishing and celebrated of any in Christendom: and then, in a short space of time, it was quite ruined and turned upside down, and left the most desolate and miserable of any house in Europe, as regards both prince and subjects. Such changes and revolutions of states and kingdoms, God in His providence has wrought before we were born, and will do again when we are dead; for this is a certain maxim, that the prosperity or adversity of princes depends wholly on His Divine disposal.

A Comparison of the Troubles and Sorrows which King Louis suffered, with those he had brought upon Other People; with a Continuation of his Transactions till the Time of his Death. — 1483.

He was continually discoursing on some subject or another, and always with a great deal of sense and judgment. His last illness (as I said before) continued from Monday to Saturday night. Upon which account I will now make comparison between the evils and sorrows which he brought upon others, and those which he suffered in his own person; for I hope his torments here on earth have translated him into Paradise, and will be a great part of his purgatory: and if, in respect of their greatness and duration, his sufferings were inferior to those he had brought upon other people, yet, if you consider the grandeur and dignity of his office, and that he had never before suffered anything in his own person, but had been obeyed by all people, as if all Europe had been created for no other end, but to serve and be commanded by him; you will find that little which he endured was so contrary to his nature and custom that it was more grievous for him to bear.

His chief hope and confidence was placed in the good hermit I spoke of (who was at Plessis, and had come thither from Calabria); he sent continually to him, believing it was in his power to prolong his life if he pleased, for, notwithstanding all his precepts, he had great hopes of recovering; and if it had so happened, he would quickly have dispersed the throng he had sent to Amboise, to wait upon the new king. Finding his hopes rested so strongly upon this hermit, it was the advice of a certain grave divine, and others who were about him, that it should be declared to him that there was no hope left for him but in the mercy of God; and it was also agreed among them, that his physician, Master James Coctier (in whom he had great confidence), should be present when this declaration was made him. This Coctier received of him every month ten thousand crowns, in the hope that he would lengthen his life. This resolution was taken to the end that he should lay aside all other thoughts and apply himself wholly to the settlement of his conscience. And as he had advanced them, as it were, in an instant, and against all reason, to employments beyond their capacities, so they took upon them fearlessly to tell him a thing

that had been more proper for other people to communicate; nor did they observe that reverence and respect towards him which was proper in such a case, and would have been used by those persons who had been brought up with him, or by those whom, in a mere whim, he had removed from court but a little before. But, as he had sent a sharp message of death to two great persons whom he had formerly beheaded (the Duke of Nemours, and the Count of St. Paul), by commissioners deputed on purpose, who in plain terms told them their sentence, appointed them confessors to arrange their consciences, and acquainted them that in a few hours they must resolve to die; so with the same bluntness, and without the least circumstance of introduction, these imprudent persons told our king: "Sire, we must do our duty; do not place your hopes any longer in this holy hermit, or anything else, for you are a dead man. Think therefore upon your conscience, for there is no remedy left." Every one added some short saying to the same purpose; to which he answered, "I hope God will assist me, for perhaps I am not so ill as you imagine."

What sorrow was this to him to hear this news! Never man was more fearful of death, nor used more means to prevent it. He had, all his life long, commanded and requested his servants, and me among the rest, that whenever we saw him in any danger of death, we should not tell him of it, but merely admonish him to confess himself, without ever mentioning that cruel and shocking word Death; for he did not believe he could ever endure to hear so cruel a sentence. However, he endured that virtuously, and several more things equally terrible, when he was ill; and indeed he bore them better than any man I ever saw die. He spoke several things which were to be delivered to his son, whom he called king; and he confessed himself very devoutly, said several prayers suitable to the sacraments he received, and called for the sacraments himself. He spoke as judiciously as if he had never been ill, discoursed of all things which might be necessary for his son's instruction, and among the rest gave orders that the Lord des Cordes should not stir from his son for six months; and that he should be desired to attempt nothing against Calais, or elsewhere, declaring that though he had designed himself to undertake such enterprises for the benefit of both the king and the kingdom, yet they were very dangerous, especially that against Calais, because the English might resent it; and he left it in especial charge that for

five or six years after his death they should, above all things, preserve the kingdom in peace, which during his life he had never suffered. And indeed it was no more than was necessary; for, though the kingdom was large and fertile, yet it was grown very poor, upon account of the marching and countermarching of the soldiers up and down, in their passage from one country to another, as they have done since, to an even worse extent. He also ordered that nothing should be attempted against Bretagne, but that Duke Francis should be suffered to live in peace; that both he and his neighbors might be without fear, and the king and kingdom remain free from wars, till the king should be of age, to take upon himself the administration of affairs.

You have already heard with what indiscretion and bluntness they acquainted the king with his approaching death; which I have mentioned in a more particular manner, because in a preceding paragraph I began to compare the evils which he had made others suffer, who lived under his dominion, with those he endured himself before his death; that it might appear that, though they were not perhaps of so long a duration, yet they were fully as great and terrible, considering his station and dignity, which required more obedience than any private person, and had found more; so that the least opposition was a great torment to him. Some five or six months before his death, he began to suspect everybody, especially those who were most capable and deserving of the administration of affairs. He was afraid of his son, and caused him to be kept close, so that no man saw or discoursed with him, but by his special command. At last he grew suspicious of his daughter, and of his son-in-law the Duke of Bourbon, and required an account of what persons came to speak with them at Plessis, and broke up a council which the Duke of Bourbon was holding there, by his order.

At the time that the Count of Dunois and the said Duke of Bourbon returned from conducting the ambassadors, who had been at Amboise to attend the marriage of the Dauphin and the young queen, the king being in the gallery at Plessis, and seeing them enter with a great train into the castle, called for a captain of the guards, and commanded him to go and search the servants of those lords to see whether they had any arms under their robes, and ordered him to do it in discourse, so as no notice might be taken. Behold, then, if he had caused

many to live under him in continual fear and apprehension, whether it was not returned to him again; for of whom could he be secure when he was afraid of his son-in-law, his daughter, and his own son? I speak this not only of him, but of all other princes who desire to be feared, that vengeance never falls on them till they grow old, and then, as a just penance, they are afraid of everybody themselves; and what grief must it have been to this poor king to be tormented with such terrors and passions?

He was still attended by his physician, Master James Coctier, to whom in five months' time he had given fifty-four thousand crowns in ready money, besides the bishopric of Amiens for his nephew, and other great offices and estates for himself and his friends; yet this doctor used him very roughly indeed; one would not have given such outrageous language to one's servants, as he gave the king, who stood in such awe of him that he durst not forbid him his presence. It is true he complained of his impudence afterwards, but he durst not change him as he had done all the rest of his servants; because he had told him after a most audacious manner one day, "I know well that some time or other you will dismiss me from court, as you have done the rest; but be sure (and he confirmed it with a great oath) you shall not live eight days after it;" with which expression the king was so terrified that ever after he did nothing but flatter and bribe him, which must needs have been a great mortification to a prince who had been humbly obeyed all his life by so many good and brave men.

The king had ordered several cruel prisons to be made; some were cages of iron, and some of wood, but all were covered with iron plates both within and without, with terrible locks, about eight feet wide and seven high; the first contriver of them was the Bishop of Verdun, who was immediately put in the first of them that was made, where he continued fourteen years. Many bitter curses he has had since for his invention, and some from me as I lay in one of them eight months together in the minority of our present king. He also ordered heavy and terrible fetters to be made in Germany, and particularly a certain ring for the feet, which was extremely hard to be opened, and fitted like an iron collar, with a thick weighty chain, and a great globe of iron at the end of it, most unreasonably heavy, which engines were called the King's Nets. However, I have seen many eminent and deserving persons in

these prisons, with these nets about their legs, who afterwards came forth with great joy and honor, and received great rewards from the king. Among the rest, a son of the Lord de la Grutuse, in Flanders (who was taken in battle), whom the king married very honorably afterwards, made him his chamberlain, and seneschal of Anjou, and gave him the command of a hundred lances. The Lord de Piennes, and the Lord de Vergy, both prisoners of war, also had commands given them in his army, were made his or his son's chamberlains, and had great estates bestowed on them. Monsieur de Richebourg, the constable's brother, had the same good fortune, as did also one Roquebertin, a Catalonian, likewise prisoner of war; besides others of various countries, too numerous to be mentioned in this place.

This by way of digression. But to return to my principal design. As in his time this barbarous variety of prisons was invented, so before he died he himself was in greater torment, and more terrible apprehension than those whom he had imprisoned; which I look upon as a great mercy towards him, and as part of his purgatory; and I have mentioned it here to show that there is no person, of what station or dignity soever, but suffers some time or other, either publicly or privately, especially if he has caused other people to suffer. The king, towards the latter end of his days, caused his castle of Plessis-les-Tours to be encompassed with great bars of iron in the form of thick grating, and at the four corners of the house four sparrow nests of iron, strong, massy, and thick, were built. The grates were without the wall on the other side of the ditch, and sank to the bottom. Several spikes of iron were fastened into the wall, set as thick by one another as was possible, and each furnished with three or four points. He likewise placed ten bowmen in the ditches, to shoot at any man that durst approach the castle before the opening of the gates; and he ordered they should lie in the ditches, but retire to the sparrow nests upon occasion. He was sensible enough that this fortification was too weak to keep out an army, or any great body of men, but he had no fear of such an attack; his great apprehension was that some of the nobility of his kingdom, having intelligence within, might attempt to make themselves masters of the castle by night, and having possessed themselves of it, partly by favor, and partly by force, might deprive him of the regal authority, and take upon themselves

the administration of public affairs, upon pretense he was incapable of business, and no longer fit to govern.

The gate of the Plessis was never opened, nor the drawbridge let down, before eight o'clock in the morning, at which time the officers were let in; and the captains ordered their guards to their several posts, with pickets of archers in the middle of the court, as in a town upon the frontiers that is closely guarded: nor was any person admitted to enter except by the wicket and with the king's knowledge, unless it were the steward of his household, and such persons as were not admitted into the royal presence.

Is it possible then to keep a prince (with any regard to his quality) in a closer prison than he kept himself? The cages which were made for other people were about eight feet square; and he (though so great a monarch) had but a small court of the castle to walk in, and seldom made use of that, but generally kept himself in the gallery, out of which he went into the chambers on his way to mass, but never passed through the court. Who can deny that he was a sufferer as well as his neighbors, considering how he was locked up and guarded, afraid of his own children and relations, and changing every day those very servants whom he had brought up and advanced; and though they owed all their perferment to him, yet he durst not trust any of them, but shut himself up in those strange chains and inclosures. If the place where he confined himself was larger than a common prison, he also was much greater than common prisoners.

It may be urged that other princes have been more given to suspicion than he, but it was not in our time; and, perhaps, their wisdom was not so eminent, nor were their subjects so good. They might too, probably, have been tyrants, and bloody-minded; but our king never did any person a mischief who had not offended him first, though I do not say all who offended him deserved death. I have not recorded these things merely to represent our master as a suspicious and mistrustful prince; but to show that by the patience which he expressed in his sufferings (like those which he inflicted on other people), they may be looked upon, in my judgment, as a punishment which our Lord inflicted upon him in this world, in order to deal more mercifully with him in the next, as well in regard to those things before mentioned, as to the distempers of his body, which were great and painful, and much

dreaded by him before they came upon him; and likewise, that those princes who may be his successors may learn by his example to be more tender and indulgent to their subjects, and less severe in their punishments, than our master had been: although I will not censure him, or say I ever saw a better prince; for though he oppressed his subjects himself, he would never see them injured by anybody else.

THE MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

BY PULCI: BYRON'S TRANSLATION.

[LUIGI PULCI, an Italian poet, born at Florence in 1432; died about 1487. He was an intimate friend of Lorenzo de' Medici and Politian, and the author of "Il Morgante Maggiore" (first published in 1481), a burlesque epic, in twenty-eight cantos, with Roland as the hero. Apart from its literary excellence, the poem is valuable as a source of information regarding the early Tuscan dialect.]

IN THE beginning was the Word next God;
  God was the Word, the Word no less was he:
This was in the beginning, to my mode
  Of thinking, and without him naught could be:
Therefore, just Lord! from out thy high abode,
  Benign and pious, bid an angel flee,
One only, to be my companion, who
Shall help my famous, worthy old song through.

And thou, oh Virgin! daughter, mother, bride
  Of the same Lord, who gave to you each key
Of heaven, and hell, and everything beside,
  The day thy Gabriel said "All hail!" to thee,
Since to thy servants pity's ne'er denied,
  With flowing rhymes, a pleasant style and free,
Be to my verses then benignly kind,
And to the end illuminate my mind. . . .

Twelve paladins had Charles in court, of whom
  The wisest and most famous was Orlando;
Him traitor Gan conducted to the tomb
  In Roncesvalles, as the villain planned to,

While the horn rang so loud, and knelled the doom
  Of their sad rout, though he did all knight can do;
And Dante in his comedy has given
To him a happy seat with Charles in heaven.

'Twas Christmas day; in Paris all his court
  Charles held; the chief, I say, Orlando was,
The Dane; Astolfo there too did resort,
  Also Ansuigi, the gay time to pass
In festival and in triumphal sport,
  The much-renowned St. Dennis being the cause;
Angiolin of Bayonne, and Oliver,
And gentle Belinghieri too came there:

Avolio, and Arino, and Othone
  Of Normandy, and Richard Paladin,
Wise Hamo, and the ancient Salemone,
  Walter of Lion's Mount and Baldovin,
Who was the son of the sad Ganellone,
  Were there, exciting too much gladness in
The son of Pepin: — when his knights came hither,
He groaned with joy to see them all together.

But watchful Fortune, lurking, takes good heed
  Ever some bar 'gainst our intents to bring.
While Charles reposed him thus, in word and deed,
  Orlando ruled court, Charles, and everything;
Curst Gan, with envy bursting, had such need
  To vent his spite, that thus with Charles the king
One day he openly began to say:
"Orlando must we always then obey?

"A thousand times I've been about to say,
  Orlando too presumptuously goes on;
Here are we, counts, kings, dukes, to own thy sway,
  Hamo, and Otho, Ogier, Solomon,
Each have to honor thee and to obey;
  But he has too much credit near the throne,
Which we won't suffer, but are quite decided
By such a boy to be no longer guided.

"And even at Aspramont thou didst begin
  To let him know he was a gallant knight,
And by the fount did much the day to win;
  But I know *who* that day had won the fight

If it had not for good Gherardo been:
The victory was Almonte's else; his sight
He kept upon the standard, and the laurels
In fact and fairness are his earning, Charles.

"If thou rememberest being in Gascony,
When there advanced the nations out of Spain,
The Christian cause had suffered shamefully,
Had not his valor driven them back again.
Best speak the truth when there's a reason why:
Know then, oh emperor! that all complain:
As for myself, I shall repass the mounts
O'er which I crossed with two and sixty counts.

"'Tis fit thy grandeur should dispense relief,
So that each here may have his proper part,
For the whole court is more or less in grief:
Perhaps thou deem'st this lad a Mars in heart?"
Orlando one day heard this speech in brief,
As by himself it chanced he sat apart:
Displeased he was with Gan because he said it,
But much more still that Charles should give him credit.

And with the sword he would have murdered Gan,
But Oliver thrust in between the pair,
And from his hand extracted Durlindan,
And thus at length they separated were.
Orlando, angry too with Carloman,
Wanted but little to have slain him there;
Then forth alone from Paris went the chief,
And burst and maddened with disdain and grief.

From Ermellina, consort of the Dane,
He took Cortana, and then took Rondell,
And on towards Brara pricked him o'er the plain;
And when she saw him coming, Aldabelle
Stretched forth her arms to clasp her lord again:
Orlando, in whose brain all was not well,
As "Welcome, my Orlando, home," she said,
Raised up his sword to smite her on the head,

Like him a fury counsels; his revenge
On Gan in that rash act he seemed to take,
Which Aldabella thought extremely strange;
But soon Orlando found himself awake;

And his spouse took his bridle on this change,
And he dismounted from his horse, and spake
Of everything which passed without demur,
And then reposed himself some days with her.

Then full of wrath departed from the place,
And far as pagan countries roamed astray,
And while he rode, yet still at every pace
The traitor Gan remembered by the way;
And wandering on in error a long space,
An abbey which in a lone desert lay,
'Midst glens obscure, and distant lands, he found,
Which formed the Christian's and the pagan's bound.

The abbot was called Clermont, and by blood
Descended from Angrante: under cover
Of a great mountain's brow the abbey stood,
But certain savage giants looked him over;
One Passamont was foremost of the brood,
And Alabaster and Morgante hover
Second and third, with certain slings, and throw
In daily jeopardy the place below.

The monks could pass the convent gate no more,
Nor leave their cells for water or for wood;
Orlando knocked, but none would ope, before
Unto the prior it at length seemed good;
Entered, he said that he was taught to adore
Him who was born of Mary's holiest blood,
And was baptized a Christian; and then showed
How to the abbey he had found his road.

Said the abbot: "You are welcome; what is mine
We give you freely, since that you believe
With us in Mary Mother's Son divine;
And that you may not, cavalier, conceive
The cause of our delay to let you in
To be rusticity, you shall receive
The reason why our gate was barred to you:
Thus those who in suspicion live must do.

"When hither to inhabit first we came
These mountains, albeit that they are obscure,
As you perceive, yet without fear or blame
They seemed to promise an asylum sure:

From savage brutes alone, too fierce to tame,
'Twas fit our quiet dwelling to secure;
But now, if here we'd stay, we needs must guard
Against domestic beasts with watch and ward.

"These make us stand, in fact, upon the watch;
For late there have appeared three giants rough;
What nation or what kingdom bore the batch
I know not, but they are all of savage stuff;
When force and malice with some genius match,
You know, they can do all — *we* are not enough:
And these so much our orisons derange,
I know not what to do, till matters change.

"Our ancient fathers living the desert in,
For just and holy works were duly fed;
Think not they lived on locusts sole, 'tis certain
That manna was rained down from heaven instead:
But here 'tis fit we keep on the alert in
Our bounds, or taste the stones showered down for bread,
From off yon mountain daily raining faster,
And flung by Passamont and Alabaster.

"The third, Morgante, 's savagest by far; he
Plucks up pines, beeches, poplar trees, and oaks,
And flings them, our community to bury;
And all that I can do but more provokes."
While thus they parley in the cemetery,
A stone from one of their gigantic strokes,
Which nearly crushed Rondell, came tumbling over,
So that he took a long leap under cover.

"For God's sake, cavalier, come in with speed;
The manna's falling now," the abbot cried.
"This fellow does not wish my horse should feed,
Dear abbot," Roland unto him replied.
"Of restiveness he'd cure him had he need;
That stone seems with good will and aim applied."
The holy father said, "I don't deceive;
They'll one day fling the mountain, I believe."

Orlando bade them take care of Rondello,
And also made a breakfast of his own:
"Abbot," he said, "I want to find that fellow
Who flung at my good horse yon corner stone."

Said the abbot: "Let not my advice seem shallow;
As to a brother dear I speak alone;
I would dissuade you, baron, from this strife,
As knowing sure that you will lose your life.

"That Passamont has in his hand three darts —
Such slings, clubs, ballast stones, that yield you must;
You know that giants have much stouter hearts
Than us, with reason, in proportion just:
If go you will, guard well against their arts,
For these are very barbarous and robust."
Orlando answered, "This I'll see, be sure,
And walk the wild on foot to be secure."

The abbot signed the great cross on his front,
"Then go you with God's benison and mine:"
Orlando, after he had scaled the mount,
As the abbot had directed, kept the line
Right to the usual haunt of Passamont;
Who, seeing him alone in this design,
Surveyed him fore and aft with eyes observant,
Then asked him, "If he wished to stay as servant?"

And promised him an office of great ease.
But, said Orlando, "Saracen insane!
I come to kill you, if it shall so please
God, not to serve as footboy in your train;
You with his monks so oft have broke the peace —
Vile dog! 'tis past his patience to sustain."
The giant ran to fetch his arms, quite furious,
When he received an answer so injurious.

And being returned to where Orlando stood,
Who had not moved him from the spot, and swinging
The cord, he hurled a stone with strength so rude,
As showed a sample of his skill in slinging;
It rolled on Count Orlando's helmet good
And head, and set both head and helmet ringing,
So that he swooned with pain as if he died,
But more than dead, he seemed so stupefied.

Then Passamont, who thought him slain outright,
Said, "I will go, and while he lies along,
Disarm me: why such craven did I fight?"
But Christ his servants ne'er abandons long,

Especially Orlando, such a knight,
As to desert would almost be a wrong.
While the giant goes to put off his defenses,
Orlando has recalled his force and senses:

And loud he shouted, "Giant, where dost go?
Thou thought'st me doubtless for the bier outlaid;
To the right about — without wings thou'rt too slow
To fly my vengeance — currish renegade!
'Twas but by treachery thou laid'st me low."
The giant his astonishment betrayed,
And turned about, and stopped his journey on,
And then he stooped to pick up a great stone.

Orlando had Cortana bare in hand;
To split the head in twain was what he schemed:
Cortana clave the skull like a true brand,
And pagan Passamont died unredeemed,
Yet harsh and haughty, as he lay he banned,
And most devoutly Macon still blasphemed:
But while his crude, rude blasphemies he heard,
Orlando thanked the Father and the Word, —

Saying, "What grace to me thou'st this day given!
And I to thee, oh Lord! am ever bound.
I know my life was saved by thee from heaven,
Since by the giant I was fairly downed.
All things by thee are measured just and even;
Our power without thine aid would naught be found:
I pray thee take heed of me, till I can
At least return once more to Carloman."

And having said thus much, he went his way;
And Alabaster he found out below,
Doing the very best that in him lay
To root from out a bank a rock or two.
Orlando, when he reached him, loud 'gan say,
"How think'st thou, glutton, such a stone to throw?"
When Alabaster heard his deep voice ring,
He suddenly betook him to his sling,

And hurled a fragment of a size so large,
That if it had in fact fulfilled its mission,
And Roland not availed him of his targe,
There would have been no need of a physician.

Orlando set himself in turn to charge,
And in his bulky bosom made incision
With all his sword. The lout fell; but o'erthrown, he
However by no means forgot Macone.

Morgante had a palace in his mode,
Composed of branches, logs of wood, and earth,
And stretched himself at ease in this abode,
And shut himself at night within his berth.
Orlando knocked, and knocked again, to goad
The giant from his sleep; and he came forth,
The door to open, like a crazy thing,
For a rough dream had shook him slumbering.

He thought that a fierce serpent had attacked him;
And Mahomet he called; but Mahomet
Is nothing worth, and not an instant backed him;
But praying blessed Jesu, he was set
At liberty from all the fears which racked him;
And to the gate he came with great regret—
"Who knocks here?" grumbling all the while, said he.
"That," said Orlando, "you will quickly see.

"I come to preach to you, as to your brothers,
Sent by the miserable monks — repentance;
For Providence divine, in you and others,
Condemns the evil done my new acquaintance.
'Tis writ on high — your wrong must pay another's;
From heaven itself is issued out this sentence.
Know then, that colder now than a pilaster
I left your Passamont and Alabaster."

Morgante said, "Oh gentle cavalier!
Now by thy God say me no villainy;
The favor of your name I fain would hear,
And if a Christian, speak for courtesy."
Replied Orlando, "So much to your ear
I by my faith disclose contentedly;
Christ I adore, who is the genuine Lord,
And, if you please, by you may be adored."

The Saracen rejoined in humble tone,
"I have had an extraordinary vision;
A savage serpent fell on me alone,
And Macon would not pity my condition;

Hence to thy God, who for ye did atone
  Upon the cross, preferred I my petition;
His timely succor set me safe and free,
And I a Christian am disposed to be."

Orlando answered: "Baron just and pious,
  If this good wish your heart can really move
To the true God, who will not then deny us
  Eternal honor, you will go above,
And, if you please, as friends we will ally us,
  And I will love you with a perfect love.
Your idols are vain liars, full of fraud:
The only true God is the Christian's God.

"The Lord descended to the virgin breast
  Of Mary Mother, sinless and divine;
If you acknowledge the Redeemer blest,
  Without whom neither sun nor star can shine,
Abjure bad Macon's false and felon test,
  Your renegado god, and worship mine,—
Baptize yourself with zeal, since you repent."
To which Morgante answered, "I'm content."

And then Orlando to embrace him flew,
  And made much of his convert, as he cried,
"To the abbey I will gladly marshal you."
  To whom Morgante, "Let us go," replied;
"I to the friars have for peace to sue."
  Which thing Orlando heard with inward pride,
Saying, "My brother, so devout and good,
Ask the abbot pardon, as I wish you would:

"Since God has granted your illumination,
  Accepting you in mercy for his own,
Humility should be your first oblation."
  Morgante said, "For goodness' sake, make known —
Since that your God is to be mine — your station,
  And let your name in verity be shown;
Then will I everything at your command do."
On which the other said, he was Orlando.

"Then," quoth the giant, "blessed be Jesu
  A thousand times with gratitude and praise!
Oft, perfect baron! have I heard of you
  Through all the different periods of my days:

And, as I said, to be your vassal too
I wish, for your great gallantry always."
Thus reasoning, they continued much to say,
And onwards to the abbey went their way.

And by the way about the giants dead
Orlando with Morgante reasoned: "Be,
For their decease, I pray you, comforted;
And, since it is God's pleasure, pardon me.
A thousand wrongs unto the monks they bred,
And our true Scripture soundeth openly,
Good is rewarded, and chastised the ill,
Which the Lord never faileth to fulfill:

"Because his love of justice unto all
Is such, he wills his judgment should devour
All who have sin, however great or small:
But good he well remembers to restore.
Nor without justice holy could we call
Him, whom I now require you to adore.
All men must make his will their wishes sway,
And quickly and spontaneously obey.

"And here our doctors are of one accord,
Coming on this point to the same conclusion, —
That in their thoughts who praise in heaven the Lord,
If pity e'er was guilty of intrusion
For their unfortunate relations stored
In hell below, and damned in great confusion, —
Their happiness would be reduced to naught,
And thus unjust the Almighty's self be thought.

"But they in Christ have firmest hope, and all
Which seems to him, to them too must appear
Well done; nor could it otherwise befall:
He never can in any purpose err.
If sire or mother suffer endless thrall,
They don't disturb themselves for him or her;
What pleases God to them must joy inspire; —
Such is the observance of the eternal choir."

"A word unto the wise," Morgante said,
"Is wont to be enough, and you shall see
How much I grieve about my brethren dead;
And if the will of God seem good to me,

Just, as you tell me, 'tis in heaven obeyed —
  Ashes to ashes, — merry let us be!
I will cut off the hands from both their trunks,
And carry them unto the holy monks.

"So that all persons may be sure and certain
  That they are dead, and have no further fear
To wander solitary this desert in,
  And that they may perceive my spirit clear
By the Lord's grace, who hath withdrawn the curtain
  Of darkness, making his bright realm appear."
He cut his brethren's hands off at these words,
And left them to the savage beasts and birds.

Then to the abbey they went on together,
  Where waited them the abbot in great doubt.
The monks, who knew not yet the fact, ran thither
  To their superior, all in breathless rout,
Saying with tremor, "Please to tell us whether
  You wish to have this person in or out?"
The abbot, looking through upon the giant,
Too greatly feared, at first, to be compliant.

Orlando seeing him thus agitated,
  Said quickly, "Abbot, be thou of good cheer;
He Christ believes, as Christian must be rated,
  And hath renounced his Macon false;" which here
Morgante with the hands corroborated,
  A proof of both the giants' fate quite clear:
Thence, with due thanks, the abbot God adored,
Saying, "Thou hast contented me, oh Lord!"

He gazed; Morgante's height he calculated,
  And more than once contemplated his size:
And then he said: "Oh giant celebrated!
  Know, that no more my wonder will arise,
How you could tear and fling the trees you late did,
  When I behold your form with my own eyes.
You now a true and perfect friend will show
Yourself to Christ, as once you were a foe.

"And one of our apostles, Saul once named,
  Long persecuted sore the faith of Christ,
Till, one day, by the Spirit being inflamed,
  'Why dost thou persecute me thus?' said Christ;

And then from his offense he was reclaimed,
And went forever after preaching Christ,
And of the faith became a trump, whose sounding
O'er the whole earth is echoing and rebounding.

"So, my Morgante, you may do likewise;
He who repents — thus writes the Evangelist —
Occasions more rejoicing in the skies
Than ninety-nine of the celestial list.
You may be sure, should each desire arise
With just zeal for the Lord, that you'll exist
Among the happy saints for evermore;
But you were lost and damned to hell before!"

And thus great honor to Morgante paid
The abbot: many days they did repose.
One day, as with Orlando they both strayed,
And sauntered here and there, where'er they chose,
The abbot showed a chamber, where arrayed
Much armor was, and hung up certain bows;
And one of these Morgante for a whim
Girt on, though useless, he believed, to him.

There being a want of water in the place,
Orlando, like a worthy brother, said,
"Morgante, I could wish you in this case
To go for water." "You shall be obeyed
In all commands," was the reply, "straightways."
Upon his shoulder a great tub he laid,
And went out on his way unto a fountain,
Where he was wont to drink below the mountain.

Arrived there, a prodigious noise he hears,
Which suddenly along the forest spread;
Whereat from out his quiver he prepares
An arrow for his bow, and lifts his head;
And lo! a monstrous herd of swine appears,
And onward rushes with tempestuous tread,
And to the fountain's brink precisely pours;
So that the giant's joined by all the boars.

Morgante at a venture shot an arrow,
Which pierced a pig precisely in the ear,
And passed unto the other side quite thorough;
So that the boar, defunct, lay tripped up near.

Another, to revenge his fellow-farrow,
Against the giant rushed in fierce career,
And reached the passage with so swift a foot,
Morgante was not now in time to shoot.

Perceiving that the pig was on him close,
He gave him such a punch upon the head
As floored him so that he no more arose,
Smashing the very bone; and he fell dead
Next to the other. Having seen such blows,
The other pigs along the valley fled;
Morgante on his neck the bucket took,
Full from the spring, which neither swerved nor shook.

The tun was on one shoulder, and there were
The hogs on t'other, and he brushed apace
On to the abbey, though by no means near,
Nor spilt one drop of water in his race.
Orlando, seeing him so soon appear
With the dead boars, and with that brimful vase,
Marveled to see his strength so very great;
So did the abbot, and set wide the gate.

The monks, who saw the water fresh and good,
Rejoiced, but much more to perceive the pork;—
All animals are glad at sight of food:
They lay their breviaries to sleep, and work
With greedy pleasure, and in such a mood,
That the flesh needs no salt beneath their fork.
Of rankness and of rot there is no fear,
For all the fasts are now left in arrear.

As though they wished to burst at once, they ate;
And gorged so that, as if the bones had been
In water, sorely grieved the dog and cat,
Perceiving that they all were picked too clean.
The abbot, who to all did honor great,
A few days after this convivial scene,
Gave to Morgante a fine horse, well trained,
Which he long time had for himself maintained.

The horse Morgante to a meadow led,
To gallop, and to put him to the proof,
Thinking that he a back of iron had,
Or to skim eggs unbroke was light enough;

But the horse, sinking with the pain, fell dead,
And burst, while cold on earth lay head and hoof.
Morgante said, "Get up, thou sulky cur!"
And still continued pricking with the spur.

But finally he thought fit to dismount,
And said, "I am as light as any feather,
And he has burst; — to this what say you, count?"
Orlando answered, "Like a ship's mast rather
You seem to me, and with the truck for front: —
Let him go; Fortune wills that we together
Should march, but you on foot Morgante still."
To which the giant answered, "So I will.

"When there shall be occasion, you will see
How I approve my courage in the fight."
Orlando said, "I really think you'll be,
If it should prove God's will, a goodly knight;
Nor will you napping there discover me.
But never mind your horse, though out of sight
'Twere best to carry him into some wood,
If but the means or way I understood."

The giant said, "Then carry him I will,
Since that to carry me he was so slack—
To render, as the gods do, good for ill;
But lend a hand to place him on my back."
Orlando answered, "If my counsel still
May weigh, Morgante, do not undertake
To lift or carry this dead courser, who,
As you have done to him, will do to you.

"Take care he don't revenge himself, though dead,
As Nessus did of old beyond all cure.
I don't know if the fact you've heard or read;
But he will make you burst, you may be sure."
"But help him on my back," Morgante said,
"And you shall see what weight I can endure.
In place, my gentle Roland, of this palfrey,
With all the bells I'd carry yonder belfry."

The abbot said, "The steeple may do well,
But, for the bells, you've broken them, I wot."
Morgante answered, "Let them pay in hell
The penalty who lie dead in yon grot;"

And hoisting up the horse from where he fell,
He said, "Now look if I the gout have got,
Orlando, in the legs — or if I have force;" —
And then he made two gambols with the horse.

Morgante was like any mountain framed;
So if he did this, 'tis no prodigy;
But secretly himself Orlando blamed,
Because he was one of his family;
And fearing that he might be hurt or maimed,
Once more he bade him lay his burden by:
"Put down, nor bear him further the desert in."
Morgante said, "I'll carry him for certain."

He did; and stowed him in some nook away,
And to the abbey then returned with speed.
Orlando said, "Why longer do we stay?
Morgante, here is naught to do indeed."

RINALDO AND ORLANDO.

BY BOIARDO.

(Translated by J. A. Symonds.)

[MATTEO MARIA BOIARDO, count of Scandiano in the Modenese territory, was born there, perhaps about 1434; studied at the University of Ferrara; became versed in the classics and Oriental languages; a favorite at the court of Ferrara, was made governor of Reggio and captain of Modena. He died in 1494. He wrote sonnets and canzones, a comedy, and other small pieces; but his great work is the unfinished epic "Orlando Innamorato," well constructed and dramatic though heavy in style, which was Italy's first good romantic epic, and led to two far greater works — Ariosto's sequel the "Orlando Furioso," and Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata."]

RINALDO AND FIORDELISA.

UPON his steed forthwith hath sprung the knight,
And with the damsel rideth fast away:
Not far they fared, when slowly waned the light,
And forced them to dismount and there to stay.
Rinaldo 'neath a tree slept all the night;
Close at his side the lovely lady lay:
But the strong magic of wise Merlin's well
Had on the baron's temper cast a spell.

He now can sleep anigh that beauteous dame,
Nor of her neighborhood have any care.
Erewhile a sea, a flood, a raging flame
Would not have stayed his quick desire, I swear;
To clasp so fair a creature without shame,
Walls, mountains he'd have laid in ruins there!
Now side by side they sleep, and naught he recks;
While her, methinks, far other thoughts perplex.

The air, meanwhile, was growing bright around,
Although not yet the sun his face had shown;
Some stars the tranquil brows of heaven still crowned;
The birds upon the trees sang one by one;
Dark night had flown; bright day was not yet found:
Then toward Rinaldo turned the maid alone;
For she with morning light had cast off sleep,
While he upon the grass still slumbered deep.

Beauteous he was, and but a stripling then:
Strong-thewed, and lithe, and with a lively face;
Broad in the chest, but in the haunches thin:
The lady gazed, smit with his manly grace;
His beard scarce budded upon cheek and chin;
Gazing, she all but fainted in that place,
And took such pleasure in so sweet a sight
That naught she heeds beyond this one delight.

Orlando's Lament over Rinaldo.

[They have recently fought over Angelica, and Orlando, finding his rival's sword, supposes him dead.]

Hearing these dulcet words, the Count began
Little by little of his will to yield;
Backward, already he withdrew a span,
When, gazing on the bridge and guarded field,
Force was that he the armor bright should scan
Which erst Rinaldo bore — broadsword and shield:
Then weeping, "Who hath done me this despite?"
He cried: "Oh, who hath slain my perfect knight?

"Here wast thou killed by foulest treachery
Of that false robber on this slippery bridge;
For all the world could not have conquered thee
In fair fight, front to front, and edge to edge:
Cousin, from heaven incline thine ear to me!
Where now thou reignest, list thy lord and liege!

Me who so loved thee, though my brief misprision,
Through too much love, wrought 'twixt our lives division.

"I crave thy pardon, pardon me, I pray,
If e'er I did thee wrong, sweet cousin mine!
I was thine ever, as I am alway,
Though false suspicion, or vain love malign,
And jealous blindness, on an evil day,
Brought me to cross my furious brand with thine;
Yet all the while I loved thee — love thee now:
Mine was the fault, and only mine, I vow.

"What traitorous wolf ravening for blood was he
Who thus debarred us twain from kind return
To concord sweet and sweet tranquillity,
Sweet kisses, and sweet tears of souls that yearn?
This is the anguish keen that conquers me,
That now I may not to thy bosom turn,
And speak, and beg for pardon, ere I part;
This is the grief, the dole that breaks my heart."

Orlando and Agricane.

After the sun below the hills was laid,
And with bright stars the sky began to glow,
Unto the king these words Orlando said,
"What shall we do, now that the day is low?"
Then Agricane made answer, "Make our bed
Together here, amid the herbs that grow;
And then to-morrow with the dawn of light
We can return and recommence the fight."

No sooner said, than straight they were agreed:
Each ties his horse to trees that near them grew;
Then down they lay upon the grassy mead —
You might have thought they were old friends and true,
So close and careless couched they in the reed.
Orlando nigh unto the fountain drew,
And Agricane hard by the forest laid
His head beneath a mighty pine-tree's shade.

Herewith the twain began to hold debate
Of fitting things, and meet for noble knights.
The Count looked up to heaven and cried, "How great
And fair is yonder frame of glittering lights,

Which God, the mighty monarch, did create;
  The silvery moon, and stars that gem our nights,
The light of day, yea, and the lustrous sun,
For us poor men God made them every one!"

But Agricane: "Full well I apprehend
  It is your wish toward faith our talk to turn:
Of science less than naught I comprehend;
  Nay, when I was a boy, I would not learn,
But broke my master's head to make amend
  For his much prating; no one since did yearn
To teach me book or writing, such the dread
Wherewith I filled them for my hardihead.

"And so I let my boyish days flow by
  In hunting, feats of arms, and horsemanship;
Nor is it meet, meseems, for chivalry
  To pore the livelong day o'er scholarship.
True knights should strive to show the skill, say I,
  And strength of limb in noble fellowship;
Leave priests and teaching men from books to learn,
I know enough, thank God, to serve my turn."

Then spake the Count: "Thus far we both agree:
  Arms are the chief prime honor of a knight.
Yet knowledge brings no shame that I can see,
  But rather fame, as fields with flowers are bright.
More like an ox, a stock, a stone is he
  Who never thinks of God's eternal light;
Nor without learning can we rightly dwell
On his high majesty adorable."

Then Agricane: "Small courtesy it were,
  War with advantage so complete to wage!
My nature I have laid before you bare:
  I know full well that you are learned and sage;
Therefore to answer you I do not care.
  Sleep if you like; in sleep your soul assuage;
Or if you choose with me to hold discourse,
I look for talk of love, and deeds of force.

"Now I beseech you, answer me the truth
  Of what I ask, upon a brave man's faith:
Are you the great Orlando, in good sooth,
  Whose name and fame the whole world echoeth?
Whence are you come, and why? And since your youth
  Were you by love enthralled? For story saith

That any knight who loves not, though he seem
To sight alive, yet lives but in a dream."

Then spake the Count: "Orlando sure am I,
  Who both Almonte and his brother slew.
Imperious love hath lost me utterly,
  And made me journey to strange lands and new; . . .
She who now lies within Albracca's wall,
Gallafra's daughter, holds my heart in thrall."

Rinaldo's Vision.

When to the leafy wood his feet were brought,
  Toward Merlin's Fount at once he took his way;
Unto the fount that changes amorous thought
  Journeyed the Paladin without delay;
But a new sight, the which he had not sought,
  Caused him upon the path his feet to stay.
Within the wood there is a little close,
Full of pink flowers, and white, and various:

And in the midst thereof a naked boy,
  Singing, took solace with surpassing cheer;
Three ladies round him, as around their joy,
  Danced naked in the light so soft and clear.
No sword, no shield, hath been his wonted toy;
  Brown are his eyes; yellow his curls appear;
His downy beard hath scarce begun to grow—
One saith 'tis there, and one might say no!

With violets, roses, flowers of every dye,
  Baskets they filled, and eke their beauteous hands:
Then as they dance in joy and amity,
  The Lord of Montalbano near them stands:
Whereat "Behold the traitor!" loud they cry,
  Soon as they mark the foe within their bands
"Behold the thief, the scorner of delight,
Caught in the trap at last in sorry plight!"

Then with their baskets all with one consent
  Upon Rinaldo like a tempest bore:
One flings red roses, one with violets blent
  Showers lilies, hyacinths, fast as she can pour:
Each flower in falling with strange pain hath rent
  His heart and pricked his marrow to the core,

Lighting a flame in every smitten part,
As though the flowers concealed a fiery dart.

The boy, who, naked, coursed along the sod,
  Emptied his basket first, and then began
Wielding a long-grown leafy lily rod,
  To scourge the helmet of the tortured man.
No aid Rinaldo found against the god,
  But fell to earth as helpless children can:
The youth who saw him fallen, by the feet
Seized him, and dragged him through the meadow sweet.

And those three dames had each a garland rare
  Of roses; one was red and one was white;
These from their snowy brows and foreheads fair
  They tore in haste, to beat the writhing knight;
In vain he cried and raised his hands in prayer;
  For still they struck till they were tired quite,
And round about him on the sward they went,
Nor ceased from striking till the morn was spent.

Nor massy cuirass nor stout plate of steel
  Could yield defense against those bitter blows:
His flesh was swollen with many a livid weal
  Beneath his arms, and with such fiery woes
Inflamed as spirits damned in hell may feel;
  Yet theirs, upon my troth, are fainter throes:
Wherefore that Baron, sore, and scant of breath,
For pain and fear was well-nigh brought to death.

Nor whether they were gods or men he knew;
  Nor prayer, nor courage, nor defense availed:
Till suddenly upon their shoulders grew
  And budded wings with gleaming gold engrailed,
Radiant with crimson, white, and azure blue;
  And with a living eye each plume was tailed,
Not like a peacock's or a bird's, but bright
And tender as a girl's with love's delight.

Then, after small delay their flight they took,
  And one by one soared upward to the sky,
Leaving Rinaldo sole beside the brook.
  Full bitterly the Baron 'gan to cry,
For grief and dole so great his bosom shook
  That still it seemed that he must surely die;
And in the end so fiercely raged his pain
That like a corpse he fell along the plain.

THE BELL RINGER OF NOTRE DAME.

By VICTOR HUGO.

[Victor Marie Hugo, French novelist, poet, dramatist, and miscellaneous writer, was born at Besançon, February 26, 1802. He followed his father, one of Napoleon's generals, from place to place in Europe, studying privately or in local schools. From the age of eleven he poured out streams of literary product, won several prizes before he was eighteen, and was called by Châteaubriand "The Sublime Child." He was elected to the Academy in 1845. He entered political life in 1848; became an opponent of Louis Napoleon; was proscribed by him after the *coup d'état* of 1851, and remained in exile till Napoleon's fall in 1870, when he returned and was made senator. He died May 22, 1885. Of his enormously prolific genius the best-known products are the novels "Notre Dame de Paris," "Les Misérables," "The Toilers of the Sea," "Ninety-three," and "L'Homme Qui Rit" (The Grinning Man); the plays "Hernani," "Ruy Blas," and "Les Burgraves"; "The History of a Crime," an account of the *coup d'état;* "The Last Day of a Condemned One"; the poems "Legend of the Ages," "Contemplations," "The Chastisements," "The Pope," and "The Art of Being a Grandfather," besides several miscellaneous volumes of verse.]

Immanis Pecoris Custos, Immanior Ipse.

Now, in 1482, Quasimodo had grown up. He had been made, some years previous, bell ringer of Notre Dame, thanks to his adopted father, Claude Frollo, who had become archdeacon of Josas, thanks to his liege lord Sir Louis de Beaumont, who had become Bishop of Paris in 1472, on the death of Guillaume Chartier, thanks to his patron Olivier le Daim, barber to Louis XI., king by the grace of God.

Quasimodo, therefore, was ringer of Notre Dame.

In time, a peculiar bond of intimacy grew up between the ringer and the church. Cut off forever from the world by the double fatality of his unknown birth and his deformity, confined from infancy in this doubly insuperable circle, the poor wretch became used to seeing nothing of the world outside the religious walls which had received him into their shadow. Notre Dame had been to him by turns, as he grew and developed, egg, nest, home, country, universe.

And it is certain that there was a sort of mysterious and preëxisting harmony between this creature and the structure. When, still a child, he dragged himself tortuously and jerkingly along beneath its gloomy arches, he seemed, with his human face and animal-like limbs, to be some reptile native to that

damp dark pavement upon which the Roman capitals cast so many grotesque shadows.

Later on, the first time that he mechanically grasped the bell rope in the tower, and clung to it, and set the bell ringing, he seemed to Claude, his adopted father, like a child whose tongue is loosed, and who begins to talk.

It was thus, little by little, growing ever after the pattern of the cathedral, living there, sleeping there, seldom leaving its precincts, forever subject to its mysterious influence, he came to look like it, to be imbedded in it, to form, as it were, an integral part of it. His sharp angles (if we may be pardoned the simile) fitted into the reëntering angles of the building, and he seemed not only to inhabit it, but to be its natural tenant. He might almost be said to have assumed its form, as the snail assumes the form of its shell. It was his dwelling, his hole, his wrapper. There was so deep an instinct of sympathy between him and the old church, there were so many magnetic affinities between them, that he in some sort clung to it, as the tortoise to its shell. The rugged cathedral was his shell.

It is useless to warn the reader not to take literally the figures of speech which we are forced to use here to express this singular, symmetrical, direct, almost consubstantial union of a man and an edifice. It is also useless to speak of the degree of familiarity with the whole cathedral which he had acquired during so long and intimate a cohabitation. This dwelling was his own. It contained no deeps which Quasimodo had not penetrated, no heights which he had not scaled. He often climbed the façade several stories high by the mere aid of projecting bits of sculpture. The towers upon the outer face of which he was frequently seen crawling like a lizard gliding over a perpendicular wall (those twin giants, so lofty, so threatening, so terrible) had no vertigoes, no terrors, no giddiness for him; they were so docile to his hand, so easily climbed, that he might be said to have tamed them. By dint of jumping, clambering, sporting amid the abysses of the huge cathedral, he had become, as it were, a monkey and a goat, like the Calabrian child who swims before he walks, and plays with the sea while but an infant.

Moreover, not only his body but also his spirit seemed to be molded by the cathedral. What was the state of that soul? What bent had it assumed, what form had it taken under its knotty covering in this wild life? It would be hard to tell.

Quasimodo was born blind of one eye, humpbacked, lame. It was only by great patience and great painstaking that Claude Frollo had succeeded in teaching him to speak. But a fatality followed the poor foundling. Bell ringer of Notre Dame at the age of fourteen, a new infirmity soon put the finishing touch to his misfortunes; the bells had broken the drum of his ears: he became deaf. The only avenue which Nature had left him open to the world was suddenly closed forever.

In closing, it shut off the only ray of joy and light which still reached Quasimodo's soul. That soul relapsed into utter darkness. The miserable lad's melancholy became as complete and as hopeless as his deformity. Add to this that his deafness made him in some sort dumb; for, that he might not be an object of laughter to others, from the moment that he realized his deafness he firmly resolved to observe a silence which he scarcely ever broke save when alone. Of his own free will he bound that tongue which Claude Frollo had worked so hard to set free. Hence it resulted that, when necessity constrained him to speak, his tongue was stiff and awkward, like a door whose hinges have rusted.

If now we strive to penetrate to Quasimodo's soul through this hard thick bark; could we sound the depths of that misshapen organism; could we hold a torch behind those non-transparent organs, explore the dark interior of that opaque being, illumine its obscure corners, its absurd blind alleys, and cast a strong light suddenly upon the Psyche imprisoned at the bottom of this well, we should doubtless find the poor thing in some constrained attitude, stunted and rickety, like those prisoners under the leads of Venice, who grew old bent double in a stone coffer too short and too low for them either to lie down or to stand up.

The spirit certainly wastes away in a misshapen body. Quasimodo barely felt within him the blind stirring of a soul made in his own image. His impressions of objects underwent a considerable refraction before they reached his mind. His brain was a peculiar medium; the ideas which traversed it came forth greatly distorted. The reflection resulting from that refraction was necessarily divergent, and deviated from the right path.

Hence endless optical illusions, endless aberrations of opinion, endless digressions into which his thoughts, sometimes foolish, and sometimes idiotic, would wander.

The first effect of this unfortunate condition of things was

to disturb his views of all outward objects. He had scarcely any direct perception of them. The external world seemed much farther away from him than it does from us.

The second effect of his misfortune was to make him mischievous.

He was mischievous because he was an untrained savage; he was a savage because he was ugly. There was a logic in his nature as in ours.

His strength, wonderfully developed as it was, was the cause of still greater mischief. "*Malus puer robustus*," says Hobbes.

But we must do him the justice to say that this mischievous spirit was not innate. From his first intercourse with men he had felt, had seen himself despised, scorned, repulsed. To him, human speech meant nothing but mockery or curses. As he grew up, he encountered nothing but hate. He caught the infection. He acquired the universal malevolence. He adopted the weapon with which he had been wounded.

After all, he never turned his face to the world of men save with regret; his cathedral was enough for him. It was peopled with marble figures, kings, saints, and bishops, who at least did not laugh at him, and never looked upon him otherwise than with peace and good will. The other statues, those of monsters and demons, did not hate Quasimodo; he looked too much like them for that. They rather mocked at other men. The saints were his friends, and blessed him. The monsters were his friends, and protected him. Thus he had long conversations with them. He would sometimes pass whole hours squatting before one of these statues, in solitary chat with it. If any one came by, he would fly like a lover surprised in his serenade.

And the cathedral was not only company for him, it was the universe; nay, more, it was Nature itself. He never dreamed that there were other hedgerows than the stained-glass windows in perpetual bloom; other shade than that of the stone foliage, always budding, loaded with birds in the thickets of Saxon capitals; other mountains than the colossal towers of the church; or other ocean than Paris roaring at their feet.

But that which he loved more than all else in the motherly building, that which awakened his soul and bade it spread its poor stunted wings folded in such misery where it dwelt in darkness, that which sometimes actually made him happy, was

the bells. He loved them, he caressed them, he talked to them, he understood them. From the chime in the steeple over the transept to the big bell above the door, he had a tender feeling for them all. The belfry of the transept and the two towers were to him like three great cages, in which the birds, trained by him, sang for him alone; and yet it was these very bells which made him deaf. But mothers often love that child best which has cost them most pain.

To be sure, their voice was the only one which he could now hear. For this reason the big bell was his best beloved. She was his favorite of that family of noisy damsels who fluttered about his head on holidays. This big bell had been christened Marie. She hung alone in the south tower with her sister Jacqueline, a bell of less size inclosed in a smaller cage close beside her own. This Jacqueline was named for the wife of Jehan Montague, who gave the bell to the church; which did not prevent him from figuring at Montfaucon without a head. In the second tower there were six other bells; and lastly, the six smallest dwelt in the belfry over the transept with the wooden bell, which was only rung from the afternoon of Maundy Thursday till the morning of Holy Saturday or Easter Eve. Thus Quasimodo had fifteen bells in his harem; but big Marie was his favorite.

It is impossible to give any idea of his joy on those days when full peals were rung. When the archdeacon dismissed him with the word "Go," he ran up the winding staircase more rapidly than any one else could have gone down. He reached the aërial chamber of the big bell, breathless; he gazed at it an instant with love and devotion, then spoke to it gently, and patted it, as you would a good horse about to take a long journey. He condoled with it on the hard work before it. After these initiatory caresses he called to his assistants, stationed on a lower story of the tower, to begin. They then hung upon the ropes, the windlass creaked, and the enormous mass of metal moved slowly. Quasimodo, panting with excitement, followed it with his eye. The first stroke of the clapper upon its brazen wall made the beam on which he stood quiver. Quasimodo vibrated with the bell. "Here we go! There we go!" he shouted with a mad burst of laughter. But the motion of the great bell grew faster and faster, and as it traversed an ever-increasing space, his eye grew bigger and bigger, more and more glittering and phosphorescent. At last the

full peal began; the whole tower shook: beams, leads, broad stones, all rumbled together, from the piles of the foundation to the trefoils at the top. Then Quasimodo's rapture knew no bounds: he came and went; he trembled and shook from head to foot with the tower. The bell, let loose, and frantic with liberty, turned its jaws of bronze to either wall of the tower in turn, — jaws from which issued that whirlwind whose roar men heard for four leagues around. Quasimodo placed himself before those gaping jaws; he rose and fell with the swaying of the bell, inhaled its tremendous breath, gazed now at the abyss swarming with people like ants, two hundred feet below him, and now at the huge copper clapper which from second to second bellowed in his ear. That was the only speech which he could hear, the only sound that broke the universal silence reigning around him. He basked in it as a bird in the sunshine. All at once the frenzy of the bell seized him; his look became strange; he waited for the passing of the bell as a spider lies in wait for a fly, and flung himself headlong upon it. Then, suspended above the gulf, launched upon the tremendous vibration of the bell, he grasped the brazen monster by its ears, clasped it with his knees, spurred it with his heels, doubling the fury of the peal with the whole force and weight of his body. As the tower shook, he shouted and gnashed his teeth, his red hair stood erect, his chest labored like a blacksmith's bellows, his eye flashed fire, the monstrous steed neighed and panted under him; and then the big bell of Notre Dame and Quasimodo ceased to exist: they became a dream, a whirlwind, a tempest; vertigo astride of uproar; a spirit clinging to a winged crupper; a strange centaur, half man, half bell; a sort of horrid Astolpho, borne aloft by a prodigious hippogriff of living bronze.

The presence of this extraordinary being pervaded the whole cathedral with a peculiar breath of life. It seemed, at least in the opinion of the grossly superstitious mob, as if mysterious emanations issued from him, animating every stone in Notre Dame and making the very entrails of the old church throb and palpitate. His mere presence there was enough to lead the vulgar to fancy that the countless statues in the galleries and over the doors moved and breathed. And in very truth the cathedral seemed a creature docile and obedient to his hand: it awaited his pleasure to lift up its mighty voice; it was possessed and filled with Quasimodo as with a familiar

spirit. He might be said to make the vast edifice breathe. He was indeed omnipresent in it, he multiplied himself at every point of the structure. Sometimes the terrified spectator saw an odd dwarf on the extreme pinnacle of one of the towers, climbing, creeping, writhing, crawling on all fours, descending headfirst into the abyss, leaping from one projection to another, and diving deep into the maw of some sculptured gorgon: it was Quasimodo hunting for daws' nests. Sometimes a visitor stumbled over a sort of living nightmare, crouching and scowling in a dark corner of the church: it was Quasimodo absorbed in thought. Sometimes an enormous head and a bundle of ill-adjusted limbs might be seen swaying frantically to and fro from a rope's end under a belfry: it was Quasimodo ringing the Vespers or the Angelus. Often by night a hideous form was seen wandering along the frail, delicately wrought railing which crowns the towers and runs round the top of the chancel: it was still the hunchback of Notre Dame. Then, so the neighbors said, the whole church took on a fantastic, supernatural, horrible air, — eyes and mouths opened wide here and there; the dogs and dragons and griffins of stone which watch day and night, with outstretched necks and gaping jaws, around the monstrous cathedral, barked loudly. And if it were a Christmas night, while the big bell, which seemed uttering its death rattle, called the faithful to attend the solemn midnight mass, the gloomy façade assumed such an aspect that it seemed as if the great door were devouring the crowd while the rose window looked on. And all this was due to Quasimodo. Egypt would have taken him for the god of the temple; the Middle Ages held him to be its demon; he was its soul.

So much so that to those who know that Quasimodo once existed, Notre Dame is now deserted, inanimate, dead. They feel that something has gone from it. That immense body is empty; it is a skeleton; the spirit has left it, the abode remains, and that is all. It is like a skull; the sockets of the eyes are still there, but sight is gone.

A Tear for a Drop of Water.

These words were, so to speak, the connecting link between two scenes which up to this instant had gone on simultaneously, each upon its own particular stage: one, of which we have just

read, at the Rat Hole; the other, of which we shall now read, at the pillory. The former was witnessed only by the three women whose acquaintance the reader has just made; the spectators of the latter consisted of the crowd of people whom we saw some time since gathering in the Grève, about the gibbet and the pillory.

This crowd, whom the sight of the four officers posted at the four corners of the pillory ever since nine in the morning led to expect an execution of some sort, perhaps not a hanging, but a whipping, cropping of ears, or something of the sort, — this crowd had grown so rapidly that the four officers, too closely hemmed in, were more than once obliged to drive the people back by a free use of their whips and their horses' heels.

The populace, well accustomed to wait for public executions, betrayed no great impatience. They amused themselves by looking at the pillory, — a very simple structure, consisting of a cube of masonry some ten feet high, and hollow within. A very steep flight of stairs of unhewn stone, called the ladder, led to the upper platform, upon which was a horizontal wheel made of oak. The victim was bound to this wheel in a kneeling posture, with his hands behind him. A wooden shaft, set in motion by a capstan concealed inside the machine, made the wheel revolve horizontally, thus presenting the prisoner's face to each side of the square in turn. This was called "turning" a criminal.

It is evident that the pillory of the Grève was far from possessing all the attractions of the pillory of the Markets. There was nothing architectural or monumental about it. It had no roof with an iron cross, no octagonal lantern, no slender columns expanding at the edge of the roof into capitals composed of acanthus leaves and flowers, no huge fantastic gutter spouts, no carved woodwork, no delicate sculpture cut deep into the stone.

Here the spectator must needs be content with the four rough walls, two stone facings, and a shabby stone gibbet, plain and bare.

The treat would have been a sorry one for lovers of Gothic architecture. It is true that no one was ever less interested in monuments than your good cockney of the Middle Ages, who paid very little heed to the beauty of a pillory.

The victim appeared at last, tied to the tail of a cart; and when he had been hoisted to the top of the platform, where he

could be seen from all parts of the square bound to the wheel of the pillory with straps and ropes, a prodigious hooting, mingled with shouts and laughter, burst from the spectators. They had recognized Quasimodo.

It was indeed he. It was a strange reverse. He was now pilloried on the same place where he was the day before hailed, acclaimed, and proclaimed Pope and Prince of Fools, Lord of Misrule, and attended by the Duke of Egypt, the King of Tunis, the Emperor of Galilee! One thing is certain; there was not a soul in the crowd, not even himself, in turn triumphant and a victim, who could distinctly draw a mental comparison between these two situations. Gringoire and his philosophy were wanting to the spectacle.

Soon Michel Noiret, sworn trumpeter to our lord the king, imposed silence on all beholders, and proclaimed the sentence, according to the provost's order and command. He then retired behind the cart, with his men in livery coats.

Quasimodo, utterly impassive, never winked. All resistance on his part was rendered impossible by what was then called, in the language of criminal law, "the vehemence and firmness of the bonds"; which means that the chains and thongs probably cut into his flesh. This, by the bye, is a tradition of the jail and the convict prison which is not yet lost, and which the handcuffs still preserve as a precious relic among us, civilized, mild, and humane as we are (not to mention the guillotine and the galleys).

He allowed himself to be led, pushed, carried, lifted, tied, and re-tied. His face revealed nothing more than the surprise of a savage or an idiot. He was known to be deaf; he seemed to be blind.

He was placed upon his knees on the circular plank; he made no resistance. He was stripped of shirt and doublet to the waist; he submitted. He was bound with a fresh system of straps and buckles; he suffered himself to be buckled and bound. Only from time to time he breathed heavily, like a calf whose head hangs dangling from the back of a butcher's cart.

"The booby!" said Jehan Frollo du Moulin to his friend Robin Poussepain (for the two students had followed the victim, as a matter of course); "he understands no more about it than a cockchafer shut up in a box!"

A shout of laughter ran through the crowd when Quasi-

modo's hump, his camel breast, his horny, hairy shoulders, were bared to view. During this burst of merriment, a man in the city livery, short of stature, and strong, mounted the platform and took his place by the prisoner's side. His name was soon circulated among the spectators. It was Master Pierrat Torterue, sworn torturer of the Châtelet.

He began by placing on one corner of the pillory a black hourglass, the upper part of which was full of red sand, which dropped slowly into the lower half; then he took off his party-colored coat, and there was seen hanging from his right hand a slim, slender whip with long white thongs, shining, knotted, braided, armed with metal tips. With his left hand he carelessly rolled his right shirt sleeve up to his armpit.

Meanwhile Jehan Frollo shouted, lifting his fair curly head high above the crowd (he had climbed Robin Poussepain's shoulders for the express purpose), "Come and see, gentlemen and ladies! They are going straightway to flog Master Quasimodo, the bell ringer of my brother the archdeacon of Josas, a strange specimen of Oriental architecture, with a dome for his back and twisted columns for legs."

All the people laughed, especially the children and the young girls.

At last the executioner stamped his foot. The wheel began to turn. Quasimodo reeled in spite of his bonds. The astonishment suddenly depicted upon his misshapen face redoubled the bursts of laughter around him.

Suddenly, just as the wheel in its revolution presented to Master Pierrat Quasimodo's mountainous back, Master Pierrat raised his arm: the thin lashes hissed through the air like a brood of vipers, and fell furiously upon the wretched man's shoulders.

Quasimodo started as if roused abruptly from a dream. He began to understand. He writhed in his bonds; surprise and pain distorted the muscles of his face, but he did not heave a sigh. He merely bent his head back, to the right, then to the left, shaking it like a bull stung in the flank by a gadfly.

A second blow followed the first, then a third, and another, and another, and so on and on. The wheel did not cease from turning, or the blows from raining down.

Soon the blood spurted; it streamed in countless rivulets over the hunchback's swarthy shoulders; and the slender

thongs, as they rent the air, sprinkled it in drops among the crowd.

Quasimodo had resumed, apparently at least, his former impassivity. He had tried at first, secretly and without great visible effort, to burst his bonds. His eye kindled, his muscles stiffened, his limbs gathered all their force, and the straps and chains stretched. The struggle was mighty, prodigious, desperate; but the tried and tested fetters of the provosty held firm. They cracked; and that was all. Quasimodo fell back exhausted. Surprise gave way, upon his features, to a look of bitter and profound dejection. He closed his single eye, dropped his head upon his breast, and feigned death.

Thenceforth he did not budge. Nothing could wring a movement from him, — neither his blood, which still flowed, nor the blows, which increased in fury, nor the rage of the executioner, who became excited and intoxicated by his work, nor the noise of the horrid lashes, keener and sharper than the stings of wasps.

At last an usher from the Châtelet, dressed in black, mounted on a black horse, who had been posted beside the ladder from the beginning of the execution of the sentence, extended his ebony wand towards the hourglass. The executioner paused. The wheel stopped. Quasimodo's eye reopened slowly.

The flagellation was ended. Two attendants of the executioner washed the victim's bleeding shoulders, rubbed them with some salve which at once closed all the wounds, and threw over his back a piece of yellow cotton cloth cut after the pattern of a priest's cope. Meanwhile Pierrat Torterue let his red lashes soaked with blood drip upon the pavement.

But all was not over for Quasimodo. He had still to spend in the pillory that hour so judiciously added by Master Florian Barbedienne to the sentence of Master Robert d'Estouteville, — all to the greater glory of Jean de Cumène's old physiological and psychological pun : "*Surdus absurdus.*"

The hourglass was therefore turned, and the hunchback was left bound to the plank as before, in order that justice might be executed to the utmost.

The people, particularly in the Middle Ages, were to society what the child is to a family. So long as they remain in their primitive condition of ignorance, of moral and intellectual nonage, it may be said of them as of a child:—

That age is without pity.

We have already shown that Quasimodo was the object of universal hatred, — for more than one good reason, it is true. There was hardly a single spectator in the crowd who had not — or did not think he had — grounds for complaint against the malicious hunchback of Notre Dame. Every one was delighted to see him in the pillory ; and the severe punishment which he had just received, and the piteous state in which it had left him, far from softening the hearts of the populace, had made their hatred keener by adding to it a spice of merriment.

Thus, "public vengeance," as the legal jargon still styles it, once satisfied, a thousand private spites took their turn at revenge. Here, as in the Great Hall, the women made themselves especially conspicuous. All bore him a grudge, — some for his mischief, others for his ugliness. The latter were the more furious.

"Oh, you image of Antichrist!" said one.

"Broomstick rider!" cried another.

"What a fine tragic face!" yelled a third. "It would surely make you Lord of Misrule, if to-day were only yesterday."

"That's right," added an old woman. "This is the pillory face. When shall we have the gallows face?"

"When shall we see you buried a hundred feet below ground, with your big bell upon your head, you cursed bell ringer?"

"And to think that it's this demon that rings the Angelus!"

"Oh, you deaf man! you blind man! you hunchback! you monster!"

And the two students, Jehan du Moulin and Robin Poussepain, sang at the top of their voices the old popular refrain: —

"A halter for the gallows bird!
A fagot for the ugly ape!"

Countless other insults rained upon him, mingled with hoots, curses, laughter, and occasional stones.

Quasimodo was deaf, but his sight was capital, and the fury of the mob was no less forcibly painted on their faces than in their words. Besides, the stones which struck him explained the peals of laughter.

He bore it for a time ; but little by little his patience, which

had resisted the torturer's whip, gave way and rebelled against all these insect stings. The Asturian bull, which pays but little heed to the attacks of the picador, is maddened by the dogs and the banderilleros.

At first he glanced slowly and threateningly around the crowd; but, bound fast as he was, his glance was impotent to drive away those flies which galled his wounds. Then he struggled in his fetters, and his frantic efforts made the old pillory wheel creak upon its timbers. All this only increased the shouts and derision of the crowd.

Then the wretched man, unable to break the collar which held him chained like a wild beast, became quiet again; only at intervals a sigh of rage heaved his breast. His face showed no trace of mortification or shame. He was too far removed from the existing state of society, and too nearly allied to a state of nature, to know what shame was. Besides, it is doubtful if infamy be a thing which can be felt by one afflicted with that degree of deformity. But rage, hate, despair, slowly veiled the hideous face with a cloud which grew darker and darker, more and more heavily charged with an electricity revealed by countless flashes from the eye of the Cyclop.

However, this cloud was lightened for a moment as a mule passed through the crowd, bearing a priest on his back. As soon as he saw that mule and that priest, the poor sufferer's face softened. The fury which convulsed it gave way to a strange smile, full of ineffable sweetness, affection, and tenderness. As the priest approached, this smile became more pronounced, more distinct, more radiant. It was as if the unhappy man hailed the coming of a Savior. Yet, when the mule was near enough to the pillory for his rider to recognize the prisoner, the priest cast down his eyes, turned back abruptly, spurred his animal on either side as if in haste to avoid humiliating appeals, and very far from anxious to be greeted and recognized by a poor devil in such a plight.

The priest was the archdeacon Don Claude Frollo.

The cloud grew darker than ever upon the face of Quasimodo. The smile lingered for some time, although it became bitter, dejected, profoundly sad.

Time passed. He had been there at least an hour and a half, wounded, illtreated, incessantly mocked, and almost stoned to death.

Suddenly he again struggled in his chains with renewed despair, which made all the timbers that held him quiver; and breaking the silence which he had hitherto obstinately kept, he cried in a hoarse and furious voice more like the bark of a dog than a human cry, and which drowned the sound of the hooting, "Water!"

This exclamation of distress, far from exciting compassion, only increased the amusement of the good Parisian populace who surrounded the ladder, and who, it must be confessed, taken in the mass and as a multitude, were at this time scarcely less cruel and brutish than that horrible tribe of Vagrant Vagabonds to whom we have already introduced the reader, and who were simply the lowest stratum of the people. Not a voice was raised around the wretched sufferer, except to mock at his thirst. Certainly he was at this moment more grotesque and repulsive than he was pitiable, with his livid and streaming face, his wild eye, his mouth foaming with rage and suffering, and his tongue protruding. It must also be acknowledged that, even had there been in the throng any charitable soul tempted to give a cup of cold water to the miserable creature in his agony, so strong an idea of shame and ignominy was attached to the infamous steps of the pillory, that this alone would have sufficed to repel the Good Samaritan.

In a few minutes Quasimodo cast a despairing look upon the crowd, and repeated in a still more heartrending voice, "Water!"

Every one laughed.

"Drink that!" shouted Robin Poussepain, flinging in his face a sponge which had been dragged through the gutter. "There, you deaf monster! I owe you something."

A woman aimed a stone at his head: —

"That will teach you to wake us at night with your cursed chimes!"

"Well, my boy!" howled a cripple, striving to reach him with his crutch, "will you cast spells on us again from the top of the towers of Notre Dame?"

"Here's a porringer to drink out of!" added a man, letting fly a broken jug at his breast. "'Twas you who made my wife give birth to a double-headed child, just by walking past her."

"And my cat have a kitten with six feet!" shrieked an old woman, hurling a tile at him.

"Water!" repeated the gasping Quasimodo, for the third time.

At this moment he saw the crowd separate. A young girl, oddly dressed, stepped from their midst. She was accompanied by a little white goat with gilded horns, and held a tambourine in her hand.

Quasimodo's eye gleamed. It was the gypsy girl whom he had tried to carry off the night before, — a freak for which he dimly felt that he was even now being punished; which was not in the least true, since he was only punished for the misfortune of being deaf, and having been tried by a deaf judge. He did not doubt that she too came to be avenged, and to take her turn at him with the rest.

He watched her nimbly climb the ladder. Rage and spite choked him. He longed to destroy the pillory; and had the lightning of his eye had power to blast, the gypsy girl would have been reduced to ashes long before she reached the platform.

Without a word she approached the sufferer, who vainly writhed and twisted to avoid her, and loosening a gourd from her girdle, she raised it gently to the parched lips of the miserable wretch.

Then from that eye, hitherto so dry and burning, a great tear trickled, and rolled slowly down the misshapen face, so long convulsed with despair. It was perhaps the first that the unfortunate man had ever shed.

But he forgot to drink. The gypsy girl made her customary little grimace of impatience, and smilingly pressed the neck of the gourd to Quasimodo's jagged mouth.

He drank long draughts; his thirst was ardent.

When he had done, the poor wretch put out his black lips, doubtless to kiss the fair hand which had helped him. But the girl, perhaps not quite free from distrust, and mindful of the violent attempt of the previous night, withdrew her hand with the terrified gesture of a child who fears being bitten by a wild animal.

Then the poor deaf man fixed upon her a look of reproach and unutterable sorrow.

It would anywhere have been a touching sight, to see this lovely girl, fresh, pure, charming, and yet so weak, thus devoutly hastening to the help of so much misery, deformity, and malice. Upon a pillory, the sight was sublime.

THE PRANKS OF HOWLEGLASS.

[TYLL EULENSPIEGEL (owl-mirror), was a German invention on whom was fathered a collection of old stories, — mainly practical jokes to the end of bilking, thieving, and idling, — seemingly first published in 1483, but largely added to in later editions and translations, and made a vehicle for rough satire and ribaldry on church and reformers alike.]

HOW LITTLE HOWLEGLASS, RIDING BEHIND HIS FATHER ON HORSEBACK, SHOWED MUCH CUNNING AND MALICE.

SOON there came bitter complaints, almost every day repeated, by the neighbors, to Master Howleglass's father, assuring him what a malicious rogue his son was; for he was wicked from the time he could walk, and even showed his malice in the cradle. He would hide his head under the bedclothes, turn up his legs where his head should be, and make the most odd leaps and antics ever witnessed in a child; but when he had reached ten years old, his tricks grew so numerous and intolerable, and the complaints of the neighbors so loud, that his father took him roundly to task, saying, "How comes it that everybody calls you such a malicious little wretch?" Howleglass, in his defense, declared that he did nobody any harm. "But if you wish to be convinced, father, and believe your own eyes, let me ride behind you on your old Dobbin, and I dare say they will still continue to find fault." So his father mounted him behind him on the horse, and as they jogged along, Howleglass, seeing some neighbors approach, pulled up his little coat behind, as a salutation to them as they passed. "There's a malicious little knave for you!" they cried aloud, as they went by, upon which the urchin said to his father, "You see I did them no harm, and yet they will call me nicknames."

His father next placed him before him, as they rode along, when Howleglass began to pull the most ugly faces ever seen, mocking and lolling his tongue at everybody as they went by, all of which his father could not see. "Look at that wicked little wretch!" was the cry; and upon this his father, quite losing patience, said, "Aye, thou wert born in an unlucky hour; for though thou hold thy tongue, all revile thee, and though thou sit as quiet as a lamb, the children run out of thy way." Soon after, his father, quite vexed at such injustice, changed

his abode, going to a village near Magdeburg, to which his wife belonged, and no long time after this he died. Howleglass's mother continued to live with her son, eating and drinking what they could get, for his mother shortly grew very poor, and Howleglass would learn no trade; only at the age of sixteen he had learnt to dance upon a rope, along with some other mountebank tricks.

How Howleglass Fell from the Tight Rope into the Water, and how he Took Vengeance upon those who Made him Fall.

It happened one day, as Howleglass was amusing himself with dancing upon his tight rope, which he had made fast across a pool of water the better to show his dexterity, that a number of idle urchins had gathered round to see. One of them bethought him of a trick, and taking out his knife, he cut the cord at one end, and Howleglass went souse into the water, to the great merriment of the rest, who left him to get out as he best could. This made him both very dirty and very angry; but he held his peace, declaring that it was a good joke, and that he would come again the next morning and show them something new. This he did, for the next morning, after having exhibited some time upon his rope, he said to the boys, "Now you shall see a wonderful thing, if you will only each of you hand me here his right shoe." Some of the parents of the children who were there, believing he said true, and curious to learn what it could be, gave them to him; when, after keeping them for some time, and the young urchins becoming clamorous, he threw them back all in a heap, telling each to take his own. A general struggle then took place, one falling over another, fighting, biting, and kicking; one laughed, another cried, one tore his hair, another pulled his companion's, all exclaiming, "This is mine," and "That is mine," until the parents themselves mixed in the affray, and some good pitched battles were fought. It was now Howleglass's turn to laugh, and mocking them to his heart's content, he bade them try on their shoes, and being a capital swimmer, he eluded all pursuit and escaped. Still, he did not venture to show his face among them again for some weeks, remaining in a very quiet domestic way at home with his mother, who rejoiced to see such a change, and thought he was on the point of reforming, little knowing the malicious trick that he had played.

How the Mother of Howleglass Admonished him, that she might Engage him to Learn an Honest Trade.

Dame Ulbeke, Howleglass's mother, more and more delighted to observe her son's retired and peaceable demeanor, forthwith thought to take advantage of it, and besought him to abandon his former perverse ways, which brought her no money, as might have been the case by learning some honest trade. Howleglass then said, "My dear mother, what is bred in the bone will not come out of the flesh, and what is that which a man should dispose himself to, that would abide by him all his life? what a man thinks he will stick by." "That, indeed," answered his mother, quite despairing, "seems to be the case: there has been no bread in the house these four days past, and if this is to continue only half one's life, I know one had better be dead." "No, no," said Howleglass, "that bears no resemblance to my words, for a poor man when he has nothing to eat will fast the fast of St. Nicholas, and when he has enough to eat he enjoys a feast on St. Martin's evening; and thus it is with you, mother."

How Howleglass Obtained Bread for his Mother.

But when he saw his mother really without any bread, Howleglass began to think it was time to think of providing her with some. For this purpose, he walked into the village of Sastard, where he entered a baker's shop, and inquired whether he had any objection to let his master have eighteen twopenny rolls of bread, half white and the other half brown. He then mentioned a gentleman's name in the town, with whom he said he had just come to a certain hotel, adding that his master would of course pay him on delivery, with which the baker was well pleased.

Now, Howleglass's breadbasket, a bag, had a hole in it, through which he contrived, as he was going along, to slip one of the loaves into the mud. Then throwing down the basket, he said to the baker's boy, "I dare not for the life of me carry this loaf home to my master; run back and change it, I will wait for you here." So away ran the baker's boy, and away ran Master Howleglass exactly the other road. When the boy returned, his customer was no longer to be seen; and after looking for him a while, he went back to his master. Then his master, without even waiting to thrash him, ran to the inn men-

tioned by Howleglass, but no one knew who or where our hero was. Upon this the baker found he had been well choused, and that this was all he was ever likely to be paid for his bread.

In this way Howleglass provided his mother with plenty of bread, saying, "Dear mother, eat when you have it, and remember always to fast when you are without."

How Howleglass hired himself to a Priest.

After Howleglass had brought himself clean off, he journeyed towards the land of Buddenslede; and at the village of Brusedent he entered into the service of a priest who knew nothing of him. His new master informed him that he would have a fine time of it, that he should eat and drink as well as himself or the servant maid, and that all he would have to do would be easy work, indeed only half-work. Then Howleglass, pleased to hear this, said that he would do it well. Now, he soon observed that the priest's servant maid had only one eye; she was then preparing a couple of fowls for dinner, and she bade Howleglass turn the spit.

She went about her work; and when the fowls were roasted he sat down to eat one of them, for he was very hungry, and the priest had told him he was to eat of the best as well as *he* did; and he did not stop for sauce. When the girl came back to take dinner up, she said to Howleglass: "Where is the other fowl? I left two roasting upon the spit."

"My good girl," replied Howleglass, "open your other eye, and you will then see them both," at which the servant went into a great rage. She ran forthwith to complain to the priest. "Your new servant, sir, is mocking me: he says I have only one eye. I see but one fowl, though I put two to roast." Howleglass, who had followed her, now said, "That is true; but I told her that if she would open both eyes, she would see them both." The priest replied, "That is out of the question, for she has only one." "There," cried Howleglass, "you have said it, but not I." "At all events," rejoined the priest, "there is a fowl missing." "Yes," replied Howleglass, "but I only ate one. You said I was to live as well as my master and his maid, and I was afraid lest you should say the thing which is not, if both had gone up to table, and you had chanced to eat both. I was afraid you might perjure your own soul; therefore I ate." The priest laughed and was satisfied, saying, "My good fellow,

I am not to be disheartened for the loss of a chicken; but always do what my maid enjoins you to do." Howleglass said, "I will willingly do whatever she requires of me." Yet from that time forth he made a point of doing only just half of what she commanded him; for if she wanted a pitcher of water, he would bring it only half full; if she bade him clap a couple of fagots to the fire, he threw only one; if she told him to give two feeds of hay to the cows, they had only one; if she said, "Howleglass, draw a jug of beer," he brought it her only half full; and thus with everything else. The girl at last resolved to make another complaint to the priest, who came to Howleglass in no very Christian temper of mind. "What! my servant still finds fault with you: did not I tell you to do whatever she bid you?" Howleglass answered, "Sir, I have done all that you ordered me. You told me at the time that you engaged me that I should have an easy place; that it would be only *half-work*." The priest laughed heartily; but his servant maid exclaimed in a great fume, "Sir, if you resolve to keep this mischievous rogue in your service any longer, I must leave it."

It was no question with the priest how he was to decide, and Howleglass received warning on account of the chambermaid; at which he was not sorry, for he said he hated to be eternally scolded by a blind chambermaid, who wanted him to do *both halves* of the work—both his and her own.

How Howleglass, being in Want of Ready Cash to Pay his Host, Found a Substitute.

When Howleglass left his last master, he made such a good use of his legs that he arrived at the city of Halberstadt in no time, and boldly took up his quarters at one of the first inns. In about eight days, however, he had expended all his cash, at which he felt a little uncomfortable, and not without reason; for his host had soon run up a long bill, both against Howleglass and his horse, which how he came by doth not appear. Finding that his host was at length getting angry with him, he entreated him to have a little more patience, and that he should be no loser by it. Howleglass then sent a message to the town crier, with a handsome fee, for him to proclaim the arrival of a stranger, who had brought along with him a curious animal made something like a horse, but which had its head placed where its

tail ought to be. Meantime Howleglass tied his horse's tail to the manger, and before the crowd had assembled he had got out some little handbills, puffing in high style his new exhibition. The townspeople came running from all sides, thinking to behold some monster, or at least some rare sight. Before permitting a single soul to enter the stable, he had secured a penny a head, without making any abatement for children. As fast as they came in and found how wittily they had been deceived, they could not help laughing at the hoax, in which Howleglass joining, earnestly entreated them not to ruin his fortunes and let those laugh at them who had not paid, by telling the secret to the townspeople on the outside. This they all promised, and as soon as they got home, each advised his neighbor to go and see the great sight. In this way Howleglass raised a good round sum of money, paid his host, and rode out of the town; passing a merry time of it as long as his finances held out.

How Howleglass Caused the Inhabitants of Meyburg to Believe that he was Going to Fly.

After having visited several places, Howleglass came to Meyburg, where he gave out that he was prepared to exhibit a very novel performance, to which he was invited by the magistrates. On being asked what it was, he answered that it was his intention to mount the top of the council hall, one of the highest houses in the place, whence he intended to fly down without being hurt.

At these tidings, the market place was filled with people eagerly watching our hero, who with outspread arms was seen on the roof of the house. When he saw the crowd, he laughed and said aloud: "Had you all sworn that you could have flown, I would not have believed you, while you believe a single fool; but I see the place is full of them. If you had yourselves told me, I say, that you were such great fools, I would not have believed you; yet I see all of you can put faith in one who persuaded you that he could fly; so I will, if you will give me wings." He then disappeared, leaving all the people to chew their disappointment, who went home, some laughing, some swearing, and others observing that he was a malicious rogue; who nevertheless had told the truth, for that he was willing to fly down, if they would lend him wings.

How Howleglass Hired himself as a Servant to a Baker.

Howleglass, having taken himself off to some distance from the hospital, next entered into the service of a baker in another town. Early on the ensuing day, when preparing to make bread, he was ordered to come sieve the flour: and he said he should want a candle, as it was almost dark. But the baker replied, "I never trust my servants with candles; they are always accustomed to bolt by the light of the moon."—"Be it so; I will do so too." The master went to rest for some hours, during which time Howleglass took the bolting bag and hung it out of the window; then he bolted the flour which fell into the garden below as hard as he could bolt. In the morning the baker rose early to begin the process of baking. He found Howleglass still at work, and inquired hastily what he was doing there: "Was flour made to be thrown in that style upon the ground? Do you know what it cost?" Howleglass answered, "Sir, I have been sieving it in the light of the moon, as you ordered me to do." "Dolt!" said his master, "you ought to have sieved it *by* moonlight, and not *in* the light, villain!" "Well," cried Howleglass, "there is no great damage done: I will collect it together again shortly." "Yes," said his master, "but it is too late to bake to-day; there will be no dough." "True, master," said Howleglass, "but let me advise you. Your neighbor's paste is ready for the oven: I will go and borrow it for you." Then the baker flew into a rage, and said, "Go and hang thyself! to the gallows with you, and see what you will find there!" "Very well, master," said Howleglass, and set out to the public gallows, where he found a robber's remains, which he carried back to his master. "Here I have brought what I found for you; in what way shall I go to work with it?" The baker, still more angry, said, "I will lay an information against you for defrauding public justice." And away he went, followed by Howleglass, to the market place, where the magistrates sat.

When the baker began to open the case to the judge, Howleglass opened two such eyes as fairly disconcerted his master—so large and rolling that no risible faculties could resist them; and the plaintiff could not get through with his charge.

"What do you want?" "Nothing," said Howleglass, "only you were going to complain of me, in my presence, before the

judge, and I was obliged to open my eyes to see you." The baker then replied, "Go, get out of my sight! I thought you were a dolt, but you are a malicious wretch, in my eyes at least." "Aye, they often call me so," cried Howleglass; "but if I was in your eyes, baker, I think you would not be so clear-sighted as you are." The magistrate, seeing that it was a foolish business, quitted his seat; upon which Howleglass, turning up his coat skirt to his master, said, "Master, if you want to bake bread, behold, can you bake such a loaf as this?" And then giving him the slip, he ran and left him to his own reflections.

How Howleglass Served as a Castle Warder to the Lord of Ambal, and Next Became a Soldier.

It came to pass that he one day enlisted into the service of the Count of Ambal as a watch and warder, to keep a lookout for the couriers and blow for the enemy. The count had a number of these enemies, and was under the necessity of employing a considerable body of armed men. Howleglass being stationed upon the top tower, was frequently forgotten at mess-time when the others were enjoying good fare. Now the enemy, making an incursion, carried off a great herd of cattle, Howleglass giving no alarm; but the count, hearing a noise, went and saw Howleglass supporting himself against the window in a musing posture. The count said, "What is the matter with you?" Said Howleglass, "I shall not dance for such a festival as this." "What!" said the count, "will you not sound the horn for the enemy?" "I dare not; besides, there is no need," replied his warder: "your fields are already full of them; they are driving off all your cows, and if I blow for any more, they will besiege you at your castle gates."

Shortly afterwards the count's stock of provisions fell short, and he was compelled to make an incursion upon his neighbors, in which he got very good booty. Plenty of boiled and roast beef was the consequence. The count being seated with his knights and other men-at-arms at a well-furnished table, Howleglass blew a shrill blast, upon which the company ran to arms and made for the gates; but there was no enemy. Meanwhile Howleglass left his station and proceeded to the banqueting room, where he provided himself with as much good fare as he could carry, and departed. The men-at-arms hav-

ing all returned as wise as they went, the count said to Howleglass, "Are you mad, villain, that you blow for the enemy when there is none to be seen? yet when they are here, you give no alarm; so you are a traitor, and shall lose your office, and work with the meanest of our hinds." This arrangement was by no means pleasant to Howleglass, and he wished himself fairly out of the castle, but out he could not get; though he always contrived, when there was any fighting, to be the very last to leave the gates and the first to come back.

Observing this, the count said, "Were you afraid of being well beaten, that you were the last to go out and the first to come in again?" He replied: "Pray, my lord, do not be angry; for when you and your men-at-arms were making good cheer, I was fasting on the top of the tower. This has brought me very weak and low; but give me time to recover my strength with better fare, and you will see me among the first to attack, and the last to make a retreat." The count said, "But you will perhaps take as long a time to put you in fighting condition as you were in playing the horn upon the top of the tower. You had better find another service," added the count, and paid Howleglass off; at which he was greatly rejoiced, for he had a great horror of a desperate assault upon the enemy.

How Howleglass Wished to be Repaid for the Trouble he Took in Dining.

One day Howleglass came to Nuremberg, not far from Bamberg, and being very hungry, he entered into a house of entertainment where he saw a jolly hostess. She told him he was very welcome; for she saw by his equipment that he was a boon companion, and a wonderful knight of the stirrup; in short, a merry guest. When dinner was set upon the table, our hostess inquired whether he would take his repast with them, or dine at the usual price alone.

Howleglass said, "You see I am a poor, companionable fellow, that will bless Heaven if he can get anything to eat." "Aye, aye; but it must be with money: go to the butcher and baker, see whether they will give you anything for the love of Heaven. We eat here for the love of money; if none, you must go without your dinner." Now Howleglass, who had words always ready to serve two purposes, said: "Good hostess, I mean for money, and nothing else. It is all I ask. I would

not for the world think of dining upon nothing; no, no, let it be for money — come, how much do you ask?" The hostess made answer, "The gentlemen's table is eightpence, the next is six." "Then the most is the best for me," cried Howleglass, as he made for a large, well-furnished board, where he ate to his heart's content.

He went to the hostess as soon as he had finished, and begged her to pay him, as she had said, for that he was a poor man, and could not afford his time for nothing. "My friend," replied the woman, "you have to give me eightpence, and then you are quit." "No, no," cried Howleglass, "you are to give me eightpence, and then you shall be quit of me. You declared we were to eat here for love of money, and that for dining at the gentlemen's table it was to be eightpence. Certainly, as I told you, I did not intend to dine upon nothing, nor for nothing, but I expected to get eightpence; and I assure you I have worked hard and performed my best to deserve it. I can do no more: give me the money and let me go!" The hostess replied: "You have said well, for I think you have eaten as much as any four, yet you have the conscience to ask me to pay you for it. That would be strange indeed! But you are a wag! Away with you! A meal is not much, but deuce take me if I pay you too for eating me up. And hark you! come to my table no more, unless you come to pay to-day's reckoning with it: a pretty trade I should drive, marry come up, on these terms. I might very soon shut up shop." So Howleglass took his departure, not without saluting her before she had worked herself into a great fume, and adding, "Well, if you can, on your conscience, take my labor for nothing, fare you well!"

How Howleglass Journeyed to Rome, where he Had an Interview with the Pope.

After Howleglass had practiced his arts for some length of time, he bethought him of the proverb which says, "Go to Rome, my honest man, and come back a rogue again." For true it is, that neither a good horse nor a bad man mend their condition by going to visit Rome.

Forthwith then our hero set out for that city, where he first showed his wit by taking up his residence at the house of a rich widow, who seeing so handsome a young man, inquired

whence he came. He said, from the country of Saxony, and that he was purposely come to have an interview with the Pope.

"Then," said she, "my friend, you may indeed see him, but to speak with him is a very different matter, especially if you be a stranger, as you say. For my part, I would give a hundred or two of solid ducats to any one who will obtain for me a conference with him." — "Will you give me a hundred ducats if I will do it?" — "That I will," repeated the jolly widow, boldly, for she little imagined that he could bring about such an interview without paying a number of fees.

Howleglass now watched the time when the holy procession was accustomed to proceed to the church of St. Giovanni (the Lateran), in order to celebrate mass. Observing the procession go by, Howleglass contrived to pass into the chapel along with the rest, edging up as near to the chair of St. Peter as he possibly could. When the time drew nigh for the elevation of the host, he turned his back upon the altar just as his Holiness raised the chalice, and fixed his eye upon the cardinals, keeping the same position until the whole ceremony was over. Mass being finished, one of the cardinals acquainted the holy pontiff that there was a young man present who had turned his back upon the holy sacrament. The Pope commanded that he should be instantly secured and brought before him, as he would banish him for an example to all bad Christians; and Howleglass speedily found himself seized and confronted with the mighty pontiff himself.

He first inquired of our hero what was the nature of his creed. He replied, "I am a Christian, and observe just the same faith as my hostess;" and he then mentioned her name, which was pretty well known.

The good dame was instantly sent for, in order to throw light upon the mystery, and the Pope first inquired of what faith she was. "Oh, dear! of the holy Catholic faith, to be sure; I believe in all that the holy Church chooses to command or to forbid." Then Howleglass cried out, "So do I! I believe all that too." "How came it, then, that you turned your back upon the holy sacrament?" said the Pope. Howleglass replied, "Most holy father, I am a very great sinner, and felt as if I were not worthy of beholding the holy sacrament, before which I was to make confession." The Pope said that such being the case it only did him credit, and permitted him to go, after bestowing his benediction on Howleglass and his hostess.

OLD ENGLISH BALLADS.

Sir Patrick Spens.

The king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
"O whar will I get guid sailòr,
To sail this schip of mine?"

Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kne:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailòr
That sails upon the se."

The king has written a braid [open] letter
And signed it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he:
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

"O wha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me;
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se?

"Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne."
"O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme;
And I feir, I feir, my deir mastèr,
That we will com to harme."

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith [loth]
To weet [wet] their cork-heild schoone;
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Their hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang may their ladies sit
Wi' thair fans into their hand,

Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spens
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand
Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll se thame na mair.

Have owre, have owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip:
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.

Edward, Edward.

"Why dois your brand sae drop wi' bluid,
Edward, Edward?
Why dois your brand sae drop wi' bluid?
And why sae sad gang yee, O?"
"O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid:
And I had nae mair bot hee, O."

"Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
Edward, Edward:
Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
My deir son I tell thee, O."
"O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
That erst was sae fair and free, O."

"Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat mair,
Edward, Edward:
Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat mair,
Some other dule ye drie, O."
"O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
Alas! and wae is me, O!"

"And whatten penánce wul ye drie for that,
Edward, Edward?
And whatten penánce wal ye drie for that?
My deir son, now tell me, O."

"Ile set my feit in yonder boat,
Mither, mither:
Ile set my feit in yonder boat,
And Ile fare ovir the sea, O."

"And what wul ye doe wi' your towirs and your ha',
Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye doe wi' your towirs and your ha',
That were sae fair to see, O?"
"Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',
Mither, mither:
Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',
For here nevir mair may I bei, O."

"And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your wife,
Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your wife,
Whan ye gang ovir the sea, O?"
"The warldis room, late them beg throw life,
Mither, mither:
The warldis room, let them beg throw life,
For thame nevir mair wul I see, O."

"And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir,
Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir?
My deir son now tell me, O."
"The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,
Mither, mither:
The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,
Sic counseils ye gave to me, O."

Child Maurice.

Child Maurice hunted ithe silver wood,
He hunted itt round about,
And noebodye that he ffounde therin,
Nor none there was with-out.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

And he tooke his silver combe in his hand,
To kembe his yellow lockes.

He sayes, Come hither, thou litle ffoot-page,
That runneth lowlye by my knee,

Ffor thou shalt goe to John Stewards wiffe
And pray her speake with mee.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

I, and greete thou doe that ladye well,
Ever soe well ffroe mee.

"And, as it ffalls, as many times
As knotts beene knitt on a kell [hair-net],
Or marchant men gone to leeve London,
Either to buy ware or sell;

"And, as itt ffalles, as many times
As any hart can thinke,
Or schoole-masters are in any schoole-house,
Writting with pen and inke:
Ffor if I might, as well as shee may,
This night I wold with her speake.

"And heere I send her a mantle of greene,
As greene as any grasse,
And bidd her come to the silver wood,
To hunt with Child Maurice.

"And there I send her a ring of gold,
A ring of precyous stone,
And bidd her come to the silver wood,
Let [fail] ffor no kind of man."

One while this litle boy he yode,
Another while he ran,
Untill he came to John Stewards hall,
I-wis he never blan [stopped].

And of nurture the child had good,
Hee ran up hall and bower ffree,
And when he came to this lady ffaire,
Sayes, "God you save and see!

"I am come ffrom Child Maurice,
A message unto thee;
And Child Maurice, he greetes you well,
And ever soe well ffrom mee.

"And, as itt ffalls, as oftentimes
As knotts beene knitt on a kell,

Or marchant men gone to leeve London,
Either ffor to buy ware or sell.

"And as oftentimes he greetes you well
As any hart can thinke,
Or schoole-masters are in any schoole,
Wryting with pen and inke.

"And heere he sends a mantle of greene,
As greene as any grasse,
And he bidds you come to the silver wood,
To hunt with Child Maurice.

"And heere he sends you a ring of gold
A ring of the precyous stone;
He prayes you to come to the silver wood,
Let ffor no kind of man."

"Now peace, now peace, thou litle ffoot-page,
Ffor Christes sake, I pray thee!
Ffor if my lord heare one of these words,
Thou must be hanged hye!"

John Steward stood under the castle wall,
And he wrote the words everye one,
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

And he called unto his horskeeper,
"Make readye you my steede!"
I, and so hee did to his chamberlaine,
"Make readye thou my weede!"

And he cast a lease [thong] upon his backe,
And he rode to the silver wood,
And there he sought all about,
About the silver wood.

And there he ffound him Child Maurice,
Sitting upon a blocke,
With a silver combe in his hand,
Kembing his yellow locke.
* * * * * *

But then stood up him Child Maurice,
And sayd these words trulye:

"I doe not know your ladye," he said,
"If that I doe her see."

He sayes, "How now, how now, Child Maurice?
Alacke, how may this bee?
Ffor thou hast sent her love-tokens,
More now than two or three.

"Ffor thou hast sent her a mantle of greene,
As greene as any grasse,
And bade her come to the silver woode,
To hunt with Child Maurice.

"And thou hast sent her a ring of gold,
A ring of precyous stone,
And bade her come to the silver wood,
Let ffor noe kind of man.

"And by my ffaith, now, Child Maurice,
The tone [one] of us shall die!"
"Now by my troth," sayd Child Maurice,
"And that shall not be I."

But hee pulled forth a bright browne sword,
And dryed itt on the grasse,
And soe ffast he smote att John Steward,
I-wisse he never did rest.

Then hee pulled fforth his bright browne sword,
And dryed itt on his sleeve,
And the ffirst good stroke John Steward stroke,
Child Maurice head he did cleeve.

And he pricked itt on his swords poynt,
Went singing there beside,
And he rode till he came to that ladye ffaire,
Wheras this ladye lied.

And sayes, "Dost thou know Child Maurice head,
If that thou dost itt see?
And lapp itt soft, and kisse itt oft,
Ffor thou lovedst him better than me."

But when shee looked on Child Maurice head,
Shee never spake words but three:
"I never beare no child but one,
And you have slaine him trulye."

Sayes, "Wicked be my merrymen all,
I gave meate, drinke, and clothe!
But cold they not have holden me
When I was in all that wrath!

"Ffor I have slaine one of the courteousest knights
That ever bestrode a steed,
Soe have I done one of the fairest ladies
That ever ware womans weede!"

The Demon Lover.

"O whare hae ye been, my dearest dear,
These seven lang years and more?"
"O I am come to seek my former vows,
That ye promised me before."

"Awa wi your former vows," she says,
"Or else ye will breed strife;
Awa wi your former vows," she says,
"For I'm become a wife.

"I am married to a ship carpenter,
A ship carpenter he's bound;
I wadna he kend my mind this nicht
For twice five hundred pound."

She has put her foot on gude ship board,
And on ship board she's gane,
And the veil that hung over her face
Was a' wi gowd begane.

She had na sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely twa,
Till she did mind on the husband she left,
And her wee young son alsua.

"O haud your tongue, my dearest dear,
Let all your follies abee;
I'll show whare the white lillies grow,
On the banks of Italie."

She had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Till grim, grim grew his countenance,
And gurly grew the sea.

"O haud your tongue, my dearest dear,
Let all these follies abee;
I'll show whare the white lillies grow,
In the bottom of the sea."

He's tane her by the milk-white hand,
And he's thrown her in the main;
And full five-and-twenty hundred ships
Perished all on the coast of Spain.

Old Robin of Portingale.

["Giles, a steward to a rich old merchant trading to Portugal, is qualified with the title of *Sir*, not as being a knight, but rather, I conceive, as having received an inferior order of priesthood." — Percy.]

God let never soe old a man
Marrye soe yonge a wife,
As did old Robin of Portingale;
He may rue all the dayes of his life.

For the mayors daughter of Lin, God wott,
He chose her to his wife,
And thought to have lived in quietness,
With her all the days of his life.

They had not in their wed-bed laid,
Scarcely were both on sleepe,
But upp shee rose, and forth shee goes,
To Sir Gyles, and fast gan to weepe.

Says, "Sleepe you, wake you, faire Sir Gyles?
Or be you not within?
Sleepe you, wake you, faire Sir Gyles,
Arise and let me inn."

"But I am waking, sweete," he said,
"Ladye, what is your will?"
"I have onbethought me of a wile,
How my wed lord we shall spill.

"Four and twenty knights," she sayes,
"That dwells about this towne,
Eene four and twenty of my next eorens,
Will helpe to dinge him downe."

With that beheard his litle foote-page,
As he watered his master's steed;

And for his masters sad perille
His verry heart did bleed.

He mourned, sighed, and wept full sore;
I sweare by the holy roode,
The teares he for his master wept
Were blent water and bloude.

With that beheard his deare master,
As he in his garden sate;
Sayes, "Ever alacke, my litle page,
What causes thee to greete?

"Hath any one done to thee wronge,
Any of thy fellowes here?
Or is any of thy good friends dead,
Which makes thee shed such teares?

"Or if it be my head-kookes-man,
Grieved against [injured in return] he shal bee:
Nor no man within my howse
Shall doe wrong unto thee."

"But it is not your head-kookes-man,
Nor none of his degree;
But, for to-morrow, ere it be noone,
You are deemed [adjudged] to die.

"And of that thanke your head-steward,
And after your gay ladye."
"If it be true, my litle foote-page,
The heyre of my land thoust bee."

"If it be not true, my dear master,
God let me never thye [thrive]."
"If it be not true, thou litle foote-page,
A dead corse shalt thou be."

He called downe his head-kookes-man,
Cooke in kitchen super to dresse;
"All and anon, my deare master,
Anon att your request."

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

"And call you downe my faire ladye,
This night to supp with mee."

And downe then came that faire ladye,
Was clad all in purple and palle:
The rings that were upon her fingers
Cast light thorrow the hall.

"What is your will, my owne wed lord,
What is your will with mee?"
"I am sicke, fayre lady,
Sore sicke, and like to dye."

"But and you be sicke, my owne wed lord,
Soe sore it grieveth me;
But my five maydens and myselfe
Will make the bedde for thee.

"And at the wakening of your first sleepe,
You shall have a hott drinke made;
And at the wakening of your next sleepe,
Your sorrowes will have a slake."

He put a silk cote on his backe,
Was thirteen inches folde;
And putt a steele cap upon his head,
Was gilded with good red gold.

And layd a bright browne sword by his side,
And another att his feete:
And full well knew Old Robin then
Whether he should wake or sleepe.

And about the middle time of the night,
Came twenty-four good knights inn;
Sir Gyles he was the foremost man,
So well he knew that ginn.

Old Robin, with a bright browne sword,
Sir Gyles head he did winne;
Soe did he all those twenty-four —
Never a one went quick out agenn.

None but one litle foote-page,
Crept forth at a window of stone,
And he had two armes when he came in,
And when he went out he had none.

Upp then came that ladye light,
With torches burning bright;

Shee thought to have brought Sir Gyles a drinke,
Butt shee found her owne wedd knight.

And the first thinge that this ladye stumbled upon
Was of Sir Gyles his foote;
Sayes, "Ever alacke, and woe is mee!
Here lyes my sweete hart-roote!"

And the second thinge that this ladye stumbled on
Was of Sir Gyles his heade;
Sayes, "Ever alacke, and woe is me,
Heere lyes my true-love deade!"

Hee cutt the pappes beside her brest,
And bade her wish her will;
And he cutt the eares beside her head,
And bade her wish on still.

"Mickle is the man's blood I have spent,
To doe thee and me some good;"
Sayes, "Ever alacke, my fayre ladye,
I think that I was woode!" [insane.]

He called up then his litle foote-page,
And made him heyre of all his land;
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

And he shope the crosse on his right sholder,
Of the white flesh and the redd,
And he went him into the holy land,
Wheras Christ was quicke and dead.

Mary Hamilton.

Word's gane to the kitchen,
And word's gane to the ha',
That Marie Hamilton has borne a bairn
To the highest Stewart of a'.

She's tyed it in her apron,
And she's thrown it in the sea;
Says, "Sink ye, swim ye, bonny wee babe,
You'll ne'er get mair o' me."

Down then cam' the auld Queen,
Goud tassels tying her hair:

"Oh, Marie, where's the bonny wee babe,
That I heard greet [cry] sae sair?"

"There was never a babe intill my room,
As little designs to be:
It was but a touch o' my sair side,
Came o'er my fair bodie."

"Oh, Marie, put on your robes o' black,
Or else your robes o' brown;
For ye maun gang wi' me the nicht
To see fair Edinbro' town."

"I winna put on my robes o' black,
Nor yet my robes o' brown;
But I'll put on my robes o' white,
To shine thro' Edinbro' town."

When she gaed up the Cannogate,
She laughed loud laughters three;
But when she cam' down the Cannogate
The tear blinded her ee.

When she gaed up the Parliament stair,
The heel cam' aff her shee;
And lang or she came down again
She was condemned to dee.

When she cam' down the Cannogate,
The Cannogate sae free,
Many a ladie looked o'er her window,
Weeping for this ladie.

"Make never meen for me," she says,
"Make never meen for me;
Seek never grace frae a graceless face,
For that ye'll never see.

"Bring me a bottle of wine," she says,
"The best that e'er ye hae,
That I may drink to my well-wishers,
And they may drink to me.

'And here's to the jolly sailor lad
That sails upon the faem;
But let not my father nor mother get wit
But that I shall come again.

"And here's to the jolly sailor lad
That sails upon the sea;
But let not my father nor mother get wit
O' the death that I maun dee.

"Oh little did my mother think,
The day she cradled me,
What lands I was to travel through,
What death I was to dee.

"Last nicht I washed the Queen's feet,
And gently laid her down;
And a' the thanks I have gotten the nicht,
To be hanged in Edinbro' town!

"Last nicht there was four Maries,
The nicht there'll be but three;
There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beton,
And Marie Carmichael, and me."

The Not-Browne Mayd.

He. — Be it ryght or wrong, these men among.
On women do complayne,
Affyrmynge this, how that it is
A labor spent in vayne
To love them wele, for never a dele
They love a man agayne:
For late a man do what he can
Theyr favor to attayne,
Yet yf a newe do them persue,
Theyr first true lover than
Laboreth for naught, for from her thought
He is a banyshed man.

She. — I say nat nay, but that all day
It is bothe writ and sayd,

That womans faith is, as who sayth,
All utterly decayd;
But neverthelesse, ryght good wytnésse
In this case might be layd,
That they love true, and continúe:
Recorde the Not-browne Mayde;
Which, when her love came, her to prove,
To her to make his mone,
Wolde nat depart, for in her hart
She loved but hym alone.

He. — Than betwaine us late us dyscus
What was all the manere
Betwayne them two; we wyll also
Tell all the payne and fere
That she was in. Nowe I begyn,
So that ye me answére:
Wherefore all ye that present be,
I pray you gyve an ere.
I am the knyght, I come by nyght,
As secret as I can,
Sayinge, "Alas! thus standeth the case,
I am a banyshed man."

She. — And I your wyll for to fulfyll
In this wyll nat refuse,
Trustying to shewe, in wordès fewe,
That men have an yll use,
(To theyr own shame,) women to blame,
And causelesse them accuse:
Therfore to you I answere nowe,
All women to excuse, —
"Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere?
I pray you tell anone:
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

He. — "It standeth so: a dede is do
Wherof grete harme shall growe.
My destiny is for to dy
A shamefull deth, I trowe,
Or elles to fle: the one must be:
None other way I knowe,

But to withdrawe as an outlawe,
And take me to my bowe.
Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true,
None other rede I can;
For I must to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man."

She. — "O Lord, what is thys worldys blysse
That changeth as the mone!
My somers day in lusty May
Is derked before the none.
I here you say farewell: Nay, nay,
We départ nat so sone.
Why will ye so? wheder wyll ye go?
Alas, what have ye done?
All my welfáre to sorrowe and care
Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone:
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

He. — "I can beleve it shall you greve,
And somewhat you dystrayne;
But aftyrwarde your paynes harde,
Within a day or twayne,
Shall sone aslake, and ye shall take
Comfort to you agayne.
Why sholde ye ought? for, to make thought
Your labor were in vayne:
And thus I do, and pray you to,
As hartely as I can;
For I must to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man."

She. — "Now syth that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mynde,
I shall be playne to you agayne,
Lyke as ye shall me fynde:
Syth it is so that ye wyll go,
I wolle not leve behynde;
Shall never be sayd the Not-browne Mayd
Was to her love unkynde.
Make you redy, for so am I,
Allthough it were anone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

He. — "Yet I you rede to take good hede
What men wyll thynke, and say;
Of yonge and olde it shall be tolde,
That ye be gone away
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,
In grene wode you to play;
And that ye myght from your delyght
No lenger make delay.
Rather than ye sholde thus for me
Be called an yll womán,
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man."

She. — "Though it be songe of old and yonge
That I sholde be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge that speke so large
In hurtynge of my name.
For I wyll prove that faythfulle love
It is devoyd of shame,
In your dystresse and hevynesse,
To part with you the same:
And sure all tho that do not so,
True lovers are they none;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

He. — "I counceyle you remember howe
It is no maydens lawe,
Nothynge to dout, but to renne out
To wode with an outlawe.
For ye must there in your hand bere
A bowe, redy to drawe,
And as a thefe thus must you lyve,
Ever in drede and awe:
Wherby to you grete harme myght growe;
Yet had I lever than
That I had to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man."

She. — "I think nat nay; but, as ye say,
It is no maydens lore;
But love may make me for your sake,
As I have sayd before,
To come on fote, to hunt and shote
To gete us mete in store;

For so that I your company
May have, I aske no more:
From which to part, it maketh my hart
As colde as ony stone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

He. — "For an outlawe this is the lawe,
That men hym take and bynde,
Without pyté hanged to be,
And waver with the winde.
If I had nede (as God forbede!),
What rescous could ye fynde?
Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
For fere wolde drawe behynde:
And no mervayle; for lytell avayle
Were in your counceyle than:
Wherefore I wyll to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man."

She. — "Ryght wele knowe ye that women be
But feble for to fyght;
No womanhede it is indede,
To be bolde as a knyght.
Yet in such fere yf that ye were,
With enemyes day or nyght,
I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,
To greve them as I myght,
And you to save, as women have,
From deth 'men' many one:
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

He. — "Yet take good hede; for ever I drede
That ye coude nat sustayne
The thornie wayes, the depe valèies,
The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
The colde, the hete; for, dry or wete,
We must lodge on the playne;
And us above none other rofe
But a brake bush or twayne.
Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve,
And ye wolde gladly than
That I had to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man."

She. — "Syth I have here bene partynére
With you of joy and blysse,
I must also parte of your wo
Endure, as reson is;
Yet am I sure of one plesúre,
And shortely, it is this:
That where ye be, me semeth, pardé,
I coude nat fare amysse.
Without more speche, I you beseche
That we were sone agone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

He. — "If ye go thyder, ye must consyder
When ye have lust to dyne,
There shall no mete be for you gete,
Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne;
Ne shetès clene to lye betwene,
Made of threde and twyne;
None other house but leves and bowes
To cover your hed and myne.
O myne harte swete, this evyll dyéte
Sholde make you pale and wan:
Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man."

She. — "Among the wylde dere such an archére
As men say that ye be
Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,
Where is so grete plenté;
And water clere of the ryvére
Shall be full swete to me,
With which in hele I shall ryght wele
Endure, as ye shall see;
And or we go, a bedde or two
I can provyde anone:
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

He. — "Lo, yet before, ye must do more,
Yf ye wyll go with me,
As cut your here up by your ere,
Your kyrtel by the kne;
With bowe in hande, for to withstande
Your enemyes, yf nede be;

And this same nyght, before daylyght,
To wode-warde wyll I fle:
Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,
Do it shortely as ye can:
Els wyll I to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man."

She. — "I shall as nowe do more for you
Than longeth to womanhede,
To shorte my here, a bow to bere,
To shote in tyme of nede.
O my swete mother, before all other,
For you I have most drede!
But nowe, adue! I must ensue
Where fortune doth me lede.
All this mark ye: now let us fle;
The day cometh fast upon:
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

He. — "Nay, nay, nat so; ye shall nat go;
And I shall tell ye why:—
You appetyght is to be lyght
Of love, I wele espy:
For lyke as ye have sayed to me,
In lyke wyse, hardely,
Ye wolde answére, whosoever it were,
In way of company.
It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde,
And so is a womán;
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go
Alone, a banyshed man."

She. — "Yf ye take hede, it is no nede
Such wordes to say by me;
For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed,
Or I you loved, pardé.
And though that I of auncestry
A barons daughter be,
Yet have you proved howe I you loved,
A squyer of lowe degré;
And ever shall, whatso befall,
To dy therfore anone:
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

He. — "A barons chylde to be begylde,
It were a cursed dede!
To be felâwe with an outlawe,
Almighty God forbede!
Yet beter were the pore squyére
Alone to forest yede,
Than ye sholde say another day,
That by my cursed dede
Ye were betrayed; wherfore, good mayd,
The best rede that I can
Is that I to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man."

She. — "Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thyng you upbrayd;
But yf ye go, and leve me so,
Than have ye me betrayd.
Remember you wele, howe that ye dele,
For yf ye, as ye sayd,
Be so unkynde to leve behynde
Your love, the Not-browne Mayd,
Trust me truly, that I shall dy,
Sone after ye be gone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

He. — "Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent,
For in the forest nowe
I have purvayed me of a mayd,
Whom I love more than you;
Another fayrére than ever ye were,
I dare it wele avowe:
And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe
With other, as I trowe.
It were myne ese to lyve in pese;
So wyll I, yf I can:
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go
Alone, a banyshed man."

She. — "Though in the wode I undyrstode
Ye had a paramour,
All this may naught remove my thought,
But that I wyll be your;
And she shall fynde me soft and kynde,
And courteys every hour,

Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
Commaunde me, to my power:
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
'Of them I wolde be one.'
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

He. — "Myne own dere love, I se the prove
That ye be kynde and true;
Of mayde and wyfe, in all my lyfe
The best that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
The case is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe, that for your truthe
Ye sholde have cause to rewe.
Be nat dismayed: whatsoever I sayd
To you, whan I began,
I wyll nat to the grene wode go, —
I am no banyshed man."

She. — "These tidings be more gladd to me
Than to be made a quene,
Yf I were sure they sholde endure;
But it is often sene,
Whan men wyll breke promýse, they speke
The wordès on the splene.
Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
And stele from me, I wene:
Than were the case worse than it was,
And I more woe-begone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

He. — "Ye shall nat nede further to drede:
I wyll nat dysparáge
You (God defend!), syth ye descend
Of so grete a lynáge.
Now undyrstande, to Westmarlande,
Which is myne herytage,
I wyll you brynge, and with a rynge,
By way of maryage,
I wyll you take, and lady make,
As shortely as I can:
Thus have you won an erlys son,
And not a banyshed man."

Author. — Here may ye se, that women be
In love meke, kynde, and stable:
Late never man reprove them, than,
Or call them variable;
But rather pray God that we may
To them be comfortable,
Which sometyme proveth such as he loveth,
Yf they be charytable.
For syth men wolde that women sholde
Be meke to them each one,
Moche more ought they to God obey,
And serve but hym alone.

Take thy Old Cloak about Thee.

This winters weather itt waxeth cold,
And frost doth freese on every hill,
And Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold
That all our cattell are like to spill.
Bell my wife, who loves noe strife,
She sayd unto me quietlye,
"Rise up, and save cow Crumbockes liffe,
Man, put thine old cloake about thee."

He. — "O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorne?
Thou kenst my cloake is very thin;
Itt is soe bare and overworne,
A cricke he theron cannot runn:
Then Ile noe longer borrowe nor lend,
For once Ile new appareld bee,
To-morrow Ile to town and spend,
For Ile have a new cloake about mee."

She. — "Cow Crumbocke is a very good cowe,
She has beene alwayes true to the payle,
Shee has helpt us to butter and cheese, I trow,
And other things shee will not fayle;
I wold be loth to see her pine:
Good husband, councell take of mee,
It is not for us to go soe fine,
Man, take thine old cloake about thee."

He. — "My cloake it was a verry good cloake,
Itt hath been alwayes true to the weare,

But now it is not worth a groat,
I have had it four and forty yeere:
Sometime itt was of cloth in graine,
'Tis now but a sigh clout, as you may see;
It will neither hold out winde nor raine:
And Ile have a new cloake about mee."

She. — "It is four and fortye yeeres agoe
Since the one of us the other did ken,
And we have had betwixt us towe,
Of children either nine or ten;
Wee have brought them up to women and men,
In the feare of God I trow they bee:
And why wilt thou thyself misken?
Man, take thine old cloake about thee."

He. — "O Bell my wiffe, why dost thou floute!
Now is nowe, and then was then;
Seeke now all the world throughout,
Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen;
They are clad in blacke, greene, yellowe, or gray,
Soe far above their owne degree:
Once in my life Ile doe as they,
For Ile have a new cloake about mee."

She. — "King Stephen was a worthy peere,
His breeches cost him but a crowne;
He held them sixpence all too deere;
Therefore he calld the taylor Lowne.
He was a wight of high renowne,
And thouse but of a low degree;
Itt's pride that putts the countrye downe:
Then take thine old cloake about thee."

He. — "Bell my wife she loves not strife,
Yet she will lead me if she can;
And oft, to live a quiet life,
I am forced to yield, though Ime goodman.
Itt's not for a man with a woman to threape,
Unlesse he first give o'er the plea;
As wee began wee now mun leave,
And Ile take mine old cloake about mee."

The Children in the Wood.

Now ponder well, you parents deare,
  These wordes which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall heare,
  In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
  In Norfolke dwelt of late,
Who did in honor far surmount
  Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
  No helpe his life could save;
His wife by him as sicke did lye,
  And both possest one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
  Each was to other kinde;
In love they lived, in love they dyed,
  And left two babes behinde:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
  Not passing three yeares olde;
The other a girl more young than he
  And framed in beautyes molde.
The father left his little son,
  As plainlye doth appeare,
When he to perfect age should come,
  Three hundred poundes a year.

And to his little daughter Jane
  Five hundred poundes in gold,
To be paid downe on marriage day,
  Which might not be controlled:
But if the children chanced to dye,
  Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possesse their wealth;
  For so the wille did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
  "Look to my children deare;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
  No friendes else have they here:
To God and you I recommend
  My children deare this daye;
But little while be sure we have
  Within this world to staye.

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one;
God knowes what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone."
With that bespake their mother deare,
"O brother kinde," quoth shee,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or miserie:

"And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deedes regard."
With lippes as cold as any stone,
They kist their children small:
"God bless you both, my children deare;"
With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
To this sicke couple there:
"The keeping of your little ones,
Sweet sister, do not feare.
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children deare,
When you are layd in grave."

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And bringes them straite unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a daye,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both awaye.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slaye them in a wood.
He told his wife an artful tale:
He would the children send
To be brought up in faire London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
  Rejoycing at that tide,
Rejoycing with a merry mind,
  They should on cock horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
  As they rode on the waye,
To those that should their butchers be,
  And worke their lives decaye:

So that the pretty speeche they had,
  Made Murder's heart relent:
And they that undertooke the deed,
  Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart
  Did vowe to do his charge,
Because the wretch, that hired him,
  Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
  So here they fall to strife;
With one another they did fight,
  About the children's life:
And he that was of mildest mood,
  Did slaye the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
  The babes did quake for feare!

He took the children by the hand,
  Teares standing in their eye,
And bade them straitwaye follow him,
  And look they did not crye;
And two long miles he ledd them on,
  While they for food complaine:
"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread,
  When I come back againe."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
  Went wandering up and downe;
But nevermore could see the man
  Approaching from the town:
Their prettye lippes with blackberries,
  Were all besmeared and dyed,
And when they sawe the darksome night,
  They sat them downe and cryed.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
  Till deathe did end their grief,
In one anothers armes they dyed,
  As wanting due relief:
No burial this pretty pair
  Of any man receives,
Till Robin redbreast piously
  Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God
  Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
  His conscience felt an hell;
His barnes were fired, his goodes consumed,
  His lands were barren made,
His cattle dyed within the field,
  And nothing with him stayd.

And in a voyage to Portugal
  Two of his sonnes did dye;
And to conclude, himselfe was brought
  To want and miserye:
He pawned and mortgaged all his land
  Ere seven yeares came about,
And now at length this wicked act
  Did by this meanes come out:

The fellowe, that did take in hand
  These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to dye,
  Such was God's blessed will;
Who did confess the very truth,
  As here hath been displayed:
Their uncle having dyed in gaol,
  Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,
  And overseers eke
Of children that be fatherless,
  And infants mild and meek;
Take you example by this thing,
  And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like miserye
  Your wicked minds requite.

JEALOUS FOOLS AND ENVIOUS FOOLS.

By ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

(From "The Ship of Fools," nominally a translation from Sebastian Brant's "Narrenschiff," but really an independent poem, cast in a separate mold, of material chiefly Barclay's own.)

[Sebastian Brant of Strasburg — born 1458, died 1521 — was a lawyer, and town clerk of Strasburg. His "Narrenschiff" was published in 1494, and was enormously popular all through Europe and among all classes.]

[Alexander Barclay was probably born in Scotland, about 1475; died in England in 1552. He was a monk, priest in the College of Ottery St. Mary, and later a London rector.]

Of Him that is Jealous over his Wife, and watcheth her ways without cause or evident token of her misliking.

He that his wife will counterwait and watch,
And feareth of her living by his jealous intent,
Is as great fool as is that witless wretch
That would keep flies under the sun fervent,
Or in the sea cast water, thinking it to augment;
For though he her watch, locking with lockès twain,
But [except] if she keep herself, his keeping is but vain.

Orestes was never so blind and mad as is he
Which for his wifè taketh thought and charge,
Watching her ways, though that she guiltless be.
This fool still feareth, if she be out at large,
Lest that some other his harness should overcharge;
But for all his fear and careful jealousy,
If she be naught, there is no remedy.

Thou fool, I prove thy watching helpeth naught,
Thy labor lost is, thou takest this care in vain;
In vain thou takest this jealousy and thought,
In vain thou slayest thyself with care and pain,
And of one doubt, thou fool, thou makest twain,
And never shalt find ease nor merry living,
(While thou thus livest,) but hatered and chiding.

For lock her fast and all her lookès mark,
Note all her steppes and twinkling of her eye,
Ordain thy watchers and doggès for to bark,
Bar fast thy doors, and yet it will not be;
Close her in a tower with wallès strong and high,

But yet, thou fool, thou leesest thy travail,
For without she will, no man can keep her tail [tally].

And yet more, overbreech her with plate and mail,
  And for all that, if she be naught of kind
She shall deceive thee (if she list) without fail;
  But if that she be chaste of deed and mind,
  Herself shall she keep, though thou her never bind.
Thus they that are chaste of nature, will bide so,
And naught will be naught whatsoever thou do.

Thus is it folly and causeth great debate
  Between man and wife, when he by jealousy
His wife suspecteth, and doth watch or counterwait,
  Or her misdeemeth and keepeth in straitly.
  Wherefore methink it is best remedy
For him that gladly would escape the hood,
Not to be jealous, but honest living and good. . . .

By this example [of Danae] it appereth evident
  That it is folly a woman to keep or close;
For if she be of lewd mind or intent,
  Either privy or apert [openly] thereabout she goes,
  Devising ways with her good man to glose [explain away];
But especially if that he her suspect,
With a hood shall he unawares be overdecked.

But in the world right many other be,
  Which never follow this false and loathly way.
We have example of one Penelope,
  Which though that she alone was many a day,
  Her husband gone, and she vexèd alway
By other lovers; yet was she ever true
Unto her old, and never changed for new.

I find that often this foolish jealousy
  Of men causeth some women to misdo,
Whereas (were not their husbands' blind folly)
  The poor women knew not what [be]longed thereto.
  Wherefore such men are foolès and mad also,
And with their hoods which they themselves purchase
Within my ship shall have a room and place.

For whereas perchance their wives are chaste and good,
  By mannès unkindness they change and turn their heart,

So that the wife must needs give them a hood.
  But to be plain, some women are easy to convert,
  For if one take them where they cannot start,
What for [with] their husbands' foolish jealousy
And their own pleasure, they scarce can aught deny.

The Envoy of the Actor.

Therefore, ye women, live wisely and eschew
  These wanton wooers and such wild company;
Get you good name by sadness [sobriety] and virtue;
  Haunt no old queans that nourish ribaldry;
  Then fear ye not your husbands' jealousy,
If ye be faultless, chaste, and innocent.
  But wanton wooers are full of flattery
Ever when they labor for their intent.

Be meek, demure, buxom [yielding], and obedient,
  Give none occasion to men by your folly;
If one aught ask, deny it incontinent,
  And ever after avoid his company.
  Beware of cornès [corners], do not your ears apply
To pleasant words, or letters eloquent;
  If that Helena had so done, certainly
She had not been ravished by handès violent.

Of Envious Fools.

Yet are more foolès which greatly them delight
  In others' loss, and that by false envý,
Whereby they such unrighteously backbite.
  The dartès of such over all the worldly fly,
  And ever in flying their feathers multiply.
No state in earth therefro can keep him sure;
His seed increaseth as it would ever endure.

Wasting envý oft stirreth to malíce
  Foolès not a few which are thereto inclined,
Pricking their froward heartès unto vice,
  Of others' damage rejoicing in their mind.
  Envýès dart doth his beginning find
In wrathful hearts, it wasteth his own nest,
Not suffering other[s] to live in ease and rest.

If one have plenty of treasure and richés,
  Or by his merits obtain great dignity,
These fools envíous that of the same have less,
  Envý by malice the others' high degree;
  And if another of honor have plenty,
They it envý, and wish that they might starve,
Howbeit such fools cannot the same deserve.

These foolès desire against both law and right
  Another's good if they may get the same:
If they may not by flattering nor by might,
  Then by false malice they him envý and blame;
  Other [or] if one by his virtue hath good name,
By false envý these foolès him reprove,
Their wrath them blindeth so that they none can love.

The wound of this malicious, false envý,
  So deadly is, and of so great cruelty,
That it is incurable and void of remedý.
  A man envíous hath such a property
  That if he purpose of one vengèd to be,
Or do some misch[ief] which he reputeth best,
Till it be done he never hath ease nor rest.

No sleep, nor rest, nor pleasure can they find,
  To them, so sweet, pleasant, and delectable,
That may expel this malice from their mind.
  So is envý a vice abominable,
  And unto health so froward and damnable,
That if it once be rooted in a man,
It maketh him lean, his color pale and wan.

Envý is pale of look and countenance,
  His body lean, of color pale and blue,
His look frowárd, his face without pleasaunce,
  Pilling like scalès, his wordès aye untrue,
  His eyen sparkling with fire, aye fresh and new.
It never looketh on man with eyen full,
But ever his heart by furious wrath is dull.

Thou mayest example find of this envý
  By Joseph, whom his brethren did never behold
With loving look, but sharpè and cruellý,
  So that they him have murdered gladly would.
  I might recount examples manifold,

How many by envy lost hath their degree,
But that I leave because of brevity.

Envíous fools are stuffèd with ill will,
In them no mirth nor solace can be found,
They never laugh but if it be for ill,
As for goods lost or when some ship is drowned,
Or when some house is burnt unto the ground.
But while these foolès on others bite and gnaw,
Their envy wasteth their own heart and their maw.

The mount of Etna, though it burnt ever still,
Yet (save itself) it burneth none other thing;
So these envíous foolès by their ill will
Waste their own heart, though they be aye musing
Another man to shame and loss or hurt to bring.
Upon themself thus turneth this ill again,
To their destruction both shame, great loss, and pain.

This false envý by his malicious ire
Doth often, brethren, so cursedly inflame
That by the same that one of them conspire
Against the other without all fear and shame;
As Romulus and Remus, excéllent of fame,
Which builded Rome, but after, envý so grew
Between them that the one the other slew.

What shall I write of Cain and of Abél,
How Cain for murder suffered great pain and woe.
Atreus' story and Theseus cruél
Are unto example hereof also,
Eteocles with his brother; and many mo,
Like as the stories declareth openly
The one the other murdered by envý.

The Envoy of Barclay to the Fools.

Wherefore let him that is discreet and wise,
This wrathful vice exile out of his mind.
And ill on none by malice to surmise.
Let charity in perfect love thee bind,
Sue [follow] her precepts, then shalt thou comfort find,
Love in this life, and joy when thou art past;
Whereas envý thy conscience shall blind,
And both thy blood and body mar and waste.

TO MAYSTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY.

By JOHN SKELTON.

(From "The Garlande of Laurell.")

[JOHN SKELTON was born probably about 1460. "He began his career as a sober scholar; he ended it as a ribald priest. In his first capacity he was tutor to Prince Henry VIII., the Laureate of three Universities, and the friend of Caxton and Erasmus, who has described him as *litterarum Anglicarum lumen et decus*. In his second capacity he was rector of Diss in Norfolk, and a hanger-on about the court of Henry VIII. He died at Westminster, where he had taken sanctuary to escape the wrath of Wolsey, in 1529." —J. C. COLLINS.]

MIRRY MARGARET,
As mydsomer flowre;
Jentill as fawcoun
Or hawke of the towere:
With solace and gladnes,
Moche mirthe and no madness,
All good and no badness,
So joyously,
So maydenly,
So womanly,
Her demenyng
In every thynge,
Far, far passynge
That I can endyght,
Or suffyce to wryghte,
Of mirry Margarete,
As mydsomer flowre,
Jentyll as fawcoun
Or hawke of the towre:
As pacient and as styll,
And as full of good wyll
As faire Isaphill;
Colyaunder,
Swete pomaunder,
Goode Cassaunder;
Stedfast of thought,
Wele made, wele wrought;
Far may be sought,
Erst that ye can fynde
So corteise, so kynde,
As mirry Margaret,
This mydsomer floure,
Jentyll as fawcoun
Or hawke of the towre.

COLUMBUS'S FIRST DISCOVERY.

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

[Washington Irving was the son of an Orkney Islands emigrant merchant, and born in New York city, April 3, 1783. He studied law but found literature more congenial, and after a visit to Europe undertook with James K. Paulding the publication of *Salmagundi*, a humorous magazine; and in 1809 brought out "The History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," as pure a fantasy as if laid in fairy-land, but its pictures of Dutch life are still accepted by most as authentic. It placed him at once at the head of American letters. Entering into a commercial partnership with his brothers, in 1815 he went to Europe, and remained abroad for seventeen years, traveling widely. About 1817 the house failed, and he devoted himself to literature for a subsistence. He became secretary of the American embassy (1829); Minister to Spain (1842); and after his return, four years later, passed the rest of his days at Sunnyside, on the banks of the Hudson river, near Tarrytown, N.Y., where he died Nov. 28, 1859. His other works are: "The Sketch Book" (1820), "Bracebridge Hall" (1822), "Tales of a Traveller" (1824), "Life and Voyages of Columbus" (1828), "Conquest of Granada" (1829), "Voyages of the Companions of Columbus" (1831), "The Alhambra" (1832), "Astoria" (1836), "Adventures of Captain Bonneville" (1837), "Life of Goldsmith" (1849), "Mahomet and his Successors" (1850), "Wolfert's Roost" (1855), "Life of Washington" (1855–1859).

The situation of Columbus was daily becoming more and more critical. In proportion as he approached the regions where he expected to find land, the impatience of his crews augmented. The favorable signs which increased his confidence were derided by them as delusive; and there was danger of their rebelling, and obliging him to turn back, when on the point of realizing the object of all his labors. They beheld themselves with dismay still wafted onward, over the boundless wastes of what appeared to them a mere watery desert, surrounding the habitable world. What was to become of them should their provisions fail? Their ships were too weak and defective even for the great voyage they had already made; but if they were still to press forward, adding at every moment to the immense expanse behind them, how should they ever be able to return, having no intervening port where they might victual and refit?

In this way they fed each other's discontents, gathering together in little knots, and fomenting a spirit of mutinous opposition; and when we consider the natural fire of the Spanish temperament, and its impatience of control, and that a great part of these men were sailing on compulsion, we cannot wonder that there was imminent danger of their breaking forth into

open rebellion and compelling Columbus to turn back. In their secret conferences they exclaimed against him as a desperado, bent, in a mad fantasy, upon doing something extravagant to render himself notorious. What were their sufferings and dangers to one evidently content to sacrifice his own life for the chance of distinction? What obligations bound them to continue on with him; or when were the terms of their agreement to be considered as fulfilled? They had already penetrated unknown seas, untraversed by a sail, far beyond where man had ever before ventured. They had done enough to gain themselves a character for courage and hardihood in undertaking such an enterprise and persisting in it so far. How much farther were they to go in quest of merely conjectured land? Were they to sail on until they perished, or until all return became impossible? In such case they would be the authors of their own destruction.

On the other hand, should they consult their safety, and turn back before too late, who would blame them? Any complaints made by Columbus would be of no weight; he was a foreigner without friends or influence; his schemes had been condemned by the learned, and discountenanced by people of all ranks. He had no party to uphold him, and a host of opponents whose pride of opinion would be gratified by his failure. Or, as an effectual means of preventing his complaints, they might throw him into the sea, and give out that he had fallen overboard while busy with his instruments and contemplating the stars; a report which no one would have either the inclination or the means to controvert.

Columbus was not ignorant of the mutinous disposition of his crew; but he still maintained a serene and steady countenance, soothing some with gentle words, endeavoring to stimulate the pride or avarice of others, and openly menacing the refractory with signal punishment, should they do anything to impede the voyage.

On the 25th of September the wind again became favorable, and they were able to resume their course directly to the west. The airs being light, and the sea calm, the vessels sailed near to each other, and Columbus had much conversation with Martin Alonzo Pinzon on the subject of a chart, which the former had sent three days before on board of the *Pinta*. Pinzon thought that according to the indications of the map, they ought to be in the neighborhood of Cipango [Japan], and the other islands which the admiral had therein delineated. Columbus partly

Columbus Propounding the Theory of a New World

Photogravure from the painting by Sir David Wilkie

Columbus had also some doubts of the kind, but refused to alter his westward course. The people again uttered murmurs and menaces; but on the following day they were visited by such flights of birds, and the various indications of land became so numerous, that from a state of despondency they passed to one of confident expectation.

Eager to obtain the promised pension, the seamen were continually giving the cry of land, on the least appearance of the kind. To put a stop to these false alarms, which produced continual disappointments, Columbus declared that should any one give such notice, and land not be discovered within three days afterwards, he should thenceforth forfeit all claim to their reward.

On the evening of the 6th of October, Martin Alonzo Pinzon began to lose confidence in their present course, and proposed that they should stand more to the southward. Columbus, however, still persisted in steering directly west. Observing this difference of opinion in a person so important in his squadron as Pinzon, and fearing that chance or design might scatter the ships, he ordered that should either of the caravels be separated from him, it should stand to the west, and endeavor as soon as possible to join company again; he directed also that the vessels should keep near to him at sunrise and sunset, as at these times the state of the atmosphere is most favorable to the discovery of distant land.

On the morning of the 7th of October, at sunrise, several of the admiral's crew thought they beheld land in the west, but so indistinctly that no one ventured to proclaim it, lest he should be mistaken, and forfeit all chance of the reward: the *Niña*, however, being a good sailer, pressed forward to ascertain the fact. In a little while a flag was hoisted at her masthead, and a gun discharged, being the preconcerted signals for land. New joy was awakened throughout the little squadron, and every eye was turned to the west. As they advanced, however, their cloud-built hopes faded away, and before evening the fancied land had again melted into air.

The crews now sank into a degree of dejection proportioned to their recent excitement; but new circumstances occurred to arouse them. Columbus, having observed great flights of small field-birds going towards the southwest, concluded they must be secure of some neighboring land, where they would find food and a resting-place. He knew the importance which the Portuguese voyagers attached to the flight of birds, by following

which they had discovered most of their islands. He had now come seven hundred and fifty leagues, the distance at which he had computed to find the island of Cipango; as there was no appearance of it, he might have missed it through some mistake in the latitude. He determined, therefore, on the evening of the 7th of October to alter his course to the west-southwest, the direction in which the birds generally flew, and continue that direction for at least two days. After all, it was no great deviation from his main course, and would meet the wishes of the Pinzons, as well as be inspiriting to his followers generally.

For three days they stood in this direction, and the further they went the more frequent and encouraging were the signs of land. Flights of small birds of various colors, some of them such as sing in the fields, came flying about the ships, and then continued towards the southwest; and others were heard also flying by in the night. Tunny fish played about the smooth sea, and a heron, a pelican, and a duck were seen, all bound in the same direction. The herbage which floated by was fresh and green, as if recently from land, and the air, Columbus observes, was sweet and fragrant as April breezes in Seville.

All these, however, were regarded by the crews as so many delusions beguiling them on to destruction; and when on the evening of the third day they beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless ocean, they broke forth into turbulent clamor. They exclaimed against this obstinacy in tempting fate by continuing on into a boundless sea. They insisted upon turning homeward, and abandoning the voyage as hopeless. Columbus endeavored to pacify them by gentle words and promises of large rewards; but finding that they only increased in clamor, he assumed a decided tone. He told them it was useless to murmur: the expedition had been sent by the sovereigns to seek the Indies, and happen what might, he was determined to persevere, until by the blessing of God he should accomplish the enterprise.

Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately the manifestations of the vicinity of land were such on the following day as no longer to admit a doubt. Beside a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish of a kind which keeps about rocks; then a branch of thorn with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and above all, a staff artificially

carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought-for land.

In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board of the admiral's ship, the mariners had sung the *Salve regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by soft and favoring breezes across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land. He now reminded them of the orders he had given on leaving the Canaries, that, after sailing westward seven hundred leagues, they should not make sail after midnight. Present appearances authorized such a precaution. He thought it probable they would make land that very night; he ordered, therefore, a vigilant lookout to be kept from the forecastle, promising to whomsoever should make the discovery, a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension to be given by the sovereigns.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were plowing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping the lead, from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, and maintaining an intense and unremitting watch. About ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a great distance. Fearing his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bedchamber, and inquired whether he saw such a light; the latter replied in the affirmative. Doubtful whether it might not yet be some delusion of the fancy, Columbus called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the roundhouse, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams; as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance

to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was first descried by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory durable as the world itself.

It is difficult to conceive the feelings of such a man at such a moment; or the conjectures which must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light he had beheld proved it the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe; or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination was prone in those times to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian sea; or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away; wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendor of Oriental civilization.

First Landing of Columbus in the New World.

It was on Friday morning, the 12th of October, that Columbus first beheld the New World. As the day dawned he saw before him a level island, several leagues in extent, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though apparently uncultivated, it was populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing

from all parts of the woods and running to the shore. They were perfectly naked, and as they stood gazing at the ships, appeared by their attitudes and gestures to be lost in astonishment. Columbus made signal for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, and holding the royal standard; whilst Martin Alonzo Pinzon, and Vincent Janez his brother, put off in company in their boats, each with a banner of the enterprise emblazoned with a green cross, having on either side the letters F. and Y., the initials of the Castilian monarchs Fernando and Ysabel, surmounted by crowns.

As he approached the shore, Columbus, who was disposed for all kinds of agreeable impressions, was delighted with the purity and suavity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the sea, and the extraordinary beauty of the vegetation. He beheld, also, fruits of an unknown kind upon the trees which overhung the shores. On landing, he threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude. Columbus then rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and assembling around him the two captains, with Rodrigo de Escobedo, notary of the armament, Rodrigo Sanchez, and the rest who had landed, he took solemn possession in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador. Having complied with the requisite forms and ceremonies, he called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him, as admiral and viceroy, representing the persons of the sovereigns.

The feelings of the crew now burst forth in the most extravagant transports. . . .

The natives of the island, when, at the dawn of day, they had beheld the ships hovering on their coast, had supposed them monsters which had issued from the deep during the night. They had crowded to the beach, and watched their movements with awful anxiety. Their veering about, apparently without effort, and the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld their boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colors, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to the woods. Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue

nor molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror, and approached the Spaniards with great awe; frequently prostrating themselves on the earth and making signs of adoration. During the ceremonies of taking possession, they remained gazing in timid admiration at the complexion, the beards, the shining armor, and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his dress of scarlet, and the deference which was paid him by his companions; all which pointed him out to be the commander. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness. Columbus was pleased with their gentleness and confiding simplicity, and suffered their scrutiny with perfect acquiescence, winning them by his benignity. They now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament which bounded their horizon, or had descended from above on their ample wings, and that these marvelous beings were inhabitants of the skies.

The natives of the island were no less objects of curiosity to the Spaniards, differing, as they did, from any race of men they had ever seen. Their appearance gave no promise of either wealth or civilization, for they were entirely naked, and painted with a variety of colors. With some it was confined merely to a part of the face, the nose, or around the eyes; with others it extended to the whole body, and gave them a wild and fantastic appearance. Their complexion was of a tawny or copper hue, and they were entirely destitute of beards. Their hair was not crisped, like the recently discovered tribes of the African coast, under the same latitude, but straight and coarse, partly cut short above the ears, but some locks were left long behind and falling upon their shoulders. Their features, though obscured and disfigured by paint, were agreeable; they had lofty foreheads and remarkably fine eyes. They were of moderate stature and well shaped; most of them appeared to be under thirty years of age: there was but one female with them, quite young, naked like her companions, and beautifully formed.

As Columbus supposed himself to have landed on an island at the extremity of India, he called the natives by the general appellation of Indians, which was universally adopted before the true nature of his discovery was known, and has since been extended to all the aboriginals of the New World.

THE AGE OF THE DESPOTS IN ITALY.

By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

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THE fourteenth and fifteenth centuries may be called the Age of the Despots in Italian history, as the twelfth and thirteenth are the Age of the Free Burghs, and as the sixteenth and seventeenth are the Age of Foreign Enslavement. It was during the age of the despots that the conditions of the Renaissance were evolved, and that the Renaissance itself assumed a definite character in Italy. Under tyrannies, in the midst of intrigues, wars, and revolutions, the peculiar individuality of the Italians obtained its ultimate development. This individuality, as remarkable for salient genius and diffused talent as for self-conscious and deliberate vice, determined the qualities of the Renaissance and affected by example the whole of Europe. Italy led the way in the education of the Western races, and was the first to realize the type of modern as distinguished from classical and mediæval life.

During this age of the despots, Italy presents the spectacle of a nation devoid of central government and comparatively uninfluenced by feudalism. The right of the Emperor had become nominal, and served as a pretext for usurpers rather than as a source of order. The visits, for instance, of Charles IV. and Frederick III. were either begging expeditions or holiday excursions, in the course of which ambitious adventurers bought titles to the government of towns, and meaningless honors were showered upon vain courtiers. It was not till the reign of Maximilian that Germany adopted a more serious policy with regard to Italy, which by that time had become the central point of European intrigue. Charles V. afterwards used force to reassert imperial rights over the Italian cities, acting not so much in the interest of the Empire as for the aggrandizement of the Spanish monarchy.

At the same time the Papacy, which had done so much to undermine the authority of the Empire, exercised a power at

once anomalous and ill-recognized except in the immediate States of the Church. By the extinction of the House of Hohenstauffen, and by the assumed right to grant the investiture of the kingdom of Naples to foreigners, the Popes not only struck a death-blow at imperial influence, but also prepared the way for their own exile to Avignon. This involved the loss of the second great authority to which Italy had been accustomed to look for the maintenance of some sort of national coherence. Moreover, the Church, though impotent to unite all Italy beneath her own sway, had power enough to prevent the formation either by Milan or Venice or Naples of a substantial kingdom. The result was a perpetually recurring process of composition, dismemberment, and recomposition, under different forms, of the scattered elements of Italian life. The Guelf and Ghibelline parties, inherited from the wars of the thirteenth century, survived the political interests which had given them birth, and proved an insurmountable obstacle, long after they had ceased to have any real significance, to the pacification of the country.

The only important state which maintained an unbroken dynastic succession, of however disputed a nature, at this period was the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The only great republics were Venice, Genoa, and Florence. Of these, Genoa, after being reduced in power and prosperity by Venice, was overshadowed by the successive lords of Milan; while Florence was destined at the end of a long struggle to fall beneath a family of despots. All the rest of Italy, especially to the north of the Apennines, was the battlefield of tyrants, whose title was illegitimate — based, that is to say, on no feudal principle, derived in no regular manner from the Empire, but generally held as a gift or extorted as a prize from the predominant parties in the great towns.

If we examine the constitution of these tyrannies, we find abundant proofs of their despotic nature. The succession from father to son was always uncertain. Legitimacy of birth was hardly respected. The last La Scalas were bastards. The house of Aragon in Naples descended from a bastard. Gabriello Visconti shared with his half-brothers the heritage of Gian Galeazzo. The line of the Medici was continued by princes of more than doubtful origin. Suspicion rested on the birth of Frederick of Urbino. The houses of Este and Malatesta honored their bastards in the same degree as their lawful progeny.

The great family of the Bentivogli at Bologna owed their importance at the end of the fifteenth century to an obscure and probably spurious pretender, dragged from the wool factories of Florence by the policy of Cosimo de' Medici. The sons of Popes ranked with the proudest of aristocratic families. Nobility was less regarded in the choice of a ruler than personal ability. Power once acquired was maintained by force, and the history of the ruling families is one long catalogue of crimes. Yet the cities thus governed were orderly and prosperous. Police regulations were carefully established and maintained by governors whose interest it was to rule a quiet state. Culture was widely diffused without regard to rank or wealth. Public edifices of colossal grandeur were multiplied. Meanwhile the people at large were being fashioned to that self-conscious and intelligent activity which is fostered by the modes of life peculiar to political and social centers in a condition of continued rivalry and change.

Under the Italian despotisms we observe nearly the opposite of all the influences brought to bear in the same period upon the nations of the North. There is no gradual absorption of the great vassals in monarchies, no fixed allegiance to a reigning dynasty, no feudal aid or military service attached to the tenure of the land, no tendency to centralize the whole intellectual activity of the race in any capital, no suppression of individual character by strongly biased public feeling, by immutable law, or by the superincumbent weight of a social hierarchy. Everything, on the contrary, tends to the free emergence of personal passions and personal aims. Though the vassals of the despot are neither his soldiers nor his loyal lieges, but his courtiers and tax-payers, the continual object of his cruelty and fear, yet each subject has the chance of becoming a prince like Sforza or a companion of princes like Petrarch. Equality of servitude goes far to democratize a nation, and common hatred of the tyrant leads to the combination of all classes against him. Thence follows the fermentation of arrogant and self-reliant passions in the breasts of the lowest as well as the highest. The rapid mutations of government teach men to care for themselves and to depend upon themselves alone in the battle of the world; while the necessity of craft and policy in the conduct of complicated affairs sharpens intelligence. The sanction of all means that may secure an end, under conditions of social violence, encourages versatility

unprejudiced by moral considerations. At the same time the freely indulged vices of the sovereign are an example of self-indulgence to the subject, and his need of lawless instruments is a practical sanction of force in all its forms.

Thus to the play of personality, whether in combat with society and rivals, or in the gratification of individual caprice, every liberty is allowed. Might is substituted for right, and the sense of law is supplanted by a mere dread of coercion. What is the wonder if a Benvenuto Cellini should be the outcome of the same society as that which formed a Cesare Borgia? What is the miracle if Italy under these circumstances produced original characters and many-sided intellects in greater profusion than any other nation at any other period, with the single exception of Greece on her emergence from the age of her despots? It was the misfortune of Italy that the age of the despots was succeeded, not by an age of free political existence, but by one of foreign servitude. . . .

During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries we find, roughly speaking, six sorts of despots in Italian cities.

Of these the *first* class, which is a very small one, had a dynastic or hereditary right, accruing from long seignorial possession of their several districts. The most eminent are the houses of Montferrat and Savoy, the marquises of Ferrara, the princes of Urbino. At the same time it is difficult to know where to draw the line between such hereditary lordship as that of the Este family, and tyranny based on popular favor. The Malatesti of Rimini, Polentani of Ravenna, Manfredi of Faenza, Ordelaffi of Forli, Chiavelli of Fabriano, Varani of Camerino, and others, might claim to rank among the former, since their cities submitted to them without a long period of republican independence like that which preceded despotism in the cases to be next mentioned. Yet these families styled themselves Captains of the burghs they ruled; and in many instances they obtained the additional title of Vicars of the Church. Even the Estensi were made hereditary captains of Ferrara at the end of the thirteenth century, while they also acknowledged the supremacy of the Papacy. There was in fact no right outside the Empire in Italy; and despots of whatever origin or complexion gladly accepted the support which a title derived from the Empire, the Church, or the People might give. Brought to the front amid the tumults of the civil wars, and accepted as pacificators of the factions by the

multitude, they gained the confirmation of their anomalous authority by representing themselves to be lieutenants or vicegerents of the three great powers.

The *second* class comprise those nobles who obtained the title of Vicars of the Empire, and built an illegal power upon the basis of imperial right in Lombardy. Of these, the Della Scala and Visconti families are illustrious instances. Finding in their official capacity a ready-made foundation, they extended it beyond its just limits, and in defiance of the Empire constituted dynasties.

The *third* class is important. Nobles charged with military or judicial power, as Capitani or Podestàs, by the free burghs, used their authority to enslave the cities they were chosen to administer. It was thus that almost all the numerous tyrants of Lombardy, Carraresi at Padua, Gonzaghi at Mantua, Rossi and Correggi at Parma, Torrensi and Visconti at Milan, Scotti at Piacenza, and so forth, first erected their despotic dynasties. This fact in the history of Italian tyranny is noticeable. The font of honor, so to speak, was in the citizens of these great burghs. Therefore, when the limits of authority delegated to their captains by the people were overstepped, the sway of the princes became confessedly illegal. Illegality carried with it all the consequences of an evil conscience, all the insecurities of usurped dominion, all the danger from without and from within to which an arbitrary governor is exposed.

In the *fourth* class we find the principle of force still more openly at work. To it may be assigned those Condottieri who made a prey of cities at their pleasure. The illustrious Uguccione della Faggiuola, who neglected to follow up his victory over the Guelfs at Monte Catini, in order that he might cement his power in Lucca and Pisa, is an early instance of this kind of tyrant. His successor, Castruccio Castracane, the hero of Machiavelli's romance, is another. But it was not until the first half of the fifteenth century that professional Condottieri became powerful enough to found such kingdoms as that, for example, of Francesco Sforza at Milan. John Hawkwood (died 1393), the English adventurer, held Cotignola and Bagnacavallo from Gregory XI. In the second half of the fifteenth century the efforts of the Condottieri to erect tyrannies were most frequent. Braccio da Montone established himself in Perugia in 1416, and aspired, not without good grounds for hope, to acquiring the kingdom of Italy. Francesco Sforza,

before gaining Milan, had begun to form a despotism at Ancona. Sforza's rival, Giacomo Piccinino, would probably have succeeded in his own attempt, had not Ferdinand of Aragon treacherously murdered him at Naples in 1465. In the disorganization caused by Charles VIII., Vidovero of Brescia in 1495 established himself at Cesena and Castelnuovo, and had to be assassinated by Pandolfo Malatesta at the instigation of Venice. After the death of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, in 1402, the generals whom he had employed in the consolidation of his vast dominions attempted to divide the spoil among themselves. Naples, Venice, Milan, Rome, and Florence were in course of time made keenly alive to the risk of suffering a captain of adventure to run his course unchecked.

The *fifth* class includes the nephews or sons of Popes. The Riario principality of Forli, the Della Rovere of Urbino, the Borgia of Romagna, the Farnese of Parma, form a distinct species of despotisms; but all these are of a comparatively late origin. Until the Papacies of Sixtus IV. and Innocent VIII. the Popes had not bethought them of providing in this way for their relatives. Also, it may be remarked, there was an essential weakness in these tyrannies. Since they had to be carved out of the States of the Church, the Pope who had established his son, say in Romagna, died before he could see him well confirmed in a province which the next Pope sought to wrest from his hands, in order to bestow it on his own favorite. The fabric of the Church could not long have stood this disgraceful wrangling between Papal families for the dynastic possession of Church property. Luckily for the continuance of the Papacy, the tide of counter-reformation which set in after the sack of Rome and the great Northern Schism, put a stop to nepotism in its most barefaced form.

There remains the *sixth* and last class of despots to be mentioned. This again is large and of the first importance. Citizens of eminence, like the Medici at Florence, the Bentivogli at Bologna, the Baglioni of Perugia, the Vitelli of Città di Castello, the Gambacorti of Pisa, like Pandolfo Petrucci in Siena (1502), Roméo Pepoli, the usurer of Bologna (1323), the plebeian, Alticlinio, and Agolanti of Padua (1313), Giovanni Vignate, the millionaire of Lodi (1402), acquired more than their due weight in the conduct of affairs, and gradually tended to tyranny. In most of these cases great wealth was the original source of despotic ascendency. It was not uncommon to

buy cities together with their signory. Thus the Rossi bought Parma for 35,000 florins in 1333 ; the Appiani sold Pisa ; Astorre Manfredi sold Faenza and Imola in 1377. In 1444 Galeazzo Malatesta sold Pesaro to Alessandro Sforza, and Fossombrone to Urbino ; in 1461 Cervia was sold to Venice by the same family. Franceschetto Cibo purchased the County of Anguillara. Towns at last came to have their market value. It was known that Bologna was worth 200,000 florins, Parma 60,000, Arezzo 40,000, Lucca 30,000, and so forth. But personal qualities and nobility of blood might also produce despots of the sixth class. Thus the Bentivogli claimed descent from a bastard of King Enzo, son of Frederick II., who was for a long time an honorable prisoner in Bologna. The Baglioni, after a protracted struggle with the rival family of Oddi, owed their supremacy to ability and vigor in the last years of the fifteenth century. But the neighborhood of the Papal power and their own internal dissensions rendered the hold of this family upon Perugia precarious. As in the case of the Medici and the Bentivogli, many generations might elapse before such burgher families assumed dynastic authority. But to this end they were always advancing.

The history of the bourgeois despots proves that Italy in the fifteenth century was undergoing a natural process of determination toward tyranny. Sismondi may attempt to demonstrate that Italy was "not answerable for the crimes with which she was sullied by her tyrants." But the facts show that she was answerable for choosing despots instead of remaining free, or rather that she instinctively obeyed a law of social evolution by which princes had to be substituted for municipalities at the end of those fierce internal conflicts and exhausting wars of jealousy which closed the Middle Ages. Machiavelli, with all his love of liberty, is forced to admit that in his day the most powerful provinces of Italy had become incapable of freedom. "No accident, however weighty and violent, could ever restore Milan or Naples to liberty, owing to their utter corruption. This is clear from the fact that after the death of Filippo Visconti, when Milan tried to regain freedom, she was unable to preserve it." . . .

It will be observed in this classification of Italian tyrants that the tenure of their power was almost uniformly forcible. They generally acquired it through the people in the first instance, and maintained it by the exercise of violence. Rank

had nothing to do with their claims. The bastards of Popes who like Sixtus IV. had no pedigree, merchants like the Medici, the son of a peasant like Francesco Sforza, a rich usurer like Pepoli, had almost equal chances with nobles of the ancient houses of Este, Visconti, or Malatesta. The chief point in favor of the latter was the familiarity which through long years of authority had accustomed the people to their rule. When exiled, they had a better chance of return to power than parvenus, whose party cry and ensigns were comparatively fresh and stirred no sentiment of loyalty — if indeed the word loyalty can be applied to that preference for the established and the customary which made the mob, distracted by the wrangling of doctrinaires and intriguers, welcome back a Bentivoglio or a Malatesta. Despotism in Italy as in ancient Greece was democratic. It recruited its ranks from all classes and erected its thrones upon the sovereignty of the peoples it oppressed. The impulse to the free play of ambitious individuality which this state of things communicated was enormous. Capacity might raise the meanest monk to the chair of S. Peter's, the meanest soldier to the duchy of Milan. Audacity, vigor, unscrupulous crime were the chief requisites for success. It was not till Cesare Borgia displayed his magnificence at the French court, till the Italian adventurer matched himself with royalty in its legitimate splendor, that the lowness of his origin and the frivolity of his pretensions appeared in any glaring light. In Italy itself, where there existed no time-honored hierarchy of classes and no fountain of nobility in the person of a sovereign, one man was a match for another, provided he knew how to assert himself.

To the conditions of a society based on these principles we may ascribe the unrivaled emergence of great personalities among the tyrants, as well as the extraordinary tenacity and vigor of such races as the Visconti. In the contest for power, and in the maintenance of an illegal authority, the picked athletes came to the front. The struggle by which they established their tyranny, the efforts by which they defended it against foreign foes and domestic adversaries, trained them to endurance and to daring. They lived habitually in an atmosphere of peril which taxed all their energies. Their activity was extreme, and their passions corresponded to their vehement vitality. About such men there could be nothing on a small or mediocre scale. When a weakling was born in a despotic

family, his brothers murdered him, or he was deposed by a watchful rival. Thus only gladiators of tried capacity and iron nerve, superior to religious and moral scruples, dead to national affection, perfected in perfidy, scientific in the use of cruelty and terror, employing first-rate faculties of brain, and will, and bodily powers in the service of transcendent egotism, — only the *virtuosi* of political craft as theorized by Machiavelli, could survive and hold their own upon this perilous arena.

The life of the despot was usually one of prolonged terror. Immured in strong places on high rocks, or confined to gloomy fortresses like the Milanese Castello, he surrounded his person with foreign troops, protected his bedchamber with a picked guard, and watched his meat and drink lest they should be poisoned. His chief associates were artists, men of letters, astrologers, buffoons, and exiles. He had no real friends or equals, and against his own family he adopted an attitude of fierce suspicion, justified by the frequent intrigues to which he was exposed. His timidity verged on monomania. Like Alfonso II. of Naples, he was tortured with the ghosts of starved or strangled victims; like Ezzelino, he felt the mysterious fascination of astrology; like Filippo Maria Visconti, he trembled at the sound of thunder, and set one band of body-guards to watch another next his person. He dared not hope for a quiet end. No one believed in the natural death of a prince: princes must be poisoned or poniarded. Instances of domestic crime might be multiplied by the hundred. Besides those which will follow in these pages, it is enough to notice the murder of Giovanni Francesco Pico by his nephew, at Mirandola (1533); the murder of his uncle by Oliverotto da Fermo; the assassination of Giovanni Varano by his brothers at Camerino (1434); Ostasio da Polenta's fratricide (1322); Obizzo da Polenta's fratricide in the next generation, and the murder of Ugolino Gonzaga by his brothers; Gian Francesco Gonzaga's murder of his wife; the poisoning of Francesco Sforza's first wife, Polissenna countess of Montalto, with her little girl, by her aunt; and the murder of Galeotto Manfredi, by his wife, at Faenza (1488). Out of thirteen of the Carrara family, in little more than a century (1318–1435), three were deposed or murdered by near relatives, one was expelled by a rival from his state, four were executed by the Venetians. Out of five of the La Scala family, three were killed by their brothers, and a fourth was poisoned in exile.

To enumerate all the catastrophes of reigning families, occurring in the fifteenth century alone, would be quite impossible within the limits of this chapter. Yet it is only by dwelling on the more important that any adequate notion of the perils of Italian despotism can be formed. Thus Girolamo Riario was murdered by his subjects at Forli (1488), and Francesco Vico dei Prefetti in the Church of S. Sisto at Viterbo (1387). The family of the Prefetti fed up the murderer in their castle, and then gave him alive to be eaten by their hounds. At Lodi in 1402 Antonio Fisiraga burned the chief members of the ruling house of Vistarini on the public square, and died himself of poison after a few months. His successor in the tyranny, Giovanni Vignate, was imprisoned by Filippo Maria Visconti in a wooden cage at Pavia, and beat his brains out in despair against its bars. At the same epoch Gabrino Fondulo slaughtered seventy of the Cavalcabò family together in his castle of Macastormo, with the purpose of acquiring their tyranny over Cremona. He was afterwards beheaded as a traitor at Milan (1425). Ottobon Terzi was assassinated at Parma (1408), Nicolà Borghese at Siena (1499), Altobello Dattiri at Todi (about 1500), Raimondo and Pandolfo Malatesta at Rimini, and Oddo Antonio di Montefeltro at Urbino (1444). Sforza Attendolo killed Terzi by a spear thrust in the back. Pandolfo Petrucci murdered Borghese, who was his father-in-law. Raimondo Malatesta was stabbed by his two nephews diguised as hermits. Dattiri was bound naked to a plank and killed piecemeal by the people, who bit his flesh, cut slices out, and sold and ate it — distributing his living body as a sort of infernal sacrament among themselves. The Varani were massacred to a man in the Church of S. Dominic at Camerino (1434), the Trinci at Foligno (1434), and the Chiavelli of Fabriano in church upon Ascension Day (1435).

This wholesale extirpation of three reigning families introduces one of the most romantic episodes in the history of Italian despotism. From the slaughter of the Varani one only child, Giulio Cesare, a boy of two years old, was saved by his aunt Tora. She concealed him in a truss of hay and carried him to the Trinci at Foligno. Hardly had she gained this refuge when the Trinci were destroyed, and she had to fly with her burden to the Chiavelli at Fabriano. There the same scenes of bloodshed awaited her. A third time she took to flight,

and now concealed her precious charge in a nunnery. The boy was afterwards stolen from the town on horseback by a soldier of adventure. After surviving three massacres of kith and kin, he returned as despot at the age of twelve to Camerino, and became a general of distinction. But he was not destined to end his life in peace. Cesare Borgia finally murdered him, together with three of his sons, when he had reached the age of sixty.

Less romantic, but not less significant in the annals of tyranny, is the story of the Trinci. A rival noble of Foligno, Pietro Rasiglia, had been injured in his honor by the chief of the ruling house. He contrived to assassinate two brothers, Nicolà and Bartolommeo, in his castle of Nocera; but the third, Corrado Trinci, escaped, and took a fearful vengeance on his enemy. By the help of Braccio da Montone he possessed himself of Nocera and all its inhabitants, with the exception of Pietro Rasiglia's wife, whom her husband flung from the battlements. Corrado then butchered the men, women, and children of the Rasiglia clan, to the number of three hundred persons, accomplishing his vengeance with details of atrocity too infernal to be dwelt on in these pages. It is recorded that thirty-six asses laded with their mangled limbs paraded the streets of Foligno as a terror-striking spectacle for the inhabitants. He then ruled the city by violence, until the warlike Cardinal dei Vitelleschi avenged society of so much mischief by destroying the tyrant and five of his sons in the same year.

Equally fantastic are the annals of the great house of the Baglioni at Perugia. Raised in 1389 upon the ruins of the bourgeois faction called Raspanti, they founded their tyranny in the person of Pandolfo Baglioni, who was murdered, together with sixty of his clan and followers, by the party they had dispossessed. The new despot, Biordo Michelotti, was stabbed in the shoulders with a poisoned dagger by his relative, the abbot of S. Pietro. Then the city, in 1416, submitted to Braccio da Montone, who raised it to unprecedented power and glory. On his death it fell back into new discords, from which it was rescued again by the Baglioni in 1466, now finally successful in their prolonged warfare with the rival family of Oddi. But they did not hold their despotism in tranquillity. In 1500 one of the members of the house, Grifonetto degli Baglioni, conspired against his kinsmen and slew them in their palaces at night. As told by Matarazzo, this tragedy offers an

epitome of all that is most brilliant and terrible in the domestic feuds of the Italian tyrants.

The vicissitudes of the Bentivogli at Bologna present another series of catastrophes, due less to their personal crimes than to the fury of the civil strife that raged around them. Giovanni Bentivoglio began the dynasty in 1400. The next year he was stabbed to death and pounded in a wine vat by the infuriated populace, who thought he had betrayed their interests in battle. His son, Antonio, was beheaded by a Papal Legate, and numerous members of the family on their return from exile suffered the same fate. In course of time the Bentivogli made themselves adored by the people; and when Piccinino imprisoned the heir of their house, Annibale, in the castle of Varano, four youths of the Marescotti family undertook his rescue at the peril of their lives, and raised him to the signory of Bologna. In 1445 the Canetoli, powerful nobles, who hated the popular dynasty, invited Annibale and all his clan to a christening feast, where they exterminated every member of the reigning house. Not one Bentivoglio was left alive. In revenge for this massacre, the Marescotti, aided by the populace, hunted down the Canetoli for three whole days in Bologna, and nailed their smoking hearts to the doors of the Bentivoglio palace. They then drew from his obscurity in Florence the bastard Santi Bentivoglio, who found himself suddenly lifted from a wool factory to a throne. Whether he was a genuine Bentivoglio or not, mattered little. The house had become necessary to Bologna, and its popularity had been baptized in the bloodshed of four massacres. What remains of its story can be briefly told. When Cesare Borgia besieged Bologna, the Marescotti intrigued with him, and eight of their number were sacrificed by the Bentivogli in spite of their old services to the dynasty. The survivors, by the help of Julius II., returned from exile in 1536, to witness the final banishment of the Bentivogli and to take part in the destruction of the palace, where their ancestors had nailed the hearts of the Canetoli upon the walls.

To multiply the records of crime revenged by crime, of force repelled by violence, of treason heaped on treachery, of insult repaid by fraud, would be easy enough. Indeed, a huge book might be compiled containing nothing but the episodes in this grim history of despotism, now tragic and pathetic, now terror-moving in sublimity of passion, now despicable by the base-

ness of the motives brought to light, at one time revolting through excess of physical horrors, at another fascinating by the spectacle of heroic courage, intelligence, and resolution. Enough however, has been said to describe the atmosphere of danger in which the tyrants breathed and moved, and from which not one of them was ever capable of finding freedom. Even a princely house so well based in its dynasty and so splendid in its parade of culture as that of the Estensi offers a long list of terrific tragedies. One princess is executed for adultery with her stepson (1425); a bastard's bastard tries to seize the throne, and is put to death with all his kin (1498); a wife is poisoned by her husband to prevent her poisoning him (1493); two brothers cabal against the legitimate heads of the house, and are imprisoned for life (1506). Such was the labyrinth of plot and counterplot, of force repelled by violence, in which the princes praised by Ariosto and by Tasso lived.

Isolated, crime-haunted, and remorseless, at the same time fierce and timorous, the despot not unfrequently made of vice a fine art for his amusement, and openly defied humanity. His pleasures tended to extravagance. Inordinate lust and refined cruelty sated his irritable and jaded appetites. He destroyed pity in his soul, and fed his dogs with living men, or spent his brains upon the invention of new tortures. From the game of politics again he won a feverish pleasure, playing for states and cities as a man plays chess, and endeavoring to extract the utmost excitement from the varying turns of skill and chance. It would be an exaggeration to assert that all the princes of Italy were of this sort. The saner, better, and nobler among them — men of the stamp of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, Can Grande della Scala, Francesco and Lodovico Sforza — found a more humane enjoyment in the consolidation of their empire, the cementing of their alliances, the society of learned men, the friendship of great artists, the foundation of libraries, the building of palaces and churches, the execution of vast schemes of conquest. Others, like Galeazzo Visconti, indulged a comparatively innocent taste for magnificence. Some, like Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, combined the vices of a barbarian with the enthusiasm of a scholar. Others again, like Lorenzo de' Medici and Frederick of Urbino, exhibited the model of moderation in statecraft and a noble width of culture. But the tendency to degenerate was fatal in all the despotic houses. The strain of tyranny

proved too strong. Crime, illegality, and the sense of peril, descending from father to son, produced monsters in the shape of men. The last Visconti, the last La Scalas, the last Sforzas, the last Malatestas, the last Farnesi, the last Medici are among the worst specimens of human nature.

Macaulay's brilliant description of the Italian tyrant in his essay on Machiavelli deserves careful study. It may, however, be remarked that the picture is too favorable. Macaulay omits the darker crimes of the despots, and draws his portrait almost exclusively from such men as Gian Galeazzo Visconti, Francesco and Lodovico Sforza, Frederick of Urbino, and Lorenzo de' Medici. The point he is seeking to establish — that political immorality in Italy was the national correlative to Northern brutality — leads him to idealize the polite refinement, the disciplined passions, the firm and astute policy, the power over men, and the excellent government which distinguished the noblest Italian princes. When he says, "Wanton cruelty was not in his nature: on the contrary, where no political object was at stake, his disposition was soft and humane," he seems to have forgotten Gian Maria Visconti, Corrado Trinci, Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, and Cesare Borgia. When he writes, "His passions, like well-trained troops, are impetuous by rule, and in their most headstrong fury never forget the discipline to which they have been accustomed," he leaves Francesco Maria della Rovere, Galeazzo Maria Sforza, Pier Luigi Farnese, Alexander VI., out of the reckoning. If all the despots had been what Macaulay describes, the revolutions and conspiracies of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries would not have taken place. It is, however, to be remarked that in the sixteenth century the conduct of the tyrant toward his subjects assumed an external form of mildness. As Italy mixed with the European nations, and as tyranny came to be legalized in the Italian states, the despots developed a policy not of terrorism but of enervation (Lorenzo de' Medici is the great example), and aspired to be paternal governors.

What I have said about Italian despotism is no mere fancy picture. The actual details of Milanese history, the innumerable tragedies of Lombardy, Romagna, and the Marches of Ancona, during the ascendency of despotic families, are far more terrible than any fiction; nor would it be easy for the imagination to invent so perplexing a mixture of savage barbarism with modern refinement.

SAVONAROLA'S ORDEAL BY FIRE (1498).

By PASQUALE VILLARI.

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HE WAS anxiously expecting replies to the letters sent by his friends, and specially anxious to receive one from France, when suddenly the news came instead, that the messenger directed to the latter country had been robbed by a band of Milanese cut-throats, and that Mazzinghi's letter to the ambassador in France had unfortunately fallen into the hands of the Duke. The haste with which Ludovico forwarded it to Cardinal Ascanio in Rome, the eagerness with which the latter presented it to the Pope, and the rage it excited in him, may be more easily imagined than described. At last the Borgia held in his hands a documentary proof of the audacity of the Friar, against whom all the potentates of Italy were arrayed, and whose enemies were already dominant in Florence. Thus, Savonarola was beleaguered and threatened on all sides, even before the final struggle began. Nevertheless, the course of events was so marvelously rapid, that he had no time to measure the enormity of these unexpected perils before, like a thunderbolt from heaven, another and still worse misfortune befell him.

It was one of those moments in which the popular aspect seems to undergo a magical change. Savonarola's adherents had either disappeared or were in hiding; all Florence now seemed against him. . . . Public attention was stirred towards the end of March by a very strange and unexpected event. A certain Frà Francesco di Puglia, of the order of St. Francis, now delivering the Lenten sermons in St. Croce, had begun to attack Savonarola with singular vehemence and pertinacity. He stigmatized him as a heretic, a schismatic, and a false prophet, and not satisfied with this, challenged him to prove the truth of his doctrines by the ordeal by fire. Similar challenges had been previously offered, but Savonarola had always treated them with merited contempt. But, as it now chanced, Frà Domenico considered himself to be personally challenged,

because he was preaching in his master's stead, and also because, when at Prato the preceding year, the same friar had provoked his wrath by insulting words against Savonarola's doctrines. They had then agreed to hold a public discussion; but on the appointed day the Franciscan, notwithstanding that he was the aggressor and had even then proposed the ordeal by fire, hurried from the city, under pretext of having been summoned to Florence by his superiors.

Accordingly, no sooner was Frà Domenico informed of the fresh provocation offered by the Franciscan, than he hastened to publish his "Conclusions," and declared that he would willingly go through the ordeal by fire since Savonarola must reserve himself for greater things. As he was not one to shrink from his word, the affair had already become serious before Savonarola had time to think of preventing it. But when the Franciscan saw that Frà Domenico was in earnest, he instantly sought a pretext to draw back. He went about repeating that "his quarrel was with Savonarola alone, and that although he expected to be consumed, he was ready to enter the fire with him in order to procure the destruction of that disseminator of scandal and false doctrine; but would have nothing to do with Frà Domenico." This wretched affair might have well ended here, for Savonarola severely reproved Frà Domenico's superfluous zeal, and the Franciscan was only too glad to seize a chance of escape. But, on the contrary, just when the contest seemed on the point of dying out, it suddenly burst forth afresh.

The Compagnacci were gathered together at one of their accustomed banquets. Dressed in silken attire, and feasting on delicate viands and excellent wines, they consulted on the matter, and decided to do their utmost to bring the ordeal to pass. "If Savonarola enters the fire," they said, "he will undoubtedly be burnt; if he refuses to enter it, he will lose all credit with his followers; we shall have an opportunity of rousing a tumult, and during the tumult shall be able to seize on his person." Some of them, indeed, hoped to have a chance of killing him. They accordingly applied to the Signory and found its members perfectly willing not only to help, but even to assume the direction of their shameful plot. For they caused the disputed "Conclusions" to be transcribed by the Government notary, and publicly invited the signatures of all who wished to maintain or contest them by the ordeal of fire.

It was truly monstrous that the chief authorities of the State should take so active a part in this affair; but no scruples withheld them from seeking to achieve their design. Nor was it difficult of achievement, for Frà Domenico was no longer to be kept in check by any power on earth, and instantly appending his name to the document, almost prayed to be allowed to go through the ordeal. But it proved very difficult to induce the Franciscan, who had first started the scandalous business, to do the same. He presented himself to the Signory on the 28th of March, with another written declaration to the effect that — "although aware of his inferiority to Frà Girolamo in doctrine and goodness, he was ready to go through the fire with him; but that with Frà Domenico he had no concern." He would present some one else to pass the ordeal with the latter, and, in fact, he proposed Frà Giuliano Rondinelli, who did not appear, however, at the palace. Then it was whispered about that in no case would they enter the fire; that it was only intended to burn a few friars of St. Mark's in order to crush Savonarola, and that if this plan failed, some way would be found to quash the affair altogether. These assurances were given by the Signory as well as by the Compagnacci. All that could be settled after much insistence was that the Franciscan should sign a declaration to the effect that he would pass through the fire with Frà Girolamo, if the latter wished to make the trial, and expressly adding that this was done *at the desire and request of the Magnificent Signory.* As regarded going through the ordeal with Frà Domenico, it was only on the 30th of March, and with great reluctance, that Rondinelli could be persuaded to sign the challenge; even then he added the explicit avowal "that he would enter the fire, although certain that he should be burnt; and only for his soul's salvation." This wretched monk was a mere tool in the hands of the savage Compagnacci and the crafty Franciscan. Thus the Signory of Florence shamelessly agreed to organize an affair that was a degradation to the dignity of their office, and could only result in the shedding of innocent blood and the gravest danger to the Republic.

The matter had gone so far, that on the same day (30th of March) a numerous Pratica was assembled to discuss the question of the ordeal by fire. Some of those present seemed heartily disgusted with the proceedings of the Signory; but the majority shared the views of Carlo Canigiani, who said: "That this was a Church affair, rather to be discussed in Rome

where saints are canonized than in this palace, where it is fitter to treat of war and finance. Nevertheless, if it be really desired that the trial by fire should take place, let us at least consider whether it will be likely to crush discord or not." The same indifference was shown by other speakers, who all concluded by saying that everything must be referred to the Pope or the Vicar. Girolamo Rucellai said, in addition: "It seems to me that too much noise is made about this trial by fire; the only important point to us is to be rid of friars and non-friars, Arrabbiati and non-Arrabbiati, and to try to keep the citizens at peace. Nevertheless if it be deemed that this trial will restore concord in the city, let them go not only into the fire, but into the water, up in the air or down into the earth; meanwhile let our care be for the city, not for these monks." In real truth all were inclined for the ordeal, and Filippo Giugni, turning the whole thing into ridicule, cynically remarked: "To me, fire seems a strange thing, and I should be very unwilling to pass through it. A trial by water would be less dangerous, and if Frà Girolamo went through it without getting wet, I would certainly join in asking his pardon." And the gist of his speech was, that it would be best to be well rid of the Friar by consigning him without delay to the Pope. Giovanni Canacci, on the other hand, although likewise opposed to Savonarola, rose in great agitation, and almost with tears in his eyes, exclaimed: "When I hear such things as these said, I scarcely know whether life or death is most to be desired. I truly believe that if our forefathers, the founders of this city, could have divined that a like question would ever be discussed here, and that we were to become the jest and opprobrium of the whole world, they would have indignantly refused to have anything to do with us. And now our city is come to a worse pass than for many long years; and one sees that it is all in confusion. Wherefore I would implore your Excellencies to deliver our people from all this wretchedness at any cost, either by fire, air, water, or any means you choose. *Iterum:* I pray your Excellencies to put an end to these things in order that no misery nor hurt may befall our city." The rest of the speakers all agreed in one way or another that the ordeal should take place. It was truly an afflicting sight to see the inhabitants of the most cultured and civilized city in the world assembled at their rulers' command to seriously discuss the advisability of lighting so barbarous a pyre. And it was still

more afflicting to find that all were in favor of the ordeal, merely for the sake of concluding the affair, and without even the excuse of any genuine religious fanaticism.

The same evening the ordeal was decided upon with the utmost speed. Savonarola was to be exiled if one of the Dominicans should perish, and Frà Francesco, if one of the Minorites. It was also shamelessly decreed that in case both the champions were consumed, the Dominicans alone should be punished. But if the ordeal should not take place, the party who prevented it would be exiled, or both parties, if both were equally unwilling to face it. Accordingly, the trial by fire was no longer to be evaded, and the Signory, after first abetting, now almost insisted upon it. The Pope was entirely with them in the matter, but in his official communications, through Bonsi, with the Ten, whom he knew to be Savonarola's friends, he refused his consent to the ordeal, and even feigned to disapprove of it. Nor was he altogether insincere, for it was only natural that he should hesitate, in the impossibility, at that distance, of foretelling the final result. Savonarola, meanwhile, was inflamed with indignation against these foes whose diabolical plots and party passions were disguised under a semblance of religious zeal. He was also persuaded that the Minorite friars would never have the courage to pass through the fire, for he knew that they were reluctantly obeying the suggestions of the Arrabbiati. He desired and, in truth, did his utmost to prevent the experiment, and discerned that he would have a better chance of succeeding if one of his disciples came forward in his stead. Most certainly, had Savonarola presented himself as champion, his enemies would have done all in their power to have him burnt, either alone or at the price of another innocent life. Nevertheless — such are the contradictions of the human mind — he had a secret belief that if the trial were really made, it would end triumphantly for him, and, accordingly, did not put forth all his energy to prevent it. He told himself that Frà Domenico's daring ardor must undoubtedly be inspired by God. In fact, according to his theories, it was neither strange nor difficult to conceive that the Lord would perform a miracle in order to confound the Arrabbiati and establish the truth of the new doctrine. He had frequently declared to the people that his words would be confirmed by supernatural evidence: the moment for this seemed at hand, hence the general and almost frantic eagerness to wit-

ness the result of the ordeal. The Piagnoni were even more anxious for it than the rest, for they hoped and believed that when the crisis came their Master would be unable to refrain from entering the fire himself, and that a miracle would be accomplished.

Nothing else was spoken of in Florence, and although Savonarola disapproved of the trial, and opposed it as far as was possible, he secretly exulted in Frà Domenico's zeal, almost rejoicing to see how all things combined to render the ordeal an absolute necessity. Besides, there were the visions of Frà Silvestro, who declared that he had beheld the guardian angels of Frà Girolamo and Frà Domenico, and been assured by them that the latter would go through the flames unhurt. We also know Savonarola's blind faith in Silvestro's visions. All this, joined to Frà Domenico's genuine enthusiasm, which was communicated to others with almost lightning speed, stirred the monks of St. Mark's and their friends to the highest pitch of excitement. On the 1st of April Savonarola summoned his trustiest adherents to St. Mark's, and preached them a short sermon, in which he described the real state of affairs, whereupon his hearers declared with one voice their readiness to enter the fire. Two days later, in fact, the friars addressed a letter to the Pope, saying that about three hundred of their number and many laymen were prepared to pass through the fire in defense of their Master's doctrines. Accordingly, being thus pressed on all sides, Savonarola sent in the list of their names to the Signory, with a declaration to the effect that he would depute one of his monks to meet every Minorite brother who came forward, and adding that if the trial should really take place, he was persuaded that it would result in the triumph of his followers.

At the same time he brought out a printed exposition of his theories — that was practically a reply to the accusations which were then being heaped upon him. In this he said: "I have too great a work on hand to stoop to join in these wretched disputes. If the adversaries who first provoked us, and then sought a thousand excuses, would publicly bind themselves to put to the issue by this test the decision of our cause and of the reform of the Church, I would no longer hesitate to enter the fire, and should feel assured of passing through it unharmed. But if it be their intent to prove by fire the validity of the sentence of excommunication, let them rather reply to the arguments we

have brought forward. Would they, perhaps, combat our prophecies by fire? Yet we neither compel nor exhort any man to believe in them more than he feel able. We only exhort all to lead righteous lives, and for this the fire of charity and the miracle of faith are required; all the rest is of no avail. Our adversaries, by whom this thing has been instigated, declare that they will assuredly perish, thereby confessing that they are their own murderers. We, on the contrary, have been provoked to this trial and forced to accept it, because the honor of God and of religion is at stake. Those who feel truly inspired by the Lord will certainly issue unhurt from the flames, if the experiment should verily take place, of which we are by no means assured. As to me, I reserve myself for a greater work, for which I shall ever be ready to lay down my life. The time will come when the Lord shall vouchsafe supernatural signs and tokens; but this certainly cannot be at the command or at the pleasure of man. For the present let it suffice ye to see that, by sending some of our brethren, we shall be equally exposed to the wrath of the people in case the Lord should not allow them to pass through the fire unhurt."

Frà Domenico's enthusiasm was beginning to convince not only Savonarola himself, but even the most distrustful, that God had really appointed him to this work. Men's minds were increasingly inflamed. Piagnoni and Arrabbiati awaited the day of the trial with equal anxiety, though for different ends. Men, women, and children continued to propose themselves as champions; and although, in many cases, this was empty bravado, others came forward in all sincerity. On the 2d of April Frà Malatesta Sacramoro and Frà Roberto Salviati went to subscribe their names as champions of St. Mark's, alleging that they too had received a call from the Lord. Thereupon, to insure greater publicity, the convention was officially given to the world in print, with all the signatures of the opposing factions. The Ten, hitherto invariably well disposed to Savonarola, sent these papers to Rome, with a full and exact account of all that had occurred, and again requested the Pontiff's consent to the ordeal, which, in appearance at least, he still disapproved.

Finally the 6th of April was fixed for this singular contest. Frà Domenico and Frà Giuliano Rondinelli were the two champions chosen by common accord. For many days past the doors of St. Mark's had been closed, and the brethren absorbed in

continual prayer. On the evening of the 5th, however, they received a message from the Signory to the effect that the trial was postponed to the 7th of April. The cause of this change was unknown; but some said that the Signory was awaiting a prohibitory Brief from Rome in order to have an excuse for putting a stop to the whole thing. The government, in fact, was already beginning to hesitate, fearing to have gone too far. For it had never anticipated finding so much resolution in the monks of St. Mark's, or so much poltroonery in the Minorites, who now insisted that some pledges should be given them as to the manner in which they were to pass through the fire unscathed. Accordingly, on the following day, 6th of April, a new decree was issued to modify that of the 30th of March, proclaiming that, "In the event of Frà Domenico being consumed, Frà Girolamo is to quit the Florentine territory within the space of three hours. . . ." No allusion was made to the Minorite friars, since it was intended in any case to insure their safety, and especially since Rondinelli had declared his conviction that he should perish if he entered the fire. On the same day Savonarola delivered another brief address, warmly exhorting all the faithful to be instant in prayer.

The 7th of April came, but not the expected Brief from Rome; and all Florence was panting for the novel sight that, as it now seemed, must inevitably take place. Everything was prepared for it, and every one hoped to make it serve his own ends: the Compagnacci and Arrabbiati sought an opportunity for dispatching the Friar; the Minorites to find some excuse for escaping the danger; the Signory were ready to favor any plan that might be hurtful to Savonarola; and the Piagnoni hoped that the ordeal would establish their triumph. Thus, public passions being more and more heated, the two parties decided to come to the Piazza with armed escorts in order to secure their safety in the event of a riot. Even the Signory were extremely uneasy, and after ordering the platform to be constructed, took every kind of precaution as if in dread of a revolt. Only three inlets to the Piazza were to be left open, and these guarded by armed men; no citizen was to come armed, and neither women nor children were to be admitted. The palace was filled with the Friar's adversaries, the city gates were to be kept closed, and the troops, stationed in different parts of the territory, prohibited under pain of death from leaving their posts, save by express command of the

Signory, and bidden to obey no orders to the contrary even from the Ten. Further, to prevent either of the two parties from disturbing the peace on the Piazza, Francesco Gualterotti and Giovan Battista Ridolfi were charged to keep watch over the friars of St. Mark's, Piero degli Alberti and Tommaso Antinori over the Minorites. And Savonarola was so distrustful of his adversaries' good faith that, on the morning of the appointed day, he sent Francesco Davanzati to the palace to implore the Ten, who still remained faithful to him, to take measures to prevent either of the champions from shirking the ordeal and leaving his competitor alone in the flames. He therefore requested that the pyre should be lighted on the one side, while the friars entered it from the other, and that the torch should then be applied to close the way behind them. He likewise entreated that the ordeal might take place before the dinner hour, so that the minds of his followers might be clear and unobscured. While the final preparations were being made on the Piazza, he celebrated high mass in St. Mark's, afterwards delivered a short discourse to the assembled people, and even now at the last hour was unable to conceal his doubts. "I cannot assure ye that the trial will be made, since the matter depends in no wise on ourselves; but this I can tell ye, that if it really take place, victory will certainly be on our side. O Lord, we felt in no need of miraculous proofs in order to believe the truth; but we have been provoked to this trial, and could not fail to stand up for our honor. We are certain that the evil one will not be able to turn this thing to the hurt of Thy honor or against Thy will, wherefore we go forth to combat for Thee; but our adversaries worship another God, inasmuch as their works are too diverse from ours. O Lord, this people desires naught save to serve Thee. Wilt thou serve the Lord, O my people?" Hereupon all signified their assent in a loud voice. Savonarola then recommended his male hearers to offer up prayers in the Church, while he prepared his friars to march to the Piazza, and the women to remain in fervent devotion until the ordeal was over. At that moment the mace bearers of the Signory came to announce that all was in readiness, and the friars of St. Mark's immediately set forth in procession.

They marched slowly, two and two, numbering about two hundred in all, and with a crucifix borne aloft in front. Frà Domenico followed, arrayed in a cope of fiery red velvet, and bearing a great cross in his hand. He was accompanied by a

deacon and subdeacon; his head was erect, his countenance calm. After him came Savonarola, carrying the Host with Frà Francesco Salviati on one side, and Frà Malatesta Sacramoro on the other. Behind them marched a great multitude of people bearing lighted torches, and chanting the Psalm: *Exurgat Deus et dissipentur inimici eius.* On nearing the Piazza, towards the 21st hour of the day, they passed two by two between the armed men guarding the ends of the streets; and directly they appeared among the crowd already awaiting them on the Piazza, all joined in their chants with such tremendous vigor as almost to shake the earth. There was an innumerable throng; it seemed as though all the inhabitants of the city were gathered together; all the windows of the houses round the Square, all balconies and roofs were crowded with spectators; many children were clinging to railings, or perched upon columns and statues, in order to see the sight; some were even hanging from the walls, and had occupied their posts since the break of day.

The Loggia of the Signory had been divided in two by a partition: the Minorites occupied the half nearest the palace; while the Dominicans were stationed round a little altar that had been erected in the other. Having placed the Sacrament on this altar, Frà Domenico knelt before it, absorbed in prayer; while his companions stood about him in silence. A guard of three hundred infantry was drawn up in front of the Loggia, under the command of Marcuccio Salviati, composed of valiant soldiers, all stanch adherents of the Convent of St. Mark's. But under the Tetto de' Pisani, several hundred of the Compagnacci stood at arms, with Doffo Spini at their head; and in front, and about the palace were five hundred of the Signory's guards, commanded by Giovacchino della Vecchia, in addition to the soldiers posted at the openings of the streets. Thus the Piazza was held by about a thousand men, prepared to attack Savonarola at a moment's notice; yet he contemplated his dangerous position with the utmost serenity, and quietly turned his eyes towards the platform already piled with bundles of wood. This strange erection was about eighty feet in length, and projected across the Piazza from the Marzocco in the direction of the Tetto de' Pisani. It was about ten feet wide at the base, two and a half in height, and covered with earth and bricks. On this substratum the combustibles — wood, gunpowder, oil, pitch, and resin — were stacked in two banks,

with a space, about two feet wide, left between for the passage of the rival champions. All was prepared; the friars had only to come forth, and the torch would be laid to the pile. Up to this moment Savonarola had temporized and done his best to prevent the ordeal, while the Minorites, on the contrary, had dared him to it, and hurried it on; but in sight of the pile ready to be fired, the *rôles* were exchanged. Stirred by the presence of the crowd, the solemn chants of his friars, and the truly heroic enthusiasm of Frà Domenico, who, after earnest prayer, showed the utmost eagerness to enter the flames, Savonarola was now firmly convinced that the Lord would come to his disciple's aid, and accordingly desired to end all delay. But neither Francesco di Puglia, who had challenged the ordeal, nor Giuliano Rondinelli, who was to face it, had as yet appeared under the Loggia, but were tarrying in the palace, in secret debate with the Signory. The latter, instead of coming down to the Ringhiera, to witness the solemn drama that was shortly to begin, continued their discussions, and were apparently uncertain what course to adopt. And while all were waiting for the Minorite, and for the signal from the Signory, the members of the Government shamelessly sent to ask the Dominicans why they did not begin. Frà Domenico trembled with rage, and Savonarola replied that the Signory would do well to hurry the matter on, and no longer to keep the people in suspense.

Then the Minorites, being driven to the wall, began to put forth numerous pretexts for delay. With the aid of Piero degli Alberti, a bitter enemy to Savonarola, and deputed to preside over the ordeal, they caused it to be noised about that as Savonarola might have cast a magic spell over Domenico's red cope, that vestment must consequently be removed. The champion and his master both replied that a written contract had been made and subscribed, to prevent all disputes; that they had no belief in spells, and would leave their opponents to resort to them. Nevertheless, the demand was so strenuously urged, that Frà Domenico yielded to it, and removed his cope. Thereupon, the Minorites alleged fresh pretexts, declaring that the friar's robes might likewise be enchanted; and again Frà Domenico gave way, and showed his readiness to exchange clothes with any one of his companions. He was accordingly led into the palace, and after being entirely stripped, was clad in the robes of the Dominican brother, Alessandro Strozzi. On returning to the Piazza, he was next forbidden to stand

near Savonarola, lest the latter might reënchant him; and by his Prior's request, Frà Domenico submitted to being surrounded by the Minorites. During this crisis, his patience equaled his courage; and in his great yearning to pass through the fire, he was ready to concede every point.

Nevertheless, the champion of the opposite party still lingered in the palace with Francesco di Puglia, and had not yet appeared. Savonarola was already becoming uneasy at this; and his suspicions were increased by the consultation going on between the citizens and the Minorites, and the manifest favor shown to the latter. The persons appointed to preside over the trial invariably sided with those friars, and let them do as they pleased; accordingly, Savonarola sent another pressing message to the palace in order to put an end to the suspense. But at the same moment, the two Minorites asked and obtained another private interview with the Signory. What passed between them is unknown, but it now became increasingly evident that the whole business of the ordeal was no more than a cunningly arranged trick to entrap Savonarola and the community of St. Mark's.

The patience of the multitude was now coming to an end. All had been assembled in the Piazza for many hours; the greater part of them were fasting since the dawn, and almost infuriated by the weariness of fruitless expectation. Hoarse murmurs arose on every side, followed by seditious cries; and the Arrabbiati, who had been eagerly watching for this moment, instantly tried to profit by it. A groom in the service of Giovanni Manetti succeeded in exciting a riot, and suddenly all the Piazza was in a tumult. Many of the outlets being closed, the people found themselves surrounded and hedged in; and accordingly made a rush for the palace. This seems to have been the moment fixed by the Arrabbiati for laying violent hands on the Friar, and making an end of him on the spot. They attempted to do so, in fact; but Salviati concentrated his men in front of the Loggia, and tracing a line on the ground with his sword, exclaimed: "Whoever dares to cross this line shall taste the steel of Marcuccio Salviati;" and so resolute was his tone that no one dared to press forward. At the same time, as it chanced, the foreign troops of the Signory, bewildered by the suddenness of the tumult, and seeing the people surging towards the palace, energetically drove them back.

Thereupon, order being apparently restored, the people were

quieted, and more eager than before to witness the ordeal; but the Signory were increasingly perplexed. Then came a tremendous storm shower with thunder and lightning; so that many thought this would naturally put a stop to everything. But in their thirst for the promised spectacle, the people never stirred; the rain ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and all remained in the same state of uncertainty. The Minorite friar was still invisible; and his companions began to raise fresh objections. They insisted that Frà Domenico should relinquish the crucifix he held in his hand, and he immediately let it go, saying that he would enter the fire bearing the Host instead. But this led to fresh and fiercer dispute, the Minorites declaring that he wished to destroy the consecrated wafer. But now Frà Domenico began to lose patience, and refused to give way, maintaining with Savonarola, that, in any case, only the accidental husk would be consumed, the substance of the sacrament remaining intact; and quoted the arguments of many theologians to this effect. On meeting with some contradiction at last, his adversaries assailed Savonarola with still greater vehemence, in the hope of creating fresh delay. While they were disputing, the evening began to close in, and the puzzled Signory took advantage of this to proclaim that it was now impossible for the ordeal to take place.

The indignation of the people then passed all bounds, and, as no one exactly knew whose was the blame, most of them accused Savonarola: even the Piagnoni declared that he ought to have entered the fire alone, if none would go with him, for the sake of giving a final and indisputable proof of his supernatural power. And then the Arrabbiati and the Signory caused it to be rumored about that his fraud had been unmasked; that after provoking the trial, he had refused to pass through the flames, and similar falsehoods; while the Minorites impudently claimed the victory, although their champion had remained concealed in the palace, without so much as daring to glance at the pyre prepared for him. Accordingly the whole city rang with menacing cries against Savonarola and St. Mark's. The Dominicans had a hard struggle to regain the Convent in safety, although escorted by the soldiers of Marcuccio Salviati, who, surrounding Savonarola and Frà Domenico with a band of his bravest men, courageously protected them, sword in hand, from the insults of an infuriated mob, egged on by the Compagnacci.

On finally reaching the church, where the female congregation still knelt in prayer, Savonarola mounted the pulpit, and gave a brief summary of all that had occurred, while the Piazza outside was still echoing with the mad yells of his foes. Then, having dismissed his hearers, he withdrew to his cell, overcome with a grief too deep for words.

The Minorites, on the contrary, were exultant; and afterwards the Signory assigned them, for twenty years, a pension of sixty lire, payable every 7th of April, *in reward for their services on that day.* Nevertheless, the first time they sent to demand the sum, the Camarlingo of the Bank was so enraged by their baseness, that in paying out the money, he exclaimed: "Here, take the price of the blood ye betrayed!"

The Signory must have incurred considerable expense in preparations for this strange and fatal ordeal. There is a memorandum to the effect that 662 *lire* 15*s.* 8*d.* were paid for combustibles and in wages to men who worked by torchlight as well as all day. An additional sum of 111 *lire* was spent on food and drink for the numerous guards and citizens employed in various ways on that day. There were also other incidental expenses.

ROMOLA.

By GEORGE ELIOT.

[George Eliot, pseudonym of Mrs. Marian Evans Cross: A famous English novelist; born in Warwickshire, England, November 22, 1819. After the death of her father (1849) she settled in London, where she became assistant editor of the *Westminster Review* (1851). In 1854 she formed a union with George Henry Lewes, and after his death married, in 1880, John Walter Cross. "Scenes of Clerical Life" first established her reputation as a writer, and was followed by the novels "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Romola," "Felix Holt," "Middlemarch," and "Daniel Deronda." Among her other works may be mentioned "The Spanish Gypsy," a drama, and the poems "Agatha," "The Legend of Jubal," and "Armgart."]

Romola's Waking.

Romola in her boat passed from dreaming into long deep sleep, and then again from deep sleep into busy dreaming, till at last she felt herself stretching out her arms in the court of the Bargello, where the flickering flames of the tapers seemed

to get stronger and stronger till the dark scene was blotted out with light. Her eyes opened and she saw it was the light of morning. Her boat was lying still in a little creek; on her right hand lay the speckless sapphire-blue of the Mediterranean; on her left one of those scenes which were and still are repeated again and again like a sweet rhythm, on the shores of that loveliest sea.

In a deep curve of the mountains lay a breadth of green land, curtained by gentle tree-shadowed slopes leaning towards the rocky heights. Up these slopes might be seen here and there, gleaming between the tree tops, a pathway leading to a little irregular mass of building that seemed to have clambered in a hasty way up the mountain side, and taken a difficult stand there for the sake of showing the tall belfry as a sight of beauty to the scattered and clustered houses of the village below. The rays of the newly risen sun fell obliquely on the westward horn of this crescent-shaped nook: all else lay in dewy shadow. No sound came across the stillness; the very waters seemed to have curved themselves there for rest.

The delicious sun rays fell on Romola and thrilled her gently like a caress. She lay motionless, hardly watching the scene; rather, feeling simply the presence of peace and beauty. While we are still in our youth there can always come, in our early waking, moments when mere passive existence is itself a Lethe, when the exquisiteness of subtle indefinite sensation creates a bliss which is without memory and without desire. As the soft warmth penetrated Romola's young limbs, as her eyes rested on this sequestered luxuriance, it seemed that the agitating past had glided away like that dark scene in the Bargello, and that the afternoon dreams of her girlhood had really come back to her. For a minute or two the oblivion was untroubled; she did not even think that she could rest here forever, she only felt that she rested. Then she became distinctly conscious that she was lying in the boat which had been bearing her over the waters all through the night. Instead of bringing her to death, it had been the gently lulling cradle of a new life. And in spite of her evening despair she was glad that the morning had come to her again: glad to think that she was resting in the familiar sunlight rather than in the unknown regions of death. *Could* she not rest here? No sound from Florence would reach her. Already oblivion was troubled: from behind the golden haze were piercing

domes and towers and walls, parted by a river and inclosed by the green hills.

She rose from her reclining posture and sat up in the boat, willing, if she could, to resist the rush of thoughts that urged themselves along with the conjecture how far the boat had carried her. Why need she mind? This was a sheltered nook where there were simple villagers who would not harm her. For a little while, at least, she might rest and resolve on nothing. Presently she would go and get some bread and milk, and then she would nestle in the green quiet, and feel that there was a pause in her life. She turned to watch the crescent-shaped valley, that she might get back the soothing sense of peace and beauty which she had felt in her first waking.

She had not been in this attitude of contemplation more than a few minutes when across the stillness there came a piercing cry; not a brief cry, but continuous and more and more intense. Romola felt sure it was the cry of a little child in distress that no one came to help. She started up and put one foot on the side of the boat ready to leap on to the beach; but she paused there and listened: the mother of the child must be near, the cry must soon cease. But it went on, and drew Romola so irresistibly, seeming the more piteous to her for the sense of peace which had preceded it, that she jumped on to the beach and walked many paces before she knew what direction she would take. The cry, she thought, came from some rough garden growth many yards on her right hand, where she saw a half-ruined hovel. She climbed over a low broken stone fence, and made her way across patches of weedy green crops and ripe but neglected corn. The cry grew plainer, and convinced that she was right she hastened towards the hovel; but even in that hurried walk she felt an oppressive change in the air as she left the sea behind. Was there some taint lurking among the green luxuriance that had seemed such an inviting shelter from the heat of the coming day? She could see the opening into the hovel now, and the cry was darting through her like a pain. The next moment her foot was within the doorway, but the sight she beheld in the somber light arrested her with a shock of awe and horror. On the straw, with which the floor was scattered, lay three dead bodies, one of a tall man, one of a girl about eight years old, and one of a young woman whose long black hair was being clutched and pulled by a living child — the child that was sending forth

the piercing cry. Romola's experience in the haunts of death and disease made thought and action prompt: she lifted the little living child, and in trying to soothe it on her bosom, still bent to look at the bodies and see if they were really dead. The strongly marked type of race in their features, and their peculiar garb, made her conjecture that they were Spanish or Portuguese Jews, who had perhaps been put ashore and abandoned there by rapacious sailors, to whom their property remained as a prey. Such things were happening continually to Jews compelled to abandon their homes by the Inquisition: the cruelty of greed thrust them from the sea, and the cruelty of superstition thrust them back to it.

"But, surely," thought Romola, "I shall find some woman in the village whose mother's heart will not let her refuse to tend this helpless child — if the real mother is indeed dead."

This doubt remained, because while the man and girl looked emaciated and also showed signs of having been long dead, the woman seemed to have been hardier, and had not quite lost the robustness of her form. Romola, kneeling, was about to lay her hand on the heart; but as she lifted the piece of yellow woolen drapery that lay across the bosom, she saw the purple spots which marked the familiar pestilence. Then it struck her that if the villagers knew of this, she might have more difficulty than she had expected in getting help from them; they would perhaps shrink from her with that child in her arms. But she had money to offer them, and they would not refuse to give her some goat's milk in exchange for it.

She set out at once towards the village, her mind filled now with the effort to soothe the little dark creature, and with wondering how she should win some woman to be good to it. She could not help hoping a little in a certain awe she had observed herself to inspire, when she appeared, unknown and unexpected, in her religious dress. As she passed across a breadth of cultivated ground, she noticed, with wonder, that little patches of corn mingled with the other crops had been left to overripeness untouched by the sickle, and that golden apples and dark figs lay rotting on the weedy earth. There were grassy spaces within sight, but no cow, or sheep, or goat. The stillness began to have something fearful in it to Romola; she hurried along towards the thickest cluster of houses, where there would be the most life to appeal to on behalf of the helpless life she carried in her arms. But she had picked up two

figs, and bit little pieces from the sweet pulp to still the child with.

She entered between two lines of dwellings. It was time that villagers should have been stirring long ago, but not a soul was in sight. The air was becoming more and more oppressive, laden, it seemed, with some horrible impurity. There was a door open; she looked in, and saw grim emptiness. Another open door; and through that she saw a man lying dead with all his garments on, his head lying athwart a spade handle, and an earthenware cruse in his hand, as if he had fallen suddenly.

Romola felt horror taking possession of her. Was she in a village of the unburied dead? She wanted to listen if there were any faint sound, but the child cried out afresh when she ceased to feed it, and the cry filled her ears. At last she saw a figure crawling slowly out of a house, and soon sinking back in a sitting posture against the wall. She hastened towards the figure; it was a young woman in fevered anguish, and she, too, held a pitcher in her hand. As Romola approached her she did not start; the one need was too absorbing for any other idea to impress itself on her.

"Water! get me water!" she said, with a moaning utterance.

Romola stooped to take the pitcher, and said gently in her ear, "You shall have water; can you point towards the well?"

The hand was lifted towards the more distant end of the little street, and Romola set off at once with as much speed as she could use under the difficulty of carrying the pitcher as well as feeding the child. But the little one was getting more content as the morsels of sweet pulp were repeated, and ceased to distress her with its cry, so that she could give a less distracted attention to the objects around her.

The well lay twenty yards or more beyond the end of the street, and as Romola was approaching it her eyes were directed to the opposite green slope immediately below the church. High up, on a patch of grass between the trees, she had descried a cow and a couple of goats, and she tried to trace a line of path that would lead her close to that cheering sight, when once she had done her errand to the well. Occupied in this way, she was not aware that she was very near the well, and that some one approaching it on the other side had fixed a pair of astonished eyes upon her.

Romola certainly presented a sight which, at that moment and in that place, could hardly have been seen without some pausing and palpitation. With her gaze fixed intently on the distant slope, the long lines of her thick gray garment giving a gliding character to her rapid walk, her hair rolling backward and illuminated on the left side by the sun rays, the little olive baby on her right arm now looking out with jet-black eyes, she might well startle that youth of fifteen, accustomed to swing the censer in the presence of a Madonna less fair and marvelous than this.

"She carries a pitcher in her hand — to fetch water for the sick. It is the Holy Mother, come to take care of the people who have the pestilence."

It was a sight of awe: she would, perhaps, be angry with those who fetched water for themselves only. The youth flung down his vessel in terror, and Romola, aware now of some one near her, saw the black and white figure fly as if for dear life towards the slope she had just been contemplating. But remembering the parched sufferer, she half filled her pitcher quickly and hastened back.

Entering the house to look for a small cup, she saw salt meat and meal: there were no signs of want in the dwelling. With nimble movement she seated baby on the ground, and lifted a cup of water to the sufferer, who drank eagerly and then closed her eyes and leaned her head backward, seeming to give herself up to the sense of relief. Presently she opened her eyes, and, looking at Romola, said languidly: —

"Who are you?"

"I came over the sea," said Romola. "I only came this morning. Are all the people dead in these houses?"

"I think they are all ill now — all that are not dead. My father and my sister lie dead upstairs, and there is no one to bury them: and soon I shall die."

"Not so, I hope," said Romola. "I am come to take care of you. I am used to the pestilence; I am not afraid. But there must be some left who are not ill. I saw a youth running towards the mountain when I went to the well."

"I cannot tell. When the pestilence came, a great many people went away, and drove off the cows and goats. Give me more water!"

Romola, suspecting that if she followed the direction of the youth's flight, she should find some men and women who were

still healthy and able, determined to seek them out at once, that she might at least win them to take care of the child, and leave her free to come back and see how many living needed help, and how many dead needed burial. She trusted to her powers of persuasion to conquer the aid of the timorous, when once she knew what was to be done.

Promising the sick woman to come back to her, she lifted the dark bantling again, and set off towards the slope. She felt no burden of choice on her now, no longing for death. She was thinking how she would go to the other sufferers, as she had gone to that fevered woman.

But, with the child on her arm, it was not so easy to her as usual to walk up a slope, and it seemed a long while before the winding path took her near the cow and the goats. She was beginning herself to feel faint from heat, hunger, and thirst, and as she reached a double turning, she paused to consider whether she would not wait near the cow, which some one was likely to come and milk soon, rather than toil up to the church before she had taken any rest. Raising her eyes to measure the steep distance, she saw peeping between the boughs, not more than five yards off, a broad round face, watching her attentively, and lower down the black skirt of a priest's garment, and a hand grasping a bucket. She stood mutely observing, and the face, too, remained motionless. Romola had often witnessed the overpowering force of dread in cases of pestilence, and she was cautious.

Raising her voice in a tone of gentle pleading, she said, "I came over the sea. I am hungry, and so is the child. Will you not give us some milk?"

Romola had divined part of the truth, but she had not divined that preoccupation of the priest's mind which charged her words with a strange significance. Only a little while ago, the young acolyte had brought word to the Padre that he had seen the Holy Mother with the Babe, fetching water for the sick: she was as tall as the cypresses, and had a light about her head, and she looked up at the church. The pievano[1] had not listened with entire belief: he had been more than fifty years in the world without having any vision of the Madonna, and he thought the boy might have misinterpreted the unexpected appearance of a villager. But he had been made uneasy, and before venturing to come down and milk his

[1] Parish priest.

cow, he had repeated many Aves. The pievano's conscience tormented him a little: he trembled at the pestilence, but he also trembled at the thought of the mild-faced Mother, conscious that that Invisible Mercy might demand something more of him than prayers and "Hails." In this state of mind — unable to banish the image the boy had raised of the Mother with the glory about her tending the sick — the pievano had come down to milk his cow, and had suddenly caught sight of Romola pausing at the parted way. Her pleading words, with their strange refinement of tone and accent, instead of being explanatory, had a preternatural sound for him. Yet he did not quite believe he saw the Holy Mother: he was in a state of alarmed hesitation. If anything miraculous were happening, he felt there was no strong presumption that the miracle would be in his favor. He dared not run away; he dared not advance.

"Come down," said Romola, after a pause. "Do not fear. Fear rather to deny food to the hungry when they ask you."

A moment after, the boughs were parted, and the complete figure of a thickset priest with a broad, harmless face, his black frock much worn and soiled, stood, bucket in hand, looking at her timidly, and still keeping aloof as he took the path towards the cow in silence.

Romola followed him and watched him without speaking again, as he seated himself against the tethered cow, and, when he had nervously drawn some milk, gave it to her in a brass cup he carried with him in the bucket. As Romola put the cup to the lips of the eager child, and afterwards drank some milk herself, the Padre observed her from his wooden stool with a timidity that changed its character a little. He recognized the Hebrew baby, he was certain that he had a substantial woman before him; but there was still something strange and unaccountable in Romola's presence in this spot, and the Padre had a presentiment that things were going to change with him. Moreover, that Hebrew baby was terribly associated with the dread of pestilence.

Nevertheless, when Romola smiled at the little one sucking its own milky lips, and stretched out the brass cup again, saying, "Give us more, good father," he obeyed less nervously than before.

Romola on her side was not unobservant; and when the

second supply of milk had been drunk, she looked down at the round-headed man, and said with mild decision: —

"And now tell me, father, how this pestilence came, and why you let your people die without the sacraments and lie unburied. For I am come over the sea to help those who are left alive — and you, too, will help them now."

He told her the story of the pestilence: and while he was telling it, the youth, who had fled before, had come peeping and advancing gradually, till at last he stood and watched the scene from behind a neighboring bush.

Three families of Jews, twenty souls in all, had been put ashore many weeks ago, some of them already ill of the pestilence. The villagers, said the priest, had of course refused to give shelter to the miscreants, otherwise than in a distant hovel, and under heaps of straw. But when the strangers had died of the plague, and some of the people had thrown the bodies into the sea, the sea had brought them back again in a great storm, and everybody was smitten with terror. A grave was dug, and the bodies were buried; but then the pestilence attacked the Christians, and the greater number of the villagers went away over the mountain, driving away their few cattle, and carrying provisions. The priest had not fled; he had stayed and prayed for the people, and he had prevailed on the youth Jacopo to stay with him; but he confessed that a mortal terror of the plague had taken hold of him, and he had not dared to go down into the valley.

"You will fear no longer, father," said Romola, in a tone of encouraging authority; "you will come down with me, and we will see who is living, and we will look for the dead to bury them. I have walked about for months where the pestilence was, and see, I am strong. Jacopo will come with us," she added, motioning to the peeping lad, who came slowly from behind his defensive bush, as if invisible threads were dragging him.

"Come, Jacopo," said Romola again, smiling at him, "you will carry the child for me. See! your arms are strong, and I am tired."

That was a dreadful proposal to Jacopo, and to the priest also; but they were both under a peculiar influence forcing them to obey. The suspicion that Romola was a supernatural form was dissipated, but their minds were filled instead with the more effective sense that she was a human being whom God had sent over the sea to command them.

"Now we will carry down the milk," said Romola, "and see if any one wants it."

So they went all together down the slope, and that morning the sufferers saw help come to them in their despair. There were hardly more than a score alive in the whole valley; but all of these were comforted, most were saved, and the dead were buried.

In this way days, weeks, and months passed with Romola, till the men were digging and sowing again, till the women smiled at her as they carried their great vases on their heads to the well, and the Hebrew baby was a tottering tumbling Christian, Benedetto by name, having been baptized in the church on the mountain side. But by that time she herself was suffering from the fatigue and languor that must come after a continuous strain on mind and body. She had taken for her dwelling one of the houses abandoned by their owners, standing a little aloof from the village street; and here on a thick heap of clean straw — a delicious bed for those who do not dream of down — she felt glad to lie still through most of the daylight hours, taken care of along with the little Benedetto by a woman whom the pestilence had widowed.

Every day the Padre and Jacopo and the small flock of surviving villagers paid their visit to this cottage to see the blessed Lady, and to bring her of their best as an offering — honey, fresh cakes, eggs, and polenta. It was a sight they could none of them forget, a sight they all told of in their old age — how the sweet and sainted lady with her fair face, her golden hair, and her brown eyes that had a blessing in them, lay weary with her labors after she had been sent over the sea to help them in their extremity, and how the queer little black Benedetto used to crawl about the straw by her side and want everything that was brought to her, and she always gave him a bit of what she took, and told them if they loved her they must be good to Benedetto.

Many legends were afterwards told in that valley about the blessed Lady who came over the sea, but they were legends by which all who heard might know that in times gone by a woman had done beautiful loving deeds there, rescuing those who were ready to perish.

HOMEWARD.

In those silent wintry hours when Romola lay resting from her weariness, her mind, traveling back over the past, and

gazing across the undefined distance of the future, saw all objects from a new position. Her experience since the moment of her waking in the boat had come to her with as strong an effect as that of the fresh seal on the dissolving wax. She had felt herself without bonds, without motive; sinking in mere egoistic complaining that life could bring her no content; feeling a right to say, "I am tired of life, I want to die." That thought had sobbed within her as she fell asleep, but from the moment after her waking when the cry had drawn her, she had not even reflected, as she used to do in Florence, that she was glad to live because she could lighten sorrow — she had simply lived, with so energetic an impulse to share the life around her, to answer the call of need and do the work which cried aloud to be done, that the reasons for living, enduring, laboring, never took the form of argument.

The experience was like a new baptism to Romola. In Florence the simpler relations of the human being to his fellowmen had been complicated for her with all the special ties of marriage, the State, and religious discipleship, and when these had disappointed her trust, the shock seemed to have shaken her aloof from life and stunned her sympathy. But now she said, "It was mere baseness in me to desire death. If everything else is doubtful, this suffering that I can help is certain; if the glory of the cross is an illusion, the sorrow is only the truer. While the strength is in my arm I will stretch it out to the fainting; while the light visits my eyes they shall seek the forsaken."

And then the past arose with a fresh appeal to her. Her work in this green valley was done, and the emotions that were disengaged from the people immediately around her rushed back into the old deep channels of use and affection. That rare possibility of self-contemplation which comes in any complete severance from our wonted life made her judge herself as she had never done before: the compunction which is inseparable from a sympathetic nature keenly alive to the possible experience of others, began to stir in her with growing force. She questioned the justness of her own conclusions, of her own deeds: she had been rash, arrogant, always dissatisfied that others were not good enough, while she herself had not been true to what her soul had once recognized as the best. She began to condemn her flight: after all, it had been cowardly self-care; the grounds on which Savonarola had once taken her

back were truer, deeper, than the grounds she had had for her second flight. How could she feel the needs of others, and not feel, above all, the needs of the nearest?

But then came reaction against such self-reproach. The memory of her life with Tito, of the conditions which made their real union impossible, while their external union imposed a set of false duties on her which were essentially the concealment and sanctioning of what her mind revolted from, told her that flight had been her only resource. All minds, except such as are delivered from doubt by dullness of sensibility, must be subject to this recurring conflict where the many-twisted conditions of life have forbidden the fulfillment of a bond. For in strictness there is no replacing of relations: the presence of the new does not nullify the failure and breach of the old. Life has lost its perfection: it has been maimed; and until the wounds are quite scarred, conscience continually casts backward, doubting glances.

Romola shrank with dread from the renewal of her proximity to Tito, and yet she was uneasy that she had put herself out of reach of knowing what was his fate — uneasy that the moment might yet come when he would be in misery and need her. There was still a thread of pain within her, testifying to those words of Fra Girolamo, that she could not cease to be a wife. Could anything utterly cease for her that had once mingled itself with the current of her heart's blood?

Florence, and all her life there, had come back to her like hunger; her feelings could not go wandering after the possible and the vague: their living fiber was fed with the memory of familiar things. And the thought that she had divided herself from them forever became more and more importunate in these hours that were unfilled with action. What if Fra Girolamo had been wrong? What if the life of Florence was a web of inconsistencies? Was she, then, something higher, that she should shake the dust from off her feet, and say, "This world is not good enough for me?" If she had been really higher, she would not so easily have lost all her trust.

Her indignant grief for her godfather had no longer complete possession of her, and her sense of debt to Savonarola was recovering predominance. Nothing that had come, or was to come, could do away with the fact that there had been a great inspiration in him which had waked a new life in her. Who, in all her experience, could demand the same gratitude

from her as he? His errors — might they not bring calamities?

She could not rest. She hardly knew whether it was her strength returning with the budding leaves that made her active again, or whether it was her eager longing to get nearer Florence. She did not imagine herself daring to enter Florence, but the desire to be near enough to learn what was happening there urged itself with a strength that excluded all other purposes.

And one March morning the people in the valley were gathered together to see the blessed Lady depart. Jacopo had fetched a mule for her, and was going with her over the mountains. The Padre, too, was going with her to the nearest town, that he might help her in learning the safest way by which she might get to Pistoja. Her store of trinkets and money, untouched in this valley, was abundant for her needs.

If Romola had been less drawn by the longing that was taking her away, it would have been a hard moment for her when she walked along the village street for the last time, while the Padre and Jacopo, with the mule, were awaiting her near the well. Her steps were hindered by the wailing people, who knelt and kissed her hands, then clung to her skirts and kissed the gray folds, crying, "Ah, why will you go, when the good season is beginning and the crops will be plentiful? Why will you go?"

"Do not be sorry," said Romola; "you are well now, and I shall remember you. I must go and see if my own people want me."

"Ah, yes, if they have the pestilence!"

"Look at us again, Madonna!"

"Yes, yes, we will be good to the little Benedetto!"

At last Romola mounted her mule, but a vigorous screaming from Benedetto as he saw her turn from him in this new position was an excuse for all the people to follow her and insist that he must ride on the mule's neck to the foot of the slope.

The parting must come at last, but as Romola turned continually before she passed out of sight, she saw the little flock lingering to catch the last waving of her hand.

INVENTION OR COMPOSITION IN PAINTING.

By LEONARDO DA VINCI.

(From "A Treatise on Painting.")

[LEONARDO DA VINCI, the great Italian artist, architect, engineer, musician, and universal scholar and inventor, was born near Florence in 1452. He studied under Andrea Verrocchio, who abandoned art through despair of rivaling his pupil. He entered the service of the Duke of Milan about 1483; founded an academy of arts there; modeled an equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza; became the foremost anatomist of his age; about 1497 painted the "Last Supper," on the refectory wall of a convent in Milan. In 1492 he returned to Florence; in 1502 became architect and engineer to Cæsar Borgia; in 1503 drew the cartoon "The Battle of the Standard." Later he was made royal painter to Louis XII. of France; was for a time patronized by Leo X., but left him in displeasure, took service with Francis I. of France, went to France with him in 1517, and died there, May 2, 1519.]

157. How to Represent a Storm.

To form a just idea of a storm, you must consider it attentively in its effects. When the wind blows violently over the sea or land, it removes and carries off with it everything that is not firmly fixed to the general mass. The clouds must appear straggling and broken, carried according to the direction and the force of the wind, and blended with clouds of dust raised from the sandy shore. Branches and leaves of trees must be represented as carried along by the violence of the storm, and together with numberless other light substances, scattered in the air. Trees and grass must be bent to the ground, as if yielding to the course of the wind. Boughs must be twisted out of their natural form, with their leaves reversed and entangled. Of the figures dispersed in the picture, some should appear thrown on the ground, so wrapped up in their cloaks and covered with dust as to be scarcely distinguishable. Of those who remain on their feet, some should be sheltered by, and holding fast behind, some great trees, to avoid the same fate: others bending to the ground, their hands over their faces to ward off the dust; their hair and their clothes flying straight up at the mercy of the wind.

The high tremendous waves of the stormy sea will be covered with foaming froth; the most subtle parts of which, being raised by the wind, like a thick mist, mix with the air.

What vessels are seen should appear with broken cordage, and torn sails fluttering in the wind; some with broken masts fallen across the hulk, already on its side amidst the tempestuous waves. Some of the crew should be represented as if crying aloud for help, and clinging to the remains of the shattered vessel. Let the clouds appear as driven by tempestuous winds against the summits of lofty mountains, enveloping those mountains, and breaking and recoiling with redoubled force, like waves against a rocky shore. The air should be rendered awfully dark by the mist, dust, and thick clouds.

158. How to Compose a Battle.

First, let the air exhibit a confused mixture of smoke, arising from the discharge of artillery and musketry, and the dust raised by the horses of the combatants; and observe that dust, being of an earthy nature, is heavy, but yet, by reason of its minute particles, it is easily impelled upwards, and mixes with the air; nevertheless, it naturally falls downwards again, the most subtle parts of it alone gaining any considerable degree of elevation, and at its utmost height it is so thin and transparent as to appear nearly of the color of the air. The smoke, thus mixing with the dusty air, forms a kind of dark cloud, at the top of which it is distinguished from the dust by a bluish cast, the dust retaining more of its natural color. On that part from which the light proceeds, this mixture of air, smoke, and dust will appear much brighter than on the opposite side. The more the combatants are involved in this turbulent mist, the less distinctly they will be seen, and the more confused will they be in their lights and shades. Let the faces of the musketeers, their bodies, and every object near them, be tinged with a reddish hue, even the air or cloud of dust; in short, all that surrounds them. This red tinge you will diminish, in proportion to their distance from the primary cause. The group of figures, which appear at a distance between the spectator and the light, will form a dark mass upon a light ground; and their legs will be more undetermined and lost as they approach nearer to the ground, because there the dust is heavier and thicker.

If you mean to represent some straggling horses running out of the main body, introduce also some small clouds of dust, as far distant from each other as the leap of the horse, and

these little clouds will become fainter, more scanty, and diffused, in proportion to their distance from the horse. That nearest to his feet will consequently be the most determined, smallest, and the thickest of all.

Let the air be full of arrows, in all directions; some ascending, some falling down, and some darting straight forwards. The bullets of the musketry, though not seen, will be marked in their course by a train of smoke, which breaks through the general confusion. The figures in the foreground should have their hair covered with dust, as also their eyebrows, and all parts liable to receive it.

The victorious party will be running forwards, their hair and other light parts flying in the wind, their eyebrows lowered, and the motion of every member properly contrasted; for instance, in moving the right foot forwards, the left arm must be brought forwards also. If you make any of them fallen down, mark the trace of his fall on the slippery, gore-stained dust; and where the ground is less impregnated with blood, let the print of men's feet and of horses, that have passed that way, be marked. Let there be some horses dragging the bodies of their riders, and leaving behind them a furrow, made by the body thus trailed along.

The countenances of the vanquished will appear pale and dejected. Their eyebrows raised, and much wrinkled about the forehead and cheeks. The tips of their noses somewhat divided from the nostrils by arched wrinkles terminating at the corner of the eyes, those wrinkles being occasioned by the opening and raising of the nostrils. The upper lips turned up, discovering the teeth. Their mouths wide open, and expressive of violent lamentation. One may be seen fallen wounded on the ground, endeavoring with one hand to support his body, and covering his eyes with the other, the palm of which is turned towards the enemy. Others running away, and with open mouths seeming to cry aloud. Between the legs of the combatants let the ground be strewed with all sorts of arms, as broken shields, spears, swords, and the like. Many dead bodies should be introduced, some entirely covered with dust, others in part only; let the blood, which seems to issue immediately from the wound, appear of its natural color, and running in a winding course, till, mixing with the dust, it forms a reddish kind of mud. Some should be in the agonies of death; their teeth shut, their eyes wildly staring, their fists clenched,

and their legs in a distorted position. Some may appear disarmed, and beaten down by the enemy, still fighting with their fists and teeth, and endeavoring to take a passionate, though unavailing revenge. There may be also a straggling horse without a rider, running in wild disorder; his mane flying in the wind, beating down with his feet all before him and doing a deal of damage. A wounded soldier may also be seen falling to the ground, and attempting to cover himself with his shield, while an enemy bending over him endeavors to give him the finishing stroke. Several dead bodies should be heaped together under a dead horse. Some of the conquerors, as having ceased fighting, may be wiping from their faces the dirt collected on them by the mixture of dust with the water from their eyes.

The *corps de reserve* will be seen advancing gayly, but cautiously, their eyebrows directed forwards, shading their eyes with their hands to observe the motions of the enemy, amidst clouds of dust and smoke, and seeming attentive to the orders of their chief. You may also make their commander holding up his staff, pushing forwards, and pointing towards the place where they are wanted. A river may likewise be introduced, with horses fording it, dashing the water about between their legs, and in the air, covering all the adjacent ground with water and foam. Not a spot is to be left without some marks of blood and carnage.

159. The Representation of an Orator and his Audience.

If you have to represent a man who is speaking to a large assembly of people, you are to consider the subject-matter of his discourse, and to adapt his attitude to such subject. If he means to persuade, let it be known by his gesture. If he is giving an explanation, deduced from several reasons, let him put two fingers of the right hand within one of the left, having the other two bent close, his face turned towards the audience, with the mouth half open, seeming to speak. If he is sitting, let him appear as going to raise himself up a little, and his head be forwards. But if he is represented standing, let him bend his chest and his head forwards towards the people.

The auditory are to appear silent and attentive, with their eyes upon the speaker, in the act of admiration. There should

be some old men, with their mouths close shut, in token of approbation, and their lips pressed together, so as to form wrinkles at the corners of the mouth and about the cheeks, and forming others about the forehead, by raising the eyebrows, as if struck with astonishment. Some others of those sitting by should be seated with their hands within each other, round one of their knees; some with one knee upon the other, and upon that, one hand receiving the elbow, the other supporting the chin, covered with a venerable beard.

160. Of Demonstrative Gestures.

The action by which a figure points at anything near, either in regard to time or situation, is to be expressed by the hand very little removed from the body. But if the same thing is far distant, the hand must also be far removed from the body, and the face of the figure pointing must be turned towards those to whom he is pointing it out.

161. Of the Attitudes of the Bystanders at Some Remarkable Event.

All those who are present at some event deserving notice express their admiration, but in various manners: as when the hand of justice punishes some malefactor. If the subject be an act of devotion, the eyes of all present should be directed towards the object of their adoration, aided by a variety of pious actions with the other members: as at the elevation of the host at mass, and other similar ceremonies. If it be a laughable subject, or one exciting compassion and moving to tears, in those cases it will not be necessary for all to have their eyes turned towards the object, but they will express their feelings by different actions; and let there be several assembled in groups, to rejoice or lament together. If the event be terrific, let the faces of those who run away from the sight be strongly expressive of fright, with various motions, as shall be described in the tract on motion.

SONNETS OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

TRANSLATED BY J. A. SYMONDS.

[MICHAEL ANGELO, the great Italian sculptor, painter, and architect, was born in Tuscany, March 6, 1475. He was a pupil of Ghirlandajo; was employed by Lorenzo de' Medici; lived chiefly in Florence but was often engaged in Rome. From 1533 to 1541 he was occupied with his great fresco, "The Last Judgment," in the Sistine Chapel. From 1546 till his death, February 18, 1564, he was architect of St. Peter's at Rome, holding this place under five popes; he designed and built the famous dome.]

THE GARLAND AND THE GIRDLE.

WHAT joy hath yon glad wreath of flowers that is
Around her golden hair so deftly twined,
Each blossom pressing forward from behind,
As though to be the first her brows to kiss!
The livelong day her dress hath perfect bliss,
That now reveals her breast, now seems to bind;
And that fair woven net of gold refined
Rests on her cheek and throat in happiness.
Yet still more blissful seems to me the band
Gilt at the tips, so sweetly doth it ring
And clasp the bosom that it serves to lace;
Yea! and the belt to such as understand,
Bound round her waist, saith — "Here I'd ever cling!"
What would my arm do in that girdle's place?

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF BEAUTY.

(A Dialogue with Love.)

Nay! prithee tell me, Love! when I behold
My Lady, do mine eyes her beauty see
In truth, or dwells that loveliness in me
Which multiplies her grace a thousandfold?
Thou needs must know, — for thou with her of old
Comèst to stir my soul's tranquillity;
Yet would I not seek one sigh less, or be
By loss of that loved flame more simply cold. —
"The beauty thou discernest is all hers;
But grows in radiance as it soars on high
Through mortal eyes unto the soul above:
'Tis there transfigured, — for the soul confers,
On what she holds, her own divinity:
And this transfigured beauty wins thy love."

EPISODES FROM "ORLANDO FURIOSO."

By LUDOVICO ARIOSTO.

(Translation of W. S. Rose.)

[LUDOVICO ARIOSTO, one of the greatest of Italian poets, was born at Reggio, in northern Italy, September 8, 1474. He was intended for the law by his father, but at length, being allowed to follow his own inclinations, studied the classics and devoted himself to literature. About 1503 he settled in Ferrara and entered the service of Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, who employed him in various political negotiations. During his leisure hours throughout a period of ten years he wrote his masterpiece, "Orlando Furioso" (Orlando Mad), an epic poem in forty-five cantos, celebrating the achievements of the Paladins of Charlemagne in the wars between the Christians and the Moors. It is virtually a continuation of Boiardo's metrical romance, "Orlando Innamorato" (Orlando in Love). Ariosto subsequently joined the court of the cardinal's brother, Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, and in 1512 was appointed governor of Garfagnana, a mountainous district infested with brigands. After a successful administration of three years he returned to Ferrara, where he died June 6, 1533. Besides his main work he wrote comedies, satires, sonnets, and Latin poems.]

ALCINA THE ENCHANTRESS.

NOT so much does the palace, fair to see,
In riches other princely domes excel,
As that the gentlest, fairest company
Which the whole world contains, within it dwell:
Of either sex, with small variety
Between, in youth and beauty matched as well:
The fay alone exceeds the rest as far
As the bright sun outshines each lesser star.

Her shape is of such perfect symmetry,
As best to feign the industrious painter knows,
With long and knotted tresses; to the eye
Not yellow gold with brighter luster glows.
Upon her tender cheek the mingled dye
Is scattered, of the lily and the rose.
Like ivory smooth, the forehead gay and round
Fills up the space, and forms a fitting bound.

Two black and slender arches rise above
Two clear black eyes, say suns of radiant light;
Which ever softly beam and slowly move;
Round these appears to sport in frolic flight,
Hence scattering all his shafts, the little Love,
And seems to plunder hearts in open sight.

Thence, through mid visage, does the nose descend,
Where Envy finds not blemish to amend.

As if between two vales, which softly curl,
The mouth with vermeil tint is seen to glow:
Within are strung two rows of orient pearl,
Which her delicious lips shut up or show.
Of force to melt the heart of any churl,
However rude, hence courteous accents flow;
And here that gentle smile receives its birth,
Which opes at will a paradise on earth.

Like milk the bosom, and the neck of snow;
Round is the neck, and full and large the breast;
Where, fresh and firm, two ivory apples grow,
Which rise and fall, as, to the margin pressed
By pleasant breeze, the billows come and go.
Not prying Argus could discern the rest.
Yet might the observing eye of things concealed
Conjecture safely, from the charms revealed.

To all her arms a just proportion bear,
And a white hand is oftentimes descried,
Which narrow is, and somedeal long; and where
No knot appears, nor vein is signified.
For finish of that stately shape and rare,
A foot, neat, short, and round, beneath is spied.
Angelic visions, creatures of the sky,
Concealed beneath no covering veil can lie.

A springe is planted in Rogero's way,
On all sides did she speak, smile, sing, or move;
No wonder then the stripling was her prey,
Who in the fairy saw such show of love.
With him the guilt and falsehood little weigh,
Of which the offended myrtle told above.
Nor will he think that perfidy and guile
Can be united with so sweet a smile.

No! he could now believe, by magic art,
Astolpho well transformed upon the plain,
For punishment of foul ungrateful heart,
And haply meriting severer pain.
And, as for all he heard him late impart,
'Twas prompted by revenge, 'twas false and vain.

By hate and malice was the sufferer stung,
To blame and wound the fay with slanderous tongue.

The beauteous lady whom he loved so well
Is newly banished from his altered breast;
For (such the magic of Alcina's spell)
She every ancient passion dispossessed:
And in his bosom, there alone to dwell,
The image of her love and self impressed.
So witched, Rogero sure some grace deserves,
If from his faith his frail affection swerves.

At board lyre, lute, and harp of tuneful string,
And other sounds, in mixed diversity,
Made, round about, the joyous palace ring,
With glorious concert and sweet harmony.
Nor lacked there well-accorded voice to sing
Of love, its passion and its ecstasy;
Nor who, with rare inventions, choicely versed,
Delightful fiction to the guests rehearsed.

What table, spread by whatsoever heir
Of Ninus, though triumphant were the board,
Or what more famous and more costly, where
Cleopatra feasted with the Latian lord,
Could with this banquet's matchless joys compare,
By the fond fairy for Rogero stored?
I think not such a feast is spread above,
Where Ganymede presents the cup to Jove.

They form a ring, the board and festive cheer
Removed, and sitting, play a merry game:
Each asks, still whispering in a neighbor's ear,
What secret pleases best; to knight and dame
A fair occasion, without let or fear,
Their love, unheard of any, to proclaim.
And in conclusion the two lovers plight
Their word, to meet together on that night.

Soon, and much sooner than their wont, was ended
The game at which the palace inmates play:
When pages on the troop with torches tended,
And with their radiance chased the night away.
To seek his bed the paladin ascended,
Girt with that goodly squadron, in a gay

And airy bower, appointed for his rest,
'Mid all the others chosen as the best.

And when of comfits and of cordial wine
A fitting proffer has been made anew,
The guests their bodies reverently incline,
And to their bowers depart the courtly crew.
He upon perfumed sheets, whose texture fine
Seemed of Arachne's loom, his body threw:
Hearkening the while with still attentive ears,
If he the coming of the lady hears.

At every movement heard on distant floor,
Hoping 'twas she, Rogero raised his head:
He thinks he hears; but it is heard no more,
Then sighs at his mistake: ofttimes from bed
He issued, and undid his chamber door,
And peeped abroad, but still no better sped:
And cursed a thousand times the hour that she
So long retarded his felicity.

"Yes, now she comes," the stripling often said,
And reckoned up the paces, as he lay,
Which from her bower were haply to be made
To that where he was waiting for the fay.
These thoughts, and other thoughts as vain, he weighed
Before she came, and, restless at her stay,
Often believed some hindrance, yet unscanned,
Might interpose between the fruit and hand.

At length, when dropping sweets the costly fay
Had put some end to her perfumery,
The time now come she need no more delay,
Since all was hushed within the palace, she
Stole from her bower alone, through secret way,
And passed towards the chamber silently,
Where on his couch the youthful cavalier
Lay, with a heart long torn by Hope and Fear.

When the successor of Astolpho spies
Those smiling stars above him, at the sight
A flame, like that of kindled sulphur, flies
Through his full veins, as ravished by delight
Out of himself; and now up to the eyes
Plunged in a sea of bliss, he swims outright.

He leaps from bed and folds her to his breast,
Nor waits until the lady be undressed;

Though but in a light sendal clad, that she
Wore in the place of farthingale or gown;
Which o'er a shift of finest quality,
And white, about her limbs the fay had thrown:
The mantle yielded at his touch, as he
Embraced her, and that veil remained alone,
Which upon every side the damsel shows,
More than clear glass the lily or the rose.

The plant no closer does the ivy clip,
With whose green boughs its stem is interlaced,
Than those fond lovers, each from either's lip
The balmy breath collecting, lie embraced:
Rich perfume this, whose like no seed or slip
Bears in sweet Indian or Sabæan waste;
While so to speak their joys is either fixed,
That oftentimes those meeting lips are mixed.

These things were carried closely by the dame
And youth, or if surmised, were never bruited;
For silence seldom was a cause for blame,
But oftener as a virtue well reputed.
By those shrewd courtiers, conscious of his claim,
Rogero is with proffers fair saluted:
Worshiped of all those inmates, who fulfill
In this the enamored fay, Alcina's will.

No pleasure is omitted there; since they
Alike are prisoners in Love's magic hall.
They change their raiment twice or thrice a day,
Now for this use, and now at other call.
'Tis often feast, and always holiday;
'Tis wrestling, tourney, pageant, bath, and ball;
Now underneath a hill by fountain cast,
They read the amorous lays of ages past;

Now by glad hill, or through the shady dale,
They hunt the fearful hare, and now they flush
With busy dog, sagacious of the trail,
Wild pheasant from the stubble field or bush.
Now where green junipers perfume the gale,
Suspend the snare, or lime the fluttering thrush;

And casting now for fish, with net or hook,
Disturb their secret haunts in pleasant brook.

Rogero revels there, in like delight,
While Charles and Agramant are troubled sore.
But not for him their story will I slight,
Nor Bradamant forget; who evermore,
'Mid toilsome pain and care, her cherished knight,
Ravished from her, did many a day deplore;
Whom by unwonted ways, transported through
Mid air, the damsel saw, nor whither knew.

Of her I speak before the royal pair,
Who many days pursued her search in vain;
By shadowy wood, or over champaign bare,
By farm and city, and by hill and plain;
But seeks her cherished friend with fruitless care,
Divided by such space of land and main:
Often she goes among the Paynim spears,
Yet never aught of her Rogero hears.

Of hundreds questioned, upon every side,
Each day, no answer ever gives content.
She roams from post to post, and far and wide
Searches pavilion, lodging, booth, or tent,
And this, 'mid foot or horseman, unespied,
May safely do, without impediment,
Thanks to the ring, whose more than mortal aid,
When in her mouth, conceals the vanished maid.

She cannot, will not, think that he is dead;
Because the wreck of such a noble knight
Would from Hydaspes' distant waves have spread,
To where the sun descends with westering light.
She knows not what to think, nor whither sped,
He roams in earth or air; yet, hapless wight,
Him ever seeks, and for attendant train
Has sobs and sighs, and every bitter pain.

At length to find the wondrous cave she thought,
Where the prophetic bones of Merlin lie,
And there lament herself until she wrought
Upon the pitying marble to reply;
For thence, if yet he lived, would she be taught,
Or this glad life to hard necessity

Had yielded up; and, when she was possessed
Of the seer's counsels, would pursue the best.

With this intention, Bradamant her way
Directed thither, where in Poictier's wood
The vocal tomb, containing Merlin's clay,
Concealed in Alpine place and savage, stood.
But that enchantress sage, who night and day
Thought of the damsel, watchful for her good,
She, I repeat, who taught her what should be
In that fair grotto her posterity;

She who preserved her with protecting care,
That same enchantress, still benign and wise,
Who, knowing she a matchless race should bear
Of men, or rather semi-deities,
Spies daily what her thoughts and actions are,
And lots for her each day, divining, tries; —
She all Rogero's fortune knew, how freed;
Then borne to India by the griffin steed:

Him on that courser plainly she had eyed,
Who would not the controlling rein obey;
When, severed by such interval, he hied,
Borne through the perilous, unwonted way,
And knew that he sport, dance, and banquet plied,
And lapt in idleness and pleasure lay;
Nor memory of his lord nor of the dame,
Once loved so well, preserved, nor of his fame.

And thus such gentle knight ingloriously
Would have consumed his fairest years and best
In long inaction, afterwards to be,
Body and soul, destroyed; and *that*, possessed
Alone by us in perpetuity,
That flower, whose sweets outlive the fragile rest
Which quickens man when he in earth is laid,
Would have been plucked or severed in the blade,

But that enchantress kind, who with more care
Than for himself he watched, still kept the knight,
Designed to drag him, by rough road and bare,
Towards true virtue, in his own despite;
As often cunning leech will burn and pare
The flesh, and poisonous drug employ aright:

Who, though at first his cruel art offend,
Is thanked, since he preserves us, in the end.

She, not like old Atlantes, rendered blind
By the great love she to the stripling bore,
Set not on gifting him with life her mind,
As was the scope of that enchanter hoar;
Who, reckless all of fame and praise declined,
Wished length of days to his Rogero more
Than that, to win a world's applause, the peer
Should of his joyous life forego one year.

By him he to Alcina's isle had been
Dispatched, that in her palace he might dwell,
Forgetting arms; and, as enchanter seen
In magic and the use of every spell,
The heart had fastened of that fairy queen,
Enamored of the gentle youth, so well,
That she the knot would never disengage,
Though he should live to more than Nestor's age.

Medoro and Angelica.

The Scots pursue their chief, who pricks before,
Through the deep wood, inspired by high disdain,
When he has left the one and the other Moor,
This dead, *that* scarce alive, upon the plain.
There for a mighty space lay young Medore,
Spouting his life-blood from so large a vein,
He would have perished, but that thither made
A stranger, as it chanced, who lent him aid.

By chance arrived a damsel at the place,
Who was (though mean and rustic was her wear)
Of royal presence and of beauteous face,
And lofty manners, sagely debonair:
Her have I left unsung so long a space,
That you will hardly recognize the fair
Angelica; in her (if known not) scan
The lofty daughter of Catay's great khan.

Angelica, when she had won again
The ring Brunello had from her conveyed,
So waxed in stubborn pride and haught disdain,
She seemed to scorn this ample world, and strayed

Alone, and held as cheap each living swain,
Although, amid the best, by Fame arrayed:
Nor brooked she to remember a galant
In Count Orlando or King Sacripant;

And above every other deed repented,
That good Rinaldo she had loved of yore;
And that to look so low she had consented,
(As by such choice dishonored) grieved her sore.
Love, hearing this, such arrogance resented,
And would the damsel's pride endure no more.
Where young Medoro lay he took his stand,
And waited her, with bow and shaft in hand.

When fair Angelica the stripling spies,
Nigh hurt to death in that disastrous fray,—
Who for his king, that there unsheltered lies,
More sad than for his own misfortune lay,—
She feels new pity in her bosom rise,
Which makes its entry in unwonted way.
Touched was her haughty heart, once hard and curst,
And more when he his piteous tale rehearsed.

And calling back to memory her art,
For she in Ind had learned chirurgery,
(Since it appears such studies in that part
Worthy of praise and fame are held to be,
And, as an heirloom, sires to sons impart,
With little aid of books, the mystery,)
Disposed herself to work with simples' juice,
Till she in him should healthier life produce;

And recollects an herb had caught her sight
In passing hither, on a pleasant plain;
What (whether dittany or pancy hight)
I know not, fraught with virtue to restrain
The crimson blood forth-welling, and of might
To sheathe each perilous and piercing pain.
She found it near, and having pulled the weed,
Returned to seek Medoro on the mead.

Returning, she upon a swain did light,
Who was on horseback passing through the wood.
Strayed from the lowing herd, the rustic wight
A heifer, missing for two days, pursued.

Him she with her conducted, where the might
Of the faint youth was ebbing with his blood:
Which had the ground about so deeply dyed,
Life was nigh wasted with the gushing tide.

Angelica alights upon the ground,
And he her rustic comrade, at her hest.
She hastened 'twixt two stones the herb to pound,
Then took it, and the healing juice exprest:
With this did she foment the stripling's wound,
And, even to the hips, his waist and breast;
And (with such virtue was the salve endued)
It stanched his life-blood, and his strength renewed;

And into him infused such force again,
That he could mount the horse the swain conveyed;
But good Medoro would not leave the plain
Till he in earth had seen his master laid.
He, with the monarch, buried Cloridane,
And after followed whither pleased the maid,
Who was to stay with him, by pity led,
Beneath the courteous shepherd's humble shed.

Nor would the damsel quit the lowly pile
(So she esteemed the youth) till he was sound;
Such pity first she felt, when him erewhile
She saw outstretched and bleeding on the ground.
Touched by his mien and manners neat, a file
She felt corrode her heart with secret wound;
She felt corrode her heart, and with desire,
By little and by little warmed, took fire.

The shepherd dwelt, between two mountains hoar,
In goodly cabin, in the greenwood-shade,
With wife and children; and, short time before,
The brent-new shed had builded in the glade.
Here of his grisly wound the youthful Moor
Was briefly healed by the Catayan maid;
But who in briefer space, a sorer smart
Than young Medoro's suffered at her heart.

A wound far wider and which deeper lies,
Now in her heart she feels, from viewless bow;
Which from the boy's fair hair and beauteous eyes
Had the winged archer dealt: a sudden glow

She feels, and still the flames increasing rise;
Yet less she heeds her own than other's woe:
—Heeds not herself, and only to content
The author of her cruel ill is bent.

Her ill but festered and increased the more
The stripling's wounds were seen to heal and close;
The youth grew lusty, while she suffered sore,
And, with new fever parched, now burnt, now froze:
From day to day in beauty waked Medore:
She miserably wasted; like the snow's
Unseasonable flake, which melts away
Exposed, in sunny place, to scorching ray.

She, if of vain desire she will not die,
Must help herself, nor yet delay the aid.
And she in truth, her will to satisfy,
Deemed 'twas no time to wait till she was prayed.
And next of shame renouncing every tye,
With tongue as bold as eyes, petition made,
And begged him, haply and unwitting foe,
To sheathe the suffering of that cruel blow.

O Count Orlando, O king of Circassy,
Say what your valor has availed to you!
Say what your honor boots, what goodly fee
Remunerates ye both, for service true!
Sirs, show me but a single courtesy
With which she ever graced ye, — old or new, —
As some poor recompense, desert, or guerdon,
For having borne so long so sore a burden!

Oh! couldst thou yet again to life return,
How hard would this appear, O Agricane!
In that she whilom thee was wont to spurn,
With sharp repulse and insolent disdain.
O Ferraû, O ye thousand more, forlorn,
Unsung, who wrought a thousand feats in vain
For this ungrateful fair, what pain 'twould be
Could you within his arms the damsel see!

To pluck, as yet untouched, the virgin rose,
Angelica permits the young Medore.
Was none so blest as in that garden's close
Yet to have set his venturous foot before.

They holy ceremonies interpose,
Somedeal to veil — to gild — the matter o'er.
Young Love was bridesman there the tie to bless,
And for brideswoman stood the shepherdess.

In the low shed, with all solemnities,
The couple made their wedding as they might;
And there above a month, in tranquil guise,
The happy lovers rested in delight.
Save for the youth the lady has no eyes,
Nor with his looks can satisfy her sight.
Nor yet of hanging on his neck can tire,
Or feel she can content her fond desire.

The beauteous boy is with her, night and day
Does she untent herself, or keep the shed.
Morning or eve they to some meadow stray,
Now to this bank, and to that other led:
Haply, in cavern harbored, at midday,
Grateful as that to which Æneas fled
With Dido, when the tempest raged above,
The faithful witness to their secret love.

Amid such pleasures, where, with tree o'ergrown,
Ran stream, or bubbling fountain's wave did spin,
On bark or rock, if yielding were the stone,
The knife was straight at work, or ready pin.
And there, without, in thousand places lone,
And in as many places graved, within.
MEDORO and ANGELICA were traced,
In divers cyphers quaintly interlaced.

ORLANDO'S MADNESS.

He mounts his horse, and watches long, before
Departing, if the foe will reappear;
Nor seeing puissant Mandricardo more,
At last resolves in search of him to steer.
But, as one nurtured well in courtly lore,
From thence departed not the cavalier,
Till he with kind salutes, in friendly strain,
Fair leave had taken of the loving twain. . . .

By different ways the cavaliers withdrew,
One on the right and one on the left hand.

The Count, ere other path he would pursue,
Took from the sapling, and replaced, his brand.
And where he weened he might the paynim best
Encounter, thitherward his steed addrest.

The course in pathless woods, which, without rein,
The Tartar's charger had pursued astray,
Made Roland for two days, with fruitless pain,
Follow him, without tidings of his way.
Orlando reached a rill of crystal vein,
On either bank of which a meadow lay;
Which, stained with native hues and rich, he sees,
And dotted o'er with fair and many trees.

The midday fervor made the shelter sweet
To hardy herd as well as naked swain;
So that Orlando well beneath the heat
Somedeal might wince, opprest with plate and chain.
He entered, for repose, the cool retreat,
And found it the abode of grief and pain;
And place of sojourn more accursed and fell,
On that unhappy day, than tongue can tell.

Turning him round, he there, on many a tree,
Beheld engraved, upon the woody shore,
What as the writing of his deity
He knew, as soon as he had marked the lore.
This was a place of those described by me,
Whither ofttimes, attended by Medore,
From the near shepherd's cot had wont to stray
The beauteous lady, sovereign of Catay.

In a hundred knots, amid those green abodes,
In a hundred parts, their cyphered names are dight;
Whose many letters are so many goads,
Which Love has in his bleeding heart-core pight.
He would discredit in a thousand modes,
That which he credits in his own despite;
And would parforce persuade himself, *that* rhind
Other Angelica than his had signed.

"And yet I know these characters," he cried,
"Of which I have so many read and seen;
By her may this Medoro be belied,
And me, she, figured in the name, may mean."

Feeding on such like phantasies, beside
The real truth, did sad Orlando lean
Upon the empty hope, though ill contented,
Which he by self-illusions had fomented.

But stirred and aye rekindled it, the more
That he to quench the ill suspicion wrought,
Like the incautious bird, by fowler's lore,
Hampered in net or lime; which, in the thought
To free its tangled pinions and to soar,
By struggling, is but more securely caught.
Orlando passes thither, where a mountain
O'erhangs in guise of arch the crystal fountain.

Splay-footed ivy, with its mantling spray,
And gadding vine, the cavern's entry case;
Where often in the hottest noon of day
The pair had rested, locked in fond embrace.
Within the grotto, and without it, they
Had oftener than in any other place
With charcoal or with chalk their names pourtrayed,
Or flourished with the knife's indenting blade.

Here from his horse the sorrowing county lit,
And at the entrance of the grot surveyed
A crowd of words, which seemed but newly writ,
And which the young Medoro's hand had made.
On the great pleasure he had known in it,
This sentence he in verses had arrayed;
Which in his tongue, I deem, might make pretense
To polished phrase; and such in ours the sense:

"Gay plants, green herbage, rill of limpid vein,
And, grateful with cool shade, thou gloomy cave,
Where oft, by many wooed with fruitless pain,
Beauteous Angelica, the child of grave
King Galaphron, within my arms has lain,
For the convenient harborage you gave,
I, poor Medoro, can but in my lays,
As recompense, forever sing your praise.

"And any loving lord devoutly pray,
Damsel and cavalier, and every one,
Whom choice or fortune hither shall convey,
Stranger or native, — to this crystal run,

Shade, caverned rock, and grass, and plants, to say,
Benignant be to you the fostering sun
And moon, and may the choir of nymphs provide,
That never swain his flock may hither guide!"

In Arabic was writ the blessing said,
Known to Orlando like the Latin tongue,
Who, versed in many languages, best read
Was in this speech; which oftentimes from wrong,
And injury, and shame, had saved his head,
What time he roved the Saracens among.
But let him boast not of its former boot,
O'erbalanced by the present bitter fruit.

Three times, and four, and six, the lines imprest
Upon the stone that wretch perused, in vain
Seeking another sense than was exprest,
And ever saw the thing more clear and plain;
And all the while, within his troubled breast,
He felt an icy hand his heart core strain.
With mind and eyes close fastened on the block,
At length he stood, not differing from the rock.

Then well-nigh lost all feeling; so a prey
Wholly was he to that o'ermastering woe.
This is a pang, believe the experienced say
Of him who speaks, which does all griefs outgo.
His pride had from his forehead passed away,
His chin had fallen upon his breast below;
Nor found he, so grief barred each natural vent,
Moisture for tears, or utterance for lament.

Stifled within, the impetuous sorrow stays,
Which would too quickly issue; so to abide
Water is seen, imprisoned in the vase,
Whose neck is narrow and whose swell is wide;
What time, when one turns up the inverted base,
Towards the mouth, so hastes the hurrying tide,
And in the streight encounters such a stop,
It scarcely works a passage, drop by drop.

He somewhat to himself returned and thought
How possibly the thing might be untrue:
That some one (so he hoped, desired, and sought
To think) his lady would with shame pursue;

Or with such weight of jealousy had wrought
To whelm *his* reason, as should him undo;
And that he, whosoe'er the thing had planned,
Had counterfeited passing well her hand.

With such vain hope he sought himself to cheat,
And manned somedeal his spirits and awoke;
Then prest the faithful Brigliadoro's seat,
As on the sun's retreat his sister broke.
Nor far the warrior had pursued his beat,
Ere eddying from the roof he saw the smoke;
Heard noise of dog and kine, a farm espied,
And thitherward in quest of lodging hied.

Languid, he lit, and left his Brigliador
To a discreet attendant: one undrest
His limbs, one doffed the golden spurs he wore,
And one bore off, to clean, his iron vest.
This was the homestead where the young Medore
Lay wounded, and was here supremely blest.
Orlando here, with other food unfed,
Having supt full of sorrow, sought his bed.

The more the wretched sufferer seeks for ease,
He finds but so much more distress and pain;
Who everywhere the loathed handwriting sees,
On wall, and door, and window: he would fain
Question his host of this, but holds his peace,
Because, in sooth, he dreads too clear, too plain
To make the thing, and this would rather shrowd,
That it may less offend him, with a cloud.

Little availed the count his self-deceit;
For there was one who spake of it unsought;
The shepherd-swain, who to allay the heat,
With which he saw his guest so troubled, thought:
The tale which he was wonted to repeat
— Of the two lovers — to each listener taught,
A history which many loved to hear,
He now, without reserve, 'gan tell the peer.

"How at Angelica's persuasive prayer,
He to his farm had carried young Medore,
Grievously wounded with an arrow; where,
In little space she healed the angry sore.

But while she exercised this pious care,
Love in her heart the lady wounded more,
And kindled from small spark so fierce a fire,
She burnt all over restless with desire:

"Nor thinking she of mightiest king was born,
Who ruled in the East, nor of her heritage,
Forced by too puissant love, had thought no scorn
To be the consort of a poor foot-page."
— His story done, to them in proof was borne.
The gem, which, in reward for harborage,
To her extended in that kind abode,
Angelica, at parting, had bestowed.

A deadly ax was this unhappy close,
Which, at a single stroke, lopt off the head;
When, satiate with innumerable blows.
That cruel hangman Love his hate had fed.
Orlando studied to conceal his woes;
And yet the mischief gathered force and spread,
And would break out parforce in tears and sighs,
Would he, or would he not, from mouth and eyes.

When he can give the rein to raging woe,
Alone, by other's presence unreprest,
From his full eyes the tears descending flow,
In a wide stream, and flood his troubled breast.
'Mid sob and groan, he tosses to and fro
About his weary bed in search of rest;
And vainly shifting, harder than a rock
And sharper than a nettle found its flock.

Amid the pressure of such cruel pain,
It past into the wretched sufferer's head,
That oft the ungrateful lady must have lain,
Together with her leman, on that bed:
Nor less he loathed the couch in his disdain,
Nor from the down upstarted with less dread,
Than churl who, when about to close his eyes,
Springs from the turf, if he a serpent spies.

In him, forthwith, such deadly hatred breed
That bed, that house, that swain, he will not stay
Till the morn break, or till the dawn succeed,
Whose twilight goes before approaching day.

In haste, Orlando takes his arms and steel,
And to the deepest greenwood wends his way.
And, when assured that he is there alone,
Gives utterance to his grief in shriek and groan.

Never from tears, never from sorrowing,
He paused; nor found he peace by night or day:
He fled from town, in forest harboring,
And in the open air on hard earth lay.
He marveled at himself how such a spring
Of water from his eyes could stream away,
And breath was for so many sobs supplied;
And thus ofttimes, amid his mourning, cried:

"These are no longer real tears which rise,
And which I scatter from so full a vein.
Of tears my ceaseless sorrow lacked supplies:
They stopt when to mid-height scarce rose my pain.
The vital moisture rushing to my eyes,
Driven by the fire within me, now would gain
A vent; and it is this which I expend,
And which my sorrows and my life will end.

"No; these, which are the index of my woes,
These are not sighs, nor sighs are such; they fail
At times, and have their season of repose:
I feel my breast can never less exhale
Its sorrow: Love, who with his pinions blows
The fire about my heart, creates this gale.
Love, by what miracle dost thou contrive,
It wastes not in the fire thou keep'st alive?

"I am not — am not what I seem to sight:
What Roland was is dead and under ground,
Slain by that most ungrateful lady's spite,
Whose faithlessness inflicted such a wound.
Divided from the flesh, I am his sprite,
Which in this hell, tormented, walks its round,
To be, but in its shadow left above,
A warning to all such as trust in love."

All night about the forest roved the count,
And, at the break of daily light, was brought
By his unhappy fortune to the fount,
Where his inscription young Medoro wrought.

To see his wrongs inscribed upon that mount,
Inflamed his fury so, in him was nought
But turned to hatred, phrensy, rage, and spite;
Nor paused he more, but bared his faulchion bright;

Cleft through the writing; and the solid block,
Into the sky, in tiny fragments sped.
Wo worth each sapling and that caverned rock,
Where Medore and Angelica were read!
So scathed, that they to shepherd or to flock
Thenceforth shall never furnish shade or bed.
And that sweet fountain, late so clear and pure,
From such tempestuous wrath was ill secure.

For he turf, stone, and trunk, and shoot, and lop,
Cast without cease into the beauteous source;
Till, turbid from the bottom to the top,
Never again was clear the troubled course.
At length for lack of breath, compelled to stop,
(When he is bathed in sweat, and wasted force
Serves not his fury more) he falls, and lies
Upon the mead, and, gazing upward, sighs.

Wearied and woe-begone, he fell to ground,
And turned his eyes toward heaven; nor spake he aught,
Nor ate nor slept, till in his daily round
The golden sun had broken thrice, and sought
His rest anew; nor ever ceased his wound
To rankle, till it marred his sober thought.
At length impelled by phrensy, the fourth day,
He from his limbs tore plate and mail away.

Here was his helmet, there his shield bestowed;
His arms far off; and farther than the rest,
His cuirass; through the greenwood wide was strowed
All his good gear, in fine; and next his vest
He rent; and, in his fury, naked showed
His shaggy paunch, and all his back and breast.
And 'gan that phrensy act, so passing dread,
Of stranger folly never shall be said.

So fierce his rage, so fierce his fury grew,
That all obscured remained the warrior's sprite;
Nor, for forgetfulness, his sword he drew,
Or wonderous deeds, I trow, had wrought the knight:

But neither this, nor bill, nor ax to hew,
Was needed by Orlando's peerless might.
He of his prowess gave high proofs and full,
Who a tall pine uprooted at a pull.

He many others, with as little let
As fennel, wallwort-stem, or dill, uptore;
And ilex, knotted oak, and fir upset,
And beech, and mountain-ash, and elm-tree hoar.
He did what fowler, ere he spreads his net,
Does, to prepare the champaign for his lore,
By stubble, rush, and nettle stalk; and broke,
Like these, old sturdy trees and stems of oak.

The shepherd swains, who hear the tumult nigh,
Leaving their flocks beneath the greenwood tree,
Some here, some there, across the forest hie,
And hurry thither, all, the cause to see.

THE PRINCE.

By NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI.

[Niccolo Machiavelli, Florentine writer and statesman, was born May 3, 1469. He came of a noble but impoverished family, his father being Bernardo Machiavelli, a jurist. He was secretary of the council named "The Ten" from 1498 until the fall of the republic in 1512, and during this time was occupied in the voluminous correspondence of his bureau, in diplomatic missions to France, Germany, and the petty states of Italy, and in the organization of the Florentine militia. On the restoration of the Medici in 1512, he was banished, and in the following year arrested and subjected to torture on the charge of conspiracy, but was soon pardoned and liberated. The next eight years he spent in retirement and literary work, was then again employed as ambassador, and died at Florence, June 22, 1527. His chief works are: "The Prince" (Il Principe), a study of the founding and maintenance of a state; "Florentine History"; "Art of War"; "Discourses on Livy"; "Mandragola," and other comedies.]

Of Cruelty and Clemency, and whether it is Better to be Loved than Feared.

To proceed to other qualities which are requisite in those who govern. A prince ought unquestionably to be merciful, but should take care how he executes his clemency. Cæsar

Borgia was accounted cruel; but it was to that cruelty that he was indebted for the advantage of uniting Romagna to his other dominions, and of establishing in that province peace and tranquillity, of which it had been so long deprived. And, everything well considered, it must be allowed that this prince showed greater clemency than the people of Florence, who, to avoid the reproach of cruelty, suffered Pistoia to be destroyed. When it is necessary for a prince to restrain his subjects within the bounds of duty, he should not regard the imputation of cruelty, because by making a few examples, he will find that he really showed more humanity in the end, than he, who by too great indulgence, suffers disorders to arise, which commonly terminate in rapine and murder. For such disorders disturb a whole community, whilst punishments inflicted by the prince affect only a few individuals.

This is particularly true with respect to a new prince, who can scarcely avoid the reproach of cruelty, every new government being replete with dangers. Thus Virgil makes Dido excuse her severity, by the necessity to which she was reduced of maintaining the interests of a throne which she did not inherit from her ancestors: —

> Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt
> Moliri, et latè fines custode tueri. — *Æn.* lib. i.

A prince, however, should not be afraid of phantoms of his own raising; neither should he lend too ready an ear to terrifying tales which may be told him, but should temper his mercy with prudence, in such a manner that too much confidence may not put him off his guard, nor causeless jealousies make him insupportable. There is a medium between a foolish security and an unreasonable distrust.

It has been sometimes asked whether it is better to be loved than feared; to which I answer that one should wish to be both. But as that is a hard matter to accomplish, I think, if it is necessary to make a selection, that it is safer to be feared than be loved. For it may be truly affirmed of mankind in general that they are ungrateful, fickle, timid, dissembling, and self-interested; so long as you can serve them, they are entirely devoted to you; their wealth, their blood, their lives, and even their offspring are at your disposal, when you have no occasion for them; but in the day of need, they turn their

back upon you. The prince who relies on professions courts his own destruction, because the friends whom he acquires by means of money alone, and whose attachment does not spring from a regard for personal merit, are seldom proof against reverse of fortune, but abandon their benefactor when he most requires their services. Men are generally more inclined to submit to him who makes himself dreaded, than to one who merely strives to be beloved: and the reason is obvious, for friendship of this kind, being a mere moral tie, a species of duty resulting from a benefit, cannot endure against the calculations of interest; whereas fear carries with it the dread of punishment, which never loses its influence. A prince, however, ought to make himself feared, in such a manner that if he cannot gain the love, he may at least avoid the hatred, of his subjects; and he may attain this object by respecting his subjects' property and the honor of their wives. If he finds it absolutely necessary to inflict the punishment of death, he should avow the reason for it, and above all things, he should abstain from touching the property of the condemned party. For certain it is that men sooner forget the death of their relations than the loss of their patrimony. Besides, when he once begins to live by means of rapine, many occasions offer for seizing the wealth of his subjects; but there will be little or no necessity for shedding blood.

But when a prince is at the head of his army, and has under his command a multitude of soldiers, he should make little account of being esteemed cruel; such a character will be useful to him, by keeping his troops in obedience, and preventing every species of faction.

Hannibal, among many other admirable talents, possessed in a high degree that of making himself feared by his troops; insomuch, that having led a very large army, composed of all kinds of people, into a foreign country, he never had occasion, either in prosperity or adversity, to punish the least disorder or the slightest want of discipline: and this can only be attributed to his extreme severity, and such other qualities as caused him to be feared and respected by his soldiers, and without which his extraordinary talents and courage would have been unavailing.

There have been writers notwithstanding, but, in my opinion, very injudicious ones, who, whilst they render every degree of justice to his talents and his splendid achievements,

still condemn the principle on which he acted. But nothing can in this respect more fully justify him than the example of Scipio, one of the greatest generals mentioned in history. His extreme indulgence towards the troops he commanded in Spain occasioned disorders, and at length a revolt, which drew on him from Fabius Maximus, in full senate, the reproach of having destroyed the Roman soldiery. This general having suffered the barbarous conduct of one of his lieutenants towards the Locrians to go unpunished, a senator, in his justification, observed that there were some men who knew better how to avoid doing ill themselves than to punish it in others. This excess of indulgence would in time have tarnished the glory and reputation of Scipio, if he had been a prince; but as he lived under a republican government, it was not only connived at, but redounded to his glory.

I conclude, then, with regard to the question, whether it is better to be loved than feared, — that it depends on the inclinations of the subjects themselves, whether they will love their prince or not; but the prince has it in his own power to make them fear him, and if he is wise, he will rather rely on his own resources than on the caprice of others, remembering that he should at the same time so conduct himself as to avoid being hated.

Whether Princes ought to be Faithful to their Engagements.

It is unquestionably very praiseworthy in princes to be faithful to their engagements; but among those of the present day, who have been distinguished for great exploits, few indeed have been remarkable for this virtue, or have scrupled to deceive others who may have relied on their good faith.

It should therefore be known that there are two ways of deciding any contest: the one by laws, the other by force. The first is peculiar to men, the second to beasts; but when laws are not sufficiently powerful, it is necessary to recur to force: a prince ought therefore to understand how to use both these descriptions of arms. This doctrine is admirably illustrated to us by the ancient poets in the allegorical history of the education of Achilles, and many other princes of antiquity, by the centaur Chiron, who, under the double form of man and beast, taught those who were destined to govern, that it was their

duty to use by turns the arms adapted to both these natures, seeing that one without the other cannot be of any durable advantage. Now, as a prince must learn how to act the part of a beast sometimes, he should make the fox and the lion his patterns. The first can but feebly defend himself against the wolf, and the latter readily falls into such snares as are laid for him. From the fox, therefore, a prince will learn dexterity in avoiding snares, and from the lion, how to employ his strength to keep the wolves in awe. But they who entirely rely upon the lion's strength, will not always meet with success: in other words, a prudent prince cannot and ought not to keep his word, except when he can do it without injury to himself, or when the circumstances under which he contracted the engagement still exist.

I should be cautious in inculcating such a precept if all men were good; but as the generality of mankind are wicked, and ever ready to break their words, a prince should not pique himself in keeping his more scrupulously, especially as it is always easy to justify a breach of faith on his part. I could give numerous proofs of this, and show numberless engagements and treaties which have been violated by the treachery of princes, and that those who enacted the part of the fox have always succeeded best in their affairs. It is necessary, however, to disguise the appearance of craft, and thoroughly to understand the art of feigning and dissembling; for men are generally so simple and so weak, that he who wishes to deceive easily finds dupes.

One example, taken from the history of our own times, will be sufficient. Pope Alexander VI. played during his whole life a game of deception; and notwithstanding his faithless conduct was extremely well known, his artifices always proved successful. Oaths and protestations cost him nothing; never did a prince so often break his word or pay less regard to his engagements. This was because he so well understood this chapter in the art of government.

It is not necessary, however, for a prince to possess all the good qualities I have enumerated, but it is indispensable that he should appear to have them. I will even venture to affirm that it is sometimes dangerous to use, though it is always useful to seem to possess them. A prince should earnestly endeavor to gain the reputation of kindness, clemency, piety, justice, and fidelity to his engagements. He ought to possess

all these good qualities, but still retain such power over himself as to display their opposites whenever it may be expedient. I maintain that a prince, and especially a new prince, cannot with impunity exercise all the virtues, because his own self-preservation will often compel him to violate the laws of charity, religion, and humanity. He should habituate himself to bend easily to the various circumstances which may from time to time surround him. In a word, it will be as useful to him to persevere in the path of rectitude, while he feels no inconvenience in doing so, as to know how to deviate from it when circumstances dictate such a course. He should make it a rule, above all things, never to utter anything which does not breathe of kindness, justice, good faith, and piety: this last quality it is most important for him to appear to possess, as men in general judge more from appearances than from reality. All men have eyes, but few have the gift of penetration. Every one sees your exterior, but few can discern what you have in your heart; and those few dare not oppose the voice of the multitude, who have the majesty of their prince on their side. Now, in forming a judgment of the minds of men, and more especially of princes, as we cannot recur to any tribunal, we must attend only to results. Let it then be the prince's chief care to maintain his authority; the means he employs, be what they may, will, for this purpose, always appear honorable and meet applause; for the vulgar are ever caught by appearances, and judge only by the event. And as the world is chiefly composed of such as are called the vulgar, the voice of the few is seldom or never heard or regarded.

There is a prince now alive (whose name it may not be proper to mention) who ever preaches the doctrines of peace and good faith; but if he had observed either the one or the other, he would long ago have lost both his reputation and dominions.[1]

Whether Fortresses and Some Other Things are really of Service to a Prince.

Some princes, in order to maintain themselves effectually in possession of their dominions, disarm their subjects. Others encourage divisions in the provinces subjugated to their rule. Some go so far as designedly to make themselves inimical to

[1] Ferdinand V., king of Aragon and Castile.

the people, while others strenuously endeavor to gain over those whom they had suspected at the commencement of their reign. One prince builds fortresses, and another razes them to the ground. It is not easy to determine what line of conduct is the best to adopt, without a thorough knowledge of the different states where the rules are to be applied. It will be sufficient therefore to treat this part of the subject in a general way.

A new prince never disarms his subjects; on the contrary, if he find them without the means of defense, he at once provides them with arms, and his subjects are thus converted into soldiers entirely devoted to his service. The suspected become thenceforth attached to his cause, his friends continue firm in their attachment, and all his people become his partisans.

It is, without doubt, impossible to arm every one; but if the prince is kind and obliging to those whom he does arm, he can have little to fear from the rest. Those who are in his service will think themselves honored by the preference, and those who are not, will readily excuse him, from a persuasion that the greatest merit is due to those who run the greatest dangers. But a prince who disarms his subjects forfeits their affection by the distrust which he betrays, and nothing is more likely to excite their hatred. In addition, it becomes necessary, under such circumstances, to support an army of mercenaries, the dangers of which I have before sufficiently explained. Besides, amongst other inconveniences, troops of this kind can never be efficient against a powerful enemy and disaffected subjects.

Thus it has always been a maxim with those who raise themselves to power, to arm their subjects. But when a prince acquires a new state, and annexes it as an appendage to his hereditary dominions, he should then disarm his subjects, excepting those who were favorable to his views antecedent to his new conquest; and even then it would still behoove him to soften and enervate, as occasion may require, in order that his whole military force may consist of his own subjects.

Some of our ancestors, who were deemed wise men, used to say that Pistoia should be restrained by domestic factions, and Pisa by fortresses. Upon which account they always fomented divisions and discord in the cities and towns where the people were suspected. This policy was well devised, considering the uncertain state of affairs in Italy at that time. But it could scarcely be adopted now, because a town divided against itself

could never successfully withstand an enemy, for the latter would infallibly allure one of the two factions to its cause, and so become master of the place.

The Venetians, adopting this very policy, favored alternately the Guelphs and the Ghibellines in the cities subjected to their sway; and although they never suffered them to come to actual collision together, yet they incessantly fomented divisions, which prevented them from thinking of revolt; but Venice did not derive from such conduct the benefit which was anticipated; for her armies having been defeated at Vaila, one of these factions had the audacity to aspire to sovereign power, and was successful in the attempt.

These expedients argue weakness in a prince; for no government of any power will ever permit such divisions, although in times of peace they are unquestionably attended with less inconvenience, because they divert the attention of the people from rebellion, yet in time of war they betray the impotence of a state which must employ so weak a policy.

It is by conquering difficulties that princes raise themselves to power, and fortune cannot more successfully elevate a new prince, than by raising enemies and confederacies against him, thus stimulating his genius, exercising his courage, and affording him an opportunity of climbing to the highest degree of power. Many persons are therefore of opinion that it is advantageous for a prince to have enemies, which by preventing him from indulging in a dangerous repose will enable him to win the esteem and admiration not only of his faithful, but of his rebellious subjects.

Princes, and particularly new ones, have often experienced more zeal and fidelity from those subjects whom they suspected at the beginning of their reign, than from others in whom they placed more confidence at first. Pandolpho Petrucci, prince of Sienna, governed chiefly by the assistance of those whom he once suspected. It is, however, difficult to establish general rules upon a subject that must vary according to circumstances. I shall only observe that if those who are disaffected to the prince at the beginning of his reign stand in actual need of his protection, he may easily gain their support; and afterwards they will continue faithful to him, from a desire to efface by their services every unfavorable prejudice to which their former conduct may have given birth. Those, on the other hand, who have never opposed the prince's interest, will serve

him with that lukewarm zeal which is the invariable result of complete security.

But since the nature of my subject seems to require it, I cannot refrain from advising a prince who may have attained supreme authority by means of popular favor, minutely to examine the cause and motives of this good will: if it arise more from a hatred of the old government than from any interest inspired by the prince himself, he may, perhaps, find it no easy matter to preserve the people's affection, as it will be almost impossible ever to satisfy their wishes.

If we examine history, ancient or modern, we shall find it easier for a prince to gain the friendship of those who lived quietly under the preceding government, and were consequently averse to his accession, than to make others his friends who sided with him at first, and favored his enterprise merely from discontent.

Princes have sometimes erected fortresses for the purpose of more easily defending their states from the attacks of internal enemies, and in order to be able effectually to repel the first efforts at a revolt. This mode is an old and, in my opinion, a very good plan. Nevertheless, even in our own times, Nicholas Vitelli actually demolished the two fortresses of the city of Castello to effect the safety of that state; and Guy d'Ubaldo, duke of Urbino, having recovered his duchy from which he had been driven by Cæsar Borgia, razed all the fortresses, in order the more easily to maintain his conquest. The Bentivoglii acted in a similar manner at Bologna, when that state was restored to their dominion.

Fortresses are therefore useful or dangerous according to circumstances; and if in some cases they are serviceable, they are in others injurious. Thus a prince who is more in dread of his subjects than of foreign foes ought to fortify his cities; but if the reverse, he should abstain from such a course. The citadel which Francis Sforza built at Milan has caused more irreparable injury to his family than all the disturbances and disorders to which that duchy has ever been exposed.

There is no better fortress for a prince than the affection of the people. If he is hated by his subjects, all other fortresses will be in vain, for when they fly to arms, there will be no want of enemies without the walls to afford them assistance. Fortresses have been of little use to the princes of the present day, with the exception perhaps of the countess of Forli, who, after

the death of her husband Count Jerome, found herself enabled by such assistance to wait for succors from the state of Milan, whereby her authority was restored; yet even then she was greatly indebted to circumstances, which prevented her subjects from obtaining the assistance of foreign aid. When she was afterwards attacked by Cæsar Borgia, she must doubtless then, though perhaps too late, have become convinced that the best fortress for a prince is found in the people's affection.

After due reflection, therefore, I see no reason for blaming a prince, either for building fortresses, or abstaining from such a course; but he doubtless is deserving of the most decisive censure who is content to rely on their protection alone, regardless of the hatred of his subjects.

Exhortation to deliver Italy from Foreign Powers.

When I take a review of the subject-matter treated of in this book, and examine whether the circumstances in which we are now placed would be favorable to the establishment of a new government, honorable alike to its founder and advantageous to Italy, it appears to me that there never was, nor ever will be, a period more appropriate for the execution of so glorious an undertaking.

If it was necessary that the people of Israel should be slaves to Egypt, in order to elicit the rare talents of Moses; that the Persians should groan under the oppression of the Medes, in order to prove the courage and magnanimity of Cyrus; and that the Athenians should be scattered and dispersed, in order to make manifest the rare virtues of Theseus, it will be likewise necessary, for the glory of some Italian hero, that his country should be reduced to its present miserable condition, that they should be greater slaves than the Israelites, more oppressed than the Persians, and still more dispersed than the Athenians; in a word, that they should be without laws and without chiefs, pillaged, torn to pieces, and enslaved by foreign powers.

And though it has sometimes unquestionably happened that men have arisen, who appeared to be sent by Heaven to achieve our deliverance, yet jealous fortune has ever abandoned them in the midst of their career, so that our unfortunate country still groans and pines away in the expectation of a deliverer, who may put an end to the devastations in Lombardy, Tuscany, and the kingdom of Naples. She supplicates Heaven to raise

up a prince who may free her from the odious and humiliating yoke of foreigners, who may close the numberless wounds with which she has been so long afflicted, and under whose standard she may march against her cruel oppressors.

But on whom can Italy cast her eyes except upon your illustrious house, which, visibly favored by Heaven and the church, the government of which is confided to its care, possesses also the wisdom and the power necessary to undertake so glorious an enterprise? and I cannot think that the execution of this project will seem difficult if you reflect on the actions and conduct of the heroes whose examples I have above adduced. Though their exploits were indeed wonderful, they were still but men; and although their merit raised them above others, yet none of them certainly were placed in a situation so favorable as that in which you now stand. You have justice on your side; their cause was not more lawful than yours, and the blessing of God will attend you no less than them. Every war that is necessary is just; and it is humanity to take up arms for the defense of a people to whom no other resource is left.

All circumstances concur to facilitate the execution of so noble a project, for the accomplishment of which it will only be necessary to tread in the steps of those great men whom I have had an opportunity of mentioning in the course of this work. For though some of them, it is true, were conducted by the hand of God in a wonderful manner, though the sea divided to let them pass, a cloud directed their course, a rock streamed with water to assuage their thirst, and manna fell from heaven to appease their hunger, yet there is no occasion for such miracles at present, as you possess in yourself sufficient power to execute a plan you ought by no means to neglect. God will not do everything for us; much is left to ourselves, and the free exercise of our will, that so our own actions may not be wholly destitute of merit.

If none of our princes have hitherto been able to effect what is now expected from your illustrious house, and if Italy has continually been unfortunate in her wars, the evil has arisen from the defects in military discipline, which no person has possessed the ability to reform.

Nothing reflects so much honor on a new prince as the new laws and institutions established under his direction, especially when they are good and bear the character of grandeur. Now

it must be acknowledged that Italy soon accommodates herself to new forms. Her inhabitants are by no means deficient in courage, but they are destitute of proper chiefs; the proof of this is in the duels and other individual combats in which the Italians have always evinced consummate ability, whilst their valor in battles has appeared well-nigh extinguished. This can only be attributed to the weakness of the officers, who are unable to insure obedience from those who know, or think they know, the art of war. Thus we have seen the greatest generals of the present day, whose orders were never executed with exactness and celerity. These are the reasons why, in the wars in which we have been for the last twenty years engaged, the armies raised in Italy have been almost always beaten. Witness Tarus, Alexandria, Capua, Genoa, Vaila, Bologna, and Mestri.

If therefore your illustrious house is willing to regulate its conduct by the example of our ancestors, who have delivered their country from the rule of foreigners, it is necessary, above all things, as the only true foundation of every enterprise, to set on foot a national army; you cannot have better or more faithful soldiers, and though every one of them may be a good man, yet they will become still better when they are all united, and see themselves honored, caressed, and rewarded by a prince of their own.

It is therefore absolutely necessary to have troops raised in our own country, if we wish to protect it from the invasion of foreign powers. The Swiss as well as the Spanish infantry are highly esteemed, but both have defects which may be avoided in the formation of our troops, which would render them superior to both of those powers. The Spaniards cannot support the shock of cavalry, and the Swiss cannot maintain their ground against infantry that is equally resolute with themselves.

Experience has fully shown that the Spanish battalions cannot resist the French cavalry, and that the Swiss have been beaten by the infantry of Spain. And though there has not been any thorough trial with regard to the Swiss on this point, yet there was a sort of specimen at the battle of Ravenna, where the Spanish infantry came in contact with the German troops, who fought in the same order as the Swiss. Upon that occasion, the Swiss, having with their accustomed vivacity, and

under the protection of their bucklers, thrown themselves across the pikes of the Germans, the latter were obliged to give way, and would have been entirely defeated if their cavalry had not come to their relief.

It is necessary therefore to institute a military force possessing neither the defects of the Swiss nor those of the Spanish infantry, and that may be able to maintain its ground against the French cavalry; and this is to be effected, not by changing their arms, but by altering their discipline. Nothing is more likely to make a new prince esteemed, and to render his reign illustrious.

Such an opportunity ought eagerly to be embraced, that Italy, after her long sufferings, may at last behold her deliverer appear. With what demonstrations of joy and gratitude, with what affection, with what impatience for revenge, would he not be received by those unfortunate provinces who have so long groaned under such odious oppression. What city would shut her gates against him, and what people would be so blind as to refuse him obedience? What rivals would he have to dread? Is there one Italian who would not hasten to pay him homage? All are weary of the tyranny of these barbarians. May your illustrious house, strong in all the hopes which justice gives our cause, deign to undertake this noble enterprise, that so, under your banners, our nation may resume its ancient splendor, and, under your auspices, behold the prophecy of Petrarch at last fulfilled.

Virtu contr' al furore
Prendera l' arme; et sia il combatter corto.
Che l' antico valore
Na gl' Italici cuor non è ancor morto.

When virtue takes the field,
Short will the conflict be;
Barbarian rage shall yield
The palm to Italy:
For patriot blood still warms Italian veins;
Though low the fire, a spark at least remains.

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

By Sir WALTER SCOTT.

(From "Marmion.")

[Sir Walter Scott: The great Scotch novelist and poet; born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, where he attended the university. He practiced as an advocate for a while, then withdrew from the bar and devoted his attention largely to literature. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805) brought him into prominence as an author; and in 1814 he published anonymously "Waverley," the first of the "Waverley Novels." He became a partner in Constable's publishing house and the Ballantynes' printing house, in order to realize all sides of the profit from his works; but bad management, and his immense overdrafts on their resources to build up a great feudal estate at Abbotsford, left them so weak that the panic of 1825 ruined both. He wore out his life in the effort to pay up in full the liabilities of £120,000, and the royalties on his books achieved this after his death. His other great poems are "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," and lesser ones in merit are "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," "Harold the Dauntless," "The Bridal of Triermain," and "The Vision of Don Roderick." Among the "Waverleys" may be cited "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," "Quentin Durward," "The Pirate," and "The Talisman."]

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
  To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
  And Douglas gave a guide:
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered, in an undertone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."
The train from out the castle drew;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu: —
  "Though something I might plain," he said,
    "Of cold respect to stranger guest,
    Sent hither by your king's behest,
  While in Tantallon's towers I stayed;
  Part we in friendship from your land,
  And, noble Earl, receive my hand." —
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke: —

"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open to my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone —
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp." —

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And — "This to me!" he said, —
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He, who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy Hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou saidst, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!" —
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth: "And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall;
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go? —
No, by Saint Bryde of Bothwell, no! —
Up drawbridge, grooms — what, Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."
Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need,
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenchèd hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he reined his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name. —
A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed!
At first in heart it liked me ill,
When the King praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line:
So swore I, and I swear it still,
Let my boy bishop fret his fill. —
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood. —
'Tis pity of him, too," he cried;
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride:
I warrant him a warrior tried." —
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls. . . .

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames
  Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
  His host Lord Surrey lead?
What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand? —
O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!
  Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry, — "Saint Andrew and our right!"

Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannock-bourne! —
The precious hour has passed in vain,
And England's host has gained the plain;
Wheeling their march, and circling still,
Around the base of Flodden hill.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high, —
"Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!
And see ascending squadrons come
Between Tweed's river and the hill,
Foot, horse, and cannon: — hap what hap,
My basnet to a 'prentice cap,
Lord Surrey's o'er the Till! —
Yet more! yet more! — how fair arrayed
They file from out the hawthorn shade,
And sweep so gallant by!
With all their banners bravely spread,
And all their armor flashing high,
Saint George might waken from the dead,
To see fair England's standard's fly." —
"Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount; "thou'dst best,
And listen to our lord's behest." —
With kindling brow Lord Marmion said, —
"This instant be our band arrayed;
The river must be quickly crossed,
That we may join Lord Surrey's host.
If fight King James, — as well I trust,
That fight he will, and fight he must, —
The Lady Clare behind our lines
Shall tarry, while the battle joins." . . .

A moment then Lord Marmion stayed,
And breathed his steed, his men arrayed,
Then forward moved his band.
Until, Lord Surrey's rear guard won,
He halted by a cross of stone,
That, on a hillock standing lone,
Did all the field command.

[He leaves Clare with Blount and Eustace and ten archers to guard her.]

He waited not for answer there,
And would not mark the maid's despair,
Nor heed the discontented look

From either squire; but spurred amain,
And, dashing through the battle plain,
His way to Surrey took.

"——The good Lord Marmion, by my life!
Welcome to danger's hour! —
Short greeting serves in time of strife: —
Thus have I ranged my power:
Myself will rule this central host,
Stout Stanley fronts their right,
My sons command the vaward post,
With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight;
Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
Shall be in rearward of the fight,
And succor those that need it most.
Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,
Would gladly to the vanguard go:
Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,
With thee their charge will blithely share;
There fight thine own retainers too,
Beneath De Burgh, thy steward true." —
"Thanks, noble Surrey!" Marmion said,
Nor further greeting there he paid;
But, parting like a thunderbolt,
First in the vanguard made a halt,
Where such a shout there rose
Of "Marmion! Marmion!" that the cry,
Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,
Startled the Scottish foes.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill;
On which (for far the day was spent)
The western sunbeams now were bent.
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view:
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
"Unworthy office here to stay!
No hope of gilded spurs to-day. —
But, see! look up — on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke;

Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain throne
King James did rushing come. —
Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon point they close. —
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword sway, and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air.
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness naught descry.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But naught distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.
Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight;
Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Highlandman,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntley, and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied;
'Twas vain. — But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky:
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced, — forced back, — now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered 'mid the foes.
No longer Blount the view could bear: —
"By heaven, and all its saints! I swear,
I will not see it lost!
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads, and patter prayer, —
I gallop to the host."
And to the fray he rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large, —
The rescued banner rose, —
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine tree, rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too; — yet stayed,
As loath to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
  Left in that dreadful hour alone:
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels;
  Perchance a courage, not her own,
  Braces her mind to desperate tone. —
The scattered van of England wheels; —
  She only said, as loud in air
  The tumult roared, "Is Wilton there?"
  They fly, or, maddened by despair,
  Fight but to die. — "Is Wilton there?"
With that, straight up the hill there rode
  Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
  A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand;
His arms were smeared with blood and sand.
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion! . . .
Young Blount his armor did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
  Said, — "By Saint George, he's gone!
That spear wound has our master sped,
And see the deep cut on his head!
  Good night to Marmion." —
"Unnurtured Blount! — thy brawling cease:
He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!" —

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare: —
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon, — charge again:
Cry — 'Marmion to the rescue!' — Vain!
Last of my race, on battle plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again! —
Yet my last thought is England's: — fly,
  To Dacre bear my signet ring:
  Tell him his squadrons up to bring. —
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie:
  Tunstall lies dead upon the field;
  His lifeblood stains the spotless shield:
  Edmund is down; — my life is reft; —
  The Admiral alone is left.

Let Stanley charge with spur of fire, —
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost. —
Must I bid twice? — hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone — to die." —
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured, — "Is there none,
Of all my halls have nursed,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!" —

O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou! —
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew,
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn! — behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,
"Drink . weary . pilgrim . drink . and . pray.
For . the . kind . soul . of . Cyril . Gray.
Who . built . this . cross . and . well."
She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A Monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And as she stooped his brow to lave —
"Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
"Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"
Then, as remembrance rose, —
"Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"
"Alas!" she said, "the while, —
O think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She —— died at Holy Isle." —
Lord Marmion started from the ground;
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents from his wounded side.
"Then it was truth!" — he said — "I knew
That the dark presage must be true. —
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be! — this dizzy trance —
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand." —
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling Monk.

With fruitless labor, Clara bound
And strove to stanch the gushing wound,
The Monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers:
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear;
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,
"*In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"
So the notes rung;
"Avoid thee, Fiend! — with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand! —

O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
  O think on faith and bliss! —
By many a deathbed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
  But never aught like this." —
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
  And — STANLEY! was the cry: —
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
  And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
  And shouted "Victory! —
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell;
For still the Scots, around their king,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where's now their victor vanward wing,
  Where Huntley, and where Home? —
O for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes born,
  That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Oliver,
And every paladin and peer,
  On Roncesvalles died!
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
  While yet on Flodden side,
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils and bleeds and dies,
  Our Caledonian pride!
In vain the wish — for far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray. —
"O Lady," cried the Monk, "away!" —
  And placed her on her steed;
And led her to the chapel fair,
  Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.
There all the night they spent in prayer,
And, at the dawn of morning, there
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

But as they left the darkening heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed:
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though billmen ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skillful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln, and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field.
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

LAMENT FOR THE MAKARIS[1] WHEN HE WAS SICK.

By WILLIAM DUNBAR.

[Born 145–; perhaps died with James IV. at Flodden in 1513.]

I THAT in heill[2] was and gladness
Am troublit now with great sickness,
And feeblit with infirmitie:
Timor Mortis conturbat me.[3]

Our pleasance here is all vainglory,
This false world is but transitory,
The flesh is bruckle,[4] the Fiend is slee:
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

The state of man does change and vary,
Now sound, now sick, now blithe, now sary,[5]
Now dancing merry, now like to dee:
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

No state in Earth here standis sicker;[6]
As with the wind wavis the wicker,[7]
So wavis this worldis vanité:
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Unto the Dead goes all Estatis,
Princes, Prelatis, and Potestatis,
Both rich and poor of all degree:
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takes the Knightis in to field,
Enarmit under helm and shield,
Victor he is at all melee:
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

* * * * *

Since for the Dead[8] remede is none,
Best is that we for dead[8] dispone,[9]
After our dead[8] that live may we:
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

[1] Poets. [2] Health. [3] The fear of Death disturbeth me. [4] Brittle.
[5] Sorrowful. [6] Secure. [7] Osier. [8] Death. [9] Prepare.

UTOPIA AND ITS CUSTOMS.

By Sir THOMAS MORE.

[Sir Thomas More, English statesman and scholar, was born in London, February 7, 1478; son of Sir John More, justice of the King's Bench. He was placed as a page in the household of Archbishop Morton, who sent him to Oxford. Having completed his legal studies in London, he obtained the appointment of under-sheriff of London, and was elected a member of Parliament during the last years of Henry VII.; and in the reign of Henry VIII. became a knight, treasurer of the exchequer, speaker of the House of Commons, and, on the fall of Wolsey, lord chancellor. He resigned the seals in 1532 rather than sanction the divorce of Queen Catherine, and two years later was committed to the Tower for refusing to swear allegiance to the "Act of Succession." After a year's imprisonment, he was tried for high treason, and beheaded in the Tower, July 6, 1535. More's masterpiece is his "Utopia" (published in Latin, 1516; in English, 1551), an account of an imaginary commonwealth in a distant island of the Atlantic. He also wrote a "History of Richard III." in English, and a number of Latin dissertations, letters, etc.]

The island of Utopia is in the middle two hundred miles broad, and holds almost at the same breadth over a great part of it; but it grows narrower toward both ends. Its figure is not unlike a crescent: between its horns the sea comes in eleven miles broad, and spreads itself into a great bay, which is environed with land to the compass of about five hundred miles, and is well secured from winds. In this bay there is no great current. The whole coast is, as it were, one continued harbor, which gives all that live in the island great convenience for mutual commerce.

On the other side of the island there are likewise many harbors; and the coast is so fortified, both by nature and art, that a small number of men can hinder the descent of a great army. But they report (and there remain good marks of it to make it credible) that this was no island at first, but a part of the continent.

Utopus, that conquered it (whose name it still carries, for Abraxa was its first name), brought the rude and uncivilized inhabitants into such a good government, and to that measure of politeness, that they now far excel all the rest of mankind; having soon subdued them, he designed to separate them from the continent, and to bring the sea quite round them. To accomplish this, he ordered a deep channel to be dug fifteen miles long; and that the natives might not think he treated them like slaves, he not only forced the inhabitants, but also his own soldiers, to labor in carrying it on. As he set a vast number of

men to work, he beyond all men's expectations brought it to a speedy conclusion. And his neighbors, who at first laughed at the folly of the undertaking, no sooner saw it brought to perfection, than they were struck with admiration and terror.

There are fifty-four cities in the island, all large and well built: the manners, customs, and laws of which are the same, and they are all contrived as near in the same manner as the ground on which they stand will allow. The nearest lie at least twenty-four miles distance from one another, and the most remote are not so far distant but that a man can go on foot in one day from it to that which lies next it.

Every city sends three of their wisest senators once a year to Amaurot, to consult about their common concerns; for that is the chief town of the island, being situated near the center of it, so that it is the most convenient place for their assemblies. The jurisdiction of every city extends at least twenty miles: and where the towns lie wider, they have much more ground: no town desires to enlarge its bounds, for the people consider themselves rather as tenants than landlords.

They have built over all the country farmhouses for husbandmen, which are well contrived, and are furnished with all things necessary for country labor. Inhabitants are sent by turns from the cities to dwell in them; no country family has fewer than forty men and women in it, besides two slaves. There is a master and a mistress set over every family; and over thirty families there is a magistrate.

Every year twenty of this family come back to the town, after they have stayed two years in the country; and in their room there are other twenty sent from the town, that they may learn country work from those that have been already one year in the country, as they must teach those that come to them the next from the town.

By this means such as dwell in those country farms are never ignorant of agriculture, and so commit no errors, which might otherwise be fatal and bring them under a scarcity of corn. But though there is every year such a shifting of the husbandmen, to prevent any man being forced against his will to follow that hard course of life too long, yet many among them take such pleasure in it that they desire leave to continue in it many years.

These husbandmen till the ground, breed cattle, hew wood, and convey it to the towns, either by land or water, as is most

convenient. They breed an infinite multitude of chickens in a very curious manner; for the hens do not sit and hatch them, but a vast number of eggs are laid in a gentle and equal heat, in order to be hatched, and they are no sooner out of the shell, and able to stir about, but they seem to consider those that feed them as their mothers, and follow them as other chickens do the hen that hatched them. They breed very few horses, but those they have are full of mettle, and are kept only for exercising their youth in the art of sitting and riding them; for they do not put them to any work, either of plowing or carriage, in which they employ oxen; for though their horses are stronger, yet they find oxen can hold out longer; and as they are not subject to so many diseases, so they are kept upon a less charge, and with less trouble; and even when they are so worn out that they are no more fit for labor, they are good meat at last. They sow no corn, but that which is to be their bread; for they drink either wine, cider, or perry, and often water, sometimes boiled with honey or licorice, with which they abound; and though they know exactly how much corn will serve every town, and all that tract of country which belongs to it, yet they sow much more, and breed more cattle, than are necessary for their consumption; and they give that overplus of which they make no use to their neighbors.

When they want anything in the country which it does not produce, they fetch that from the town, without carrying anything in exchange for it. And the magistrates of the town take care to see it given them; for they meet generally in the town once a month, upon a festival day. When the time of harvest comes, the magistrates in the country send to those in the towns, and let them know how many hands they will need for reaping the harvest; and the number they call for being sent to them, they commonly dispatch it all in one day.

Of their Towns, particularly of Amaurot.

He that knows one of their towns, knows them all, they are so like one another, except where the situation makes some difference. I shall therefore describe one of them; and none is so proper as Amaurot; for as none is more eminent, all the rest yielding in precedence to this, because it is the seat of their supreme council, so there was none of them better known to me, I having lived five years altogether in it.

It lies upon the side of a hill, or rather a rising ground: its figure is almost square, for from the one side of it, which shoots up almost to the top of the hill, it runs down in a descent for two miles to the river Anider; but it is a little broader the other way, that runs along by the bank of that river. The Anider rises about eighty miles above Amaurot, in a small spring at first; but other brooks falling into it, of which two are more considerable than the rest. As it runs by Amaurot, it is grown half a mile broad; but it still grows larger and larger, till after sixty miles' course below it, it is lost in the ocean: between the town and the sea, and for some miles above the town, it ebbs and flows every six hours, with a strong current. The tide comes up for about thirty miles so full that there is nothing but salt water in the river, the fresh water being driven back with its force; and above that for some miles the water is brackish; but a little higher, as it runs by the town, it is quite fresh; and when the tide ebbs, it continues fresh all along to the sea. There is a bridge cast over the river, not of timber, but of fair stone, consisting of many stately arches; it lies at that part of the town which is farthest from the sea, so that ships without any hindrance lie all along the side of the town.

There is likewise another river that runs by it, which though it is not great, yet it runs pleasantly, for it rises out of the same hill on which the town stands, and so runs down through it, and falls into the Anider. The inhabitants have fortified the fountain head of this river, which springs a little without the town; that so if they should happen to be besieged, the enemy might not be able to stop or divert the course of the water, nor poison it; from thence it is carried in earthen pipes to the lower streets; and for those places of the town to which the water of that small river cannot be conveyed, they have great cisterns for receiving the rain water, which supplies the want of the other.

The town is compassed with a high and thick wall, in which there are many towers and forts; there is also a broad and deep dry ditch, set thick with thorns, cast round three sides of the town, and the river is instead of a ditch on the fourth side. The streets are very convenient for all carriage, and are well sheltered from the winds. Their buildings are good, and are so uniform that a whole side of a street looks like one house. The streets are twenty feet broad; there lie gardens behind all

their houses; these are large but inclosed with buildings, that on all hands face the streets; so that every house has both a door to the street, and a back door to the garden. Their doors have all two leaves, which, as they are easily opened, so they shut of their own accord; and there being no property among them, every man may freely enter into any house whatsoever. At every ten years' end they shift their houses by lots. They cultivate their gardens with great care, so that they have both vines, fruits, herbs, and flowers in them; and all is so well ordered, and so finely kept, that I never saw gardens anywhere that were both so fruitful and so beautiful as theirs. And this humor of ordering their gardens so well is not only kept up by the pleasure they find in it, but also by an emulation between the inhabitants of the several streets, who vie with each other; and there is indeed nothing belonging to the whole town that is both more useful and more pleasant. So that he who founded the town seems to have taken care of nothing more than of their gardens; for they say, the whole scheme of the town was designed at first by Utopus, but he left all that belonged to the ornament and improvement of it to be added by them that should come after him, that being too much for one man to bring to perfection.

Their records, that contain the history of their town and state, are preserved with an exact care, and run backward 1760 years. From these it appears that their houses were at first low and mean, like cottages, made of any sort of timber, and were built with mud walls and thatched with straw. But now their houses are three stories high: the fronts of them are faced either with stone, plastering, or brick; and between the facings of their walls they throw in their rubbish. Their roofs are flat, and on them they lay a sort of plaster, which costs very little, and yet is so tempered that it is not apt to take fire, and yet resists the weather more than lead. They have great quantities of glass among them, with which they glaze their windows. They use also in their windows a thin linen cloth, that is so oiled or gummed that it both keeps out the wind and gives free admission to the light.

Of their Trades, and Manner of Life.

Agriculture is that which is so universally understood among them that no person, either man or woman, is ignorant of it;

they are instructed in it from their childhood, partly by what they learn at school, and partly by practice; they being led out often into the fields about the town, where they not only see others at work, but are likewise exercised in it themselves. Besides agriculture, which is so common to them all, every man has some peculiar trade to which he applies himself, such as the manufacture of wool or flax, masonry, smith's work, or carpenter's work; for there is no sort of trade that is in great esteem among them.

Throughout the island they wear the same sort of clothes without any other distinction, except what is necessary to distinguish the two sexes, and the married and unmarried. The fashion never alters; and as it is neither disagreeable nor uneasy, so it is suited to the climate, and calculated both for their summers and winters. Every family makes their own clothes; but all among them, women as well as men, learn one or other of the trades formerly mentioned. Women, for the most part, deal in wool and flax, which suit best with their weakness, leaving the ruder trades to the men. The same trade generally passes down from father to son, inclinations often following descent; but if any man's genius lies another way, he is by adoption translated into a family that deals in the trade to which he is inclined: and when that is to be done, care is taken not only by his father, but by the magistrate, that he may be put to a discreet and good man. And if after a person has learned one trade, he desires to acquire another, that is also allowed, and is managed in the same manner as the former. When he has learned both, he follows that which he likes best, unless the public has more occasion for the other.

The chief and almost the only business of the Syphogrants, or magistrates, is to take care that no man may live idle, but that every one may follow his trade diligently: yet they do not wear themselves out with perpetual toil, from morning to night, as if they were beasts of burden, which as it is indeed a heavy slavery, so it is everywhere the common course of life amongst all mechanics except the Utopians; but they, dividing the day and night into twenty-four hours, appoint six of these for work; three of which are before dinner, and three after. They then sup, and at eight o'clock, counting from noon, go to bed and sleep eight hours. The rest of their time besides that taken up in work, eating, and sleeping is left to every man's discretion; yet they are not to abuse that interval to

luxury and idleness, but must employ it in some proper exercise according to their various inclinations, which is for the most part reading.

It is ordinary to have public lectures every morning before daybreak, at which none are obliged to appear but those who are marked out for literature; yet a great many, both men and women of all ranks, go to hear lectures of one sort or other, according to their inclinations. But if others, that are not made for contemplation, choose rather to employ themselves at that time in their trades, as many of them do, they are not hindered, but are rather commended, as men that take care to serve their country. After supper they spend an hour in some diversion, in summer in their gardens, and in winter in the halls where they eat, where they entertain each other, either with music or discourse. They do not so much as know dice, or any such foolish and mischievous games; they have, however, two sorts of games not unlike our chess; the one is between several numbers, in which one number, as it were, consumes another: the other resembles a battle between the virtues and the vices, in which the enmity in the vices among themselves, and their agreement against virtue, is not unpleasantly represented; together with the special oppositions between the particular virtues and vices; as also the methods by which vice either openly assaults or secretly undermines virtue; and virtue on the other hand resists it. But the time appointed for labor is to be narrowly examined, otherwise you may imagine that since there are only six hours appointed for work, they may fall under a scarcity of necessary provisions.

But it is so far from being true, that this time is not sufficient for supplying them with plenty of all things, either necessary or convenient; that it is rather too much; and this you will easily apprehend, if you consider how great a part of all other nations is quite idle. First, women generally do little, who are the half of mankind; and if some few women are diligent, their husbands are idle: then consider the great company of idle priests, and of those that are called religious men; add to these all rich men, chiefly those that have estates in land, who are called noblemen and gentlemen, together with their families, made up of idle persons, that are kept more for show than use; add to these all those strong and lusty beggars that go about pretending some disease, in excuse for their begging; and upon the whole account you will find that the

number of those by whose labors mankind is supplied is much less than you perhaps imagined.

Then consider how few of those that work are employed in labors that are of real service; for we who measure all things by money give rise to many trades that are both vain and superfluous, and serve only to support riot and luxury. For if those who work were employed only in such things as the conveniences of life require, there would be such an abundance of them that the prices of them would so sink that tradesmen could not be maintained by their gains; if all those who labor about useless things were set to more profitable employments, and if all they that languish out their lives in sloth and idleness, every one of whom consumes as much as any two of the men that are at work, were forced to labor, you may easily imagine that a small proportion of time would serve for doing all that is either necessary, profitable, or pleasant to mankind, especially while pleasure is kept within its due bounds.

This appears very plainly in Utopia, for there, in a great city, and in all the territory that lies round it, you can scarce find five hundred, either men or women, who by their age and strength are capable of labor, that are not engaged in it; even the Syphogrants, though excused by the law, yet do not excuse themselves, but work, that by their examples they may excite the industry of the rest of the people. The like exemption is allowed to those who, being recommended to the people by the priests, are by the secret suffrages of the Syphogrants privileged from labor, that they may apply themselves wholly to study; and if any of these fall short of those hopes that they seemed at first to give, they are obliged to return to work. And sometimes a mechanic, that so employs his leisure hours as to make a considerable advancement in learning, is eased from being a tradesman, and ranked among their learned men. Out of these they choose their ambassadors, their priests, their Tranibors, and the Prince himself; anciently called their Barzenes, but is called of late their Ademus.

And thus from the great numbers among them that are neither suffered to be idle, nor to be employed in any fruitless labor, you may easily make the estimate how much may be done in those few hours in which they are obliged to labor. But besides all that has been already said, it is to be considered that the needful arts among them are managed with less labor than anywhere else. The building or the repairing of houses

among us employ many hands, because often a thriftless heir suffers a house that his father built to fall into decay, so that his successor must, at a great cost, repair that which he might have kept up with a small charge: it frequently happens that the same house which one person built at a vast expense is neglected by another, who thinks he has a more delicate sense of the beauties of architecture; and he, suffering it to fall to ruin, builds another at no less charge. But among the Utopians, all things are so regulated that men very seldom build upon a new piece of ground; and are not only very quick in repairing their houses, but show their foresight in preventing their decay: so their buildings are preserved very long, with but little labor; and thus the builders to whom that care belongs are often without employment, except the hewing of timber, and the squaring of stones, that the materials may be in readiness for raising a building very suddenly, when there is any occasion for it.

As to their clothes, observe how little work is spent in them: while they are at labor, they are clothed with leather and skins, cast carelessly about them, which will last seven years; and when they appear in public they put on an upper garment which hides the other; and these are all of one color, and that is the natural color of the wool. As they need less woolen cloth than is used anywhere else, so that which they make use of is much less costly. They use linen cloth more; but that is prepared with less labor, and they value cloth only by the whiteness of the linen, or the cleanness of white wool, without much regard to the fineness of the thread.

Nor is there anything that can tempt a man to desire more; for if he had them, he would neither be the warmer, nor would he make one jot the better appearance for it. And thus, since they are all employed in some useful labor, and since they content themselves with fewer things, it falls out that there is a great abundance of all things among them: so that it frequently happens that for want of other work, vast numbers are sent out to mend the highways. But when no public undertaking is to be performed, the hours of working are lessened. The magistrates never engage the people in unnecessary labor, since the chief end of the constitution is to regulate labor by the necessities of the public, and to allow all the people as much time as is necessary for the improvement of their minds, in which they think the happiness of life consists.

MEMOIRS OF BABER.

[BABER or BABAR, great-grandson of Timur, a Turk in speech and affiliations though a Mongol in blood, was born in 1483; succeeded his father as Sultan of Ferghâna in 1494; conquered Kashgar and most of Afghanistan, and in 1525–26 subdued India with a Turkish army, and founded the so-called "Mogul" empire. He wrote voluminous and delightful memoirs in the Turkish language.]

IN THE month of Ramzân, in the year 899 [1494 A.D.], and in the twelfth year of my age, I became King of Ferghâna.

In this country there are seven districts, five on the south of the Seihun, and two on the north.

Of the districts on the south of the river, one is Andejân, which has a central position, and is the capital of Ferghâna. It abounds in grain and fruits, its grapes and melons are excellent and plentiful. In the melon season it is not customary to sell them at the beds. There are no better Nâshpâlis produced than those of Andejân. In Mâweralnaher, after the fortresses of Samarkand and Kêsh, none is equal in size to Andejân. It has three gates. The citadel is situated on the south of the city. The watercourses of the mills by which the water enters the city are nine; and it is remarkable that of all the water that enters the city, none flows out of it. Around the fortress, on the edge of the stone-faced moat, is a broad highway covered with pebbles. All around the fort are the suburbs, which are only separated from the moat by this highway that runs along its banks.

The district abounds in birds and beasts of game. Its pheasants are so fat that the report goes that four persons may dine on the broth of one of them, and not be able to finish it. The inhabitants of the country are all Turks, and there is none in town or market who does not understand the Tûrki tongue. The common speech of the people of this country is the same as the correct language of composition; so that the works of Mir Ali Shir, surnamed Nawâi, though he was bred and flourished at Heri, are written in this dialect. The inhabitants are remarkable for their beauty. Khwâjeh Yûsef, so famous for his science in music, was a native of Andejân. The air is unwholesome, and in autumn agues are prevalent.

Another district is Ush, which is situated to the southeast of Andejân, but more to the east, and distant from Andejân four farsangs by the road. The air of Ush is excellent. It is

abundantly supplied with running water, and is extremely pleasant in spring. The excellencies of Ush are celebrated even in the sacred traditions. On the southeast of the fort is a mountain of a beautiful figure, named Barakoh, on the top of which Sultan Mahmûd Khan built a small summerhouse, beneath which, on the shoulder of the hill, in the year 902, I built a larger palace and colonnade. Although the former is in the more elevated situation, yet that built by me is the more pleasant of the two; the whole town and suburbs are seen stretched out below. The river of Andejân, after passing through the suburbs of Ush, flows on towards Andejân. On both banks there are gardens, all of which overlook the river. Its violets are particularly elegant. It abounds in streams of running water. In the spring its tulips and roses blow in great profusion. On the skirt of this same hill of Barakoh, between the hill and the town, there is a mosque, called the Mosque of Jouza; and from the hill there comes a great and wide stream of water. Beneath the outer court of the mosque there is a meadow of clover, sheltered and pleasant, where every traveler and passenger loves to rest. It is a standing joke among the common people at Ush to carry across the three streams all such as fall asleep there. On this hill, about the latter end of the reign of Omar-Sheikh Mirza, there was discovered a species of stone finely waved red and white, of which they make the handles of knives, the clasps of belts, and other things of that sort, and it is a very beautiful stone. In all Ferghâna, for healthiness and beauty of situation, there is no place that equals Ush.

Another is Marghinân, which lies on the west of Andejân, at the distance of seven farsangs, and is a fine district. It is noted for its pomegranates and apricots. There is one species of pomegranate named dâna-kilân (or great seed), which, in its flavor, unites with a sweet acid, and may even be deemed to excel the pomegranate of Semnân. They have a way of taking out the stones of the zerd-alû (or apricot), and of putting in almonds in their place, after which the fruit is dried. When so prepared it is termed Seikkhani, and is very pleasant. The game and venison are here also excellent. The white deer is found in its vicinity. All the inhabitants are Sarts; the race are great boxers, noisy, and turbulent, so that they are famous all over Mâweralnaher for their blustering and fondness for boxing, and most of the celebrated bullies of Samar-

kand and Bokhara are from Marghinân. The author of the "Hedâya," was from a village named Rashdan, a dependency of Marghinân.

Asfera is another district. It is situated at the foot of the mountains, and possesses numerous streams and beautiful gardens. It lies southwest of Marghinân, at the distance of nine farsangs. Many species of fruit trees abound there; but in the gardens, the almond trees are the most numerous. The inhabitants are all mountaineers and Sarts. Among the small hills to the southeast of Asfera is a slab of stone, called sang aineth (the stone-mirror); its length is about ten gez. It is in some places as high as a man, in others not higher than his middle; everything is seen in it as in a glass.

The district of Asfera is separated into four divisions, all situated at the foot of the hills; one of them is Asfera, another Warûkh, another Sukh, and the fourth Hûshiâr. When Muhammed Shiebâni Khan defeated Sultan Mahmûd Khan and Ulchi Chan, and took Tâshkend and Shahrokhîa, I spent nearly a year in Sûkh and Hûshiâr among the hills, in great distress; and it was from thence that I set out on my expedition to Kâbul.

Khojend, another of the districts, is situated on the west of Andejân, at the distance of twenty-five farsangs, and it is also at the same distance from Samarkand. This is a very ancient city. Sheikh Mashelet and Khwâjeh Kemâl were of Khojend. Its fruits are very good, particularly its pomegranates, which are so celebrated that the apples of Samarkand and pomegranates of Khojend have passed into a proverb; but excellent as the latter are, they are greatly excelled at present by the pomegranates of Marghinân. The fortress of Khojend is situated on an eminence, having on the north the river Seihun, which flows past at the distance of about a bowshot. On the north of the fort of the river Seihun there is a hill which is named Myoghil, where they say that there are turquoise and other mines. In this hill there are many serpents. Khojend is a good sporting country; the white deer, the mountain goat, the stag, the fowl of the desert, and the hare are found in great plenty; but the air is extremely noisome, and inflammations of the eyes are common; insomuch, that they say that the very sparrows have inflammations in the eyes. This badness of the air they ascribe to the hill on the north. Kandbâdâm is one of the districts belonging to Khojend. Though

of no great extent, yet it is rather a fine little district; and its almonds, from which it derives its name, are of excellent quality and are exported to Hindustân, Hormuz, and other quarters. It is distant from Khojend five or six farsangs to the east. Between Kandbâdâm and Khojend there is a desert, named Ha-dervîsh, where a sharp wind prevails, and constantly blows from the desert in the direction of Marghinân, which lies to the east of the desert, or in the direction of Khojend, which lies to the west, and this wind is excessively keen. It is said that certain Dervishes having encountered the wind in this desert, and being separated, were unable to find each other again, and perished, calling out, "Ha, Dervîsh! Ha, Dervîsh!" and that hence the desert is denominated Ha-dervîsh unto this day.

Of the districts to the north of Seihun, one is Akhsi, which in histories is called Akhsîkat. Hence Asîr-ed-din, the port, is termed Asîr-ed-din Akhsîkati. There is no town in Ferghâna after Andejân which is more considerable than this. It lies to the west of Andejân, at the distance of nine farsangs. Omar-Sheikh Mirza made it his capital. The river Seihun flows under the walls of its castle. The castle is situated on a high precipice, and the steep ravines around serve instead of a moat. When Omar-Sheikh Mirza made it his capital, he, in one or two instances, scarped the ravines outside of the fort. In all Ferghâna there is no fortified town so strong as this. The suburbs are rather more than a shiraa kos from the fort. The proverb, "Where is the town, and where are the trees?" applies in a particular manner to Akhsi. The melons here are excellent; there is one species which is termed Mîr Taimûri, no such melons are known to exist in the world. The melons of Bokhâra are also celebrated; but at this time when I took Samarkand, I had melons brought from Akhsi and Bokhâra, and cut open at an entertainment, when those of Akhsi were judged beyond comparison the best. There is good hunting and hawking. From the river of Akhsi to the town there is a desert in which the white deer are very numerous. Towards Andejân is a waste, abounding with the stag, the fowl of the desert, and the hare, all of which are extremely fat.

All around the country of Ferghâna, among the mountains, there are excellent Yailâks (or summer stations). The tabûlghû wood is found here among the mountains, and in no other country. The tabûlghû, which has a red bark, is a wood of which they make walking-staves, whip handles, and bird

cages. They also cut it into the forked tops of arrows. It is an excellent wood, and is carried to a great distance, as a rarity in much request. In many books it is related that the Yabruj-us-sannum grows on these hills; but now it is quite unknown. There is, however, a species of grass which is produced on the mountains of Betekend, and which the people of the country term aikoti, that is said to have the virtue of the mehergîah, and is what passes under the name of mehergîah. In these hills, also, there are mines of turquoise and of iron.

The revenues of Ferghâna may suffice, without oppressing the country, to maintain three or four thousand troops.

As Omar-Sheikh Mirza was a prince of high ambition and magnificent pretensions, he was always bent on some scheme of conquest. He several times led an army against Samarkand, was repeatedly defeated, and as often returned back disappointed and desponding.

At this time the Khanship of the (Ulûs or) tribe of Moghuls was held by my maternal uncle, Sultan Mahmûd Khan, the eldest son of Yunis Khan. He and Sultan Ahmed Mirza, the King of Samarkand, who was my father Omar-Sheikh Mirza's elder brother, having taken offense at Omar-Sheikh Mirza's conduct, entered into a negotiation, the result of which was, that Sultan Ahmed Mirza having given Sultan Mahmûd Khan one of his daughters in marriage, they this year concluded an alliance, when the latter marched an army from the north of the river of Khojend, and the former another from the south of it, against that prince's domains.

At this very crisis a singular incident occurred. It has already been mentioned that the fort of Akhsi is situated on a steep precipice, on the very edge of which some of its buildings are raised. On Monday, the fourth of the month of Ramzân, of the year that has been mentioned, Omar-Sheikh Mirza was precipitated from the top of the steep, with his pigeons and pigeon-house, and took his flight to the other world.

He was then in the thirty-ninth year of his age.

Omar-Sheikh Mirza was of low stature, had a short, bushy beard, brownish hair, and was very corpulent. He used to wear his tunic extremely tight; insomuch, that as he was wont to contract his belly while he tied the strings, when he let himself out again the strings often burst. He was not

curious in either his food or dress. He tied his turban in the fashion called Destâr-pêch (or plaited turban). At that time all turbans were worn in the char-pêch (or four-plait) style. He wore his without folds, and allowed the end to hang down. During the heats, when out of the Divân, he generally wore the Moghul cap.

As for his opinions and habits, he was of the sect of Hanifah, and strict in his belief. He neglected the five regular and stated prayers, and during his whole life rigidly performed the Kaza (or retributory prayers and fasts). He devoted much of his time to reading the Koran. He was extremely attached to Kwâjeh Obeidullâh, whose disciple he was, and whose society he greatly affected. The reverend Kwâjeh, on his part, used to call him his son. He read elegantly; his general reading was the Khamsahs, the Mesnevis, and books of history, and he was particularly fond of reading the Shahnâmeh. Though he had a turn for poetry, he did not cultivate it. He was so strictly just, that when the caravan from Khita had once reached the hill country to the east of Andejân, and the snow fell so deep as to bury it, so that of the whole only two persons escaped: he no sooner received information of the occurrence than he dispatched overseers to collect and take charge of all the property and effects of the people of the caravan; and wherever the heirs were not at hand, though himself in great want, his resources being exhausted, he placed the property under sequestration, and preserved it untouched, till in the course of one or two years, the heirs, coming from Khorasân and Samarkand, in consequence of the intimation which they received, he delivered back the goods safe and uninjured into their hands. His generosity was large, and so was his whole soul; he was of an excellent temper, affable, eloquent, and sweet in his conversation, yet brave withal, and manly. On two occasions he advanced in front of the troops, and exhibited distinguished prowess; once at the gates of Akhsi, and once at the gates of Shahrokhîa. He was a middling shot with the bow; he had uncommon force in his fists, and never hit a man whom he did not knock down. From his excessive ambition for conquest, he often exchanged peace for war, and friendship for hostility. In the earlier part of his life he was greatly addicted to drinking bûzeh and talar. Latterly, once or twice in the week, he indulged in a drinking party. He was a pleasant companion, and in the course of conversation used often to cite with great

felicity appropriate verses from the poets. In his latter days he was much addicted to the use of Maajun, while under the influence of which he was subject to a feverish irritability. He was a humane man. He played a great deal at backgammon, and sometimes at games of chance with the dice.

He had three sons and five daughters. Of the sons, I, Zehîreddîn Muhammed Baber, was the eldest.

Another was Khwajeh Hussein Beg, who was a good-humored man, of plain, simple manners; he excelled in singing at drinking parties, as was the fashion of the time, what was called Tûiûk, a sort of Moghul drinking-song.

There was another named Sheikh Mazîd Beg, who was first appointed my governor. His arrangements and discipline were excellent. He had been in the service of Baber Mirza. No man stood higher in the esteem of Omar-Sheikh Mirza than himself. He was, however, of grossly libidinous habits and addicted to pederasty.

Ali Mazîd Beg Kochin was another. He twice rebelled, once in Akhsi, and once in Tâshkend. He was a libidinous, treacherous, good-for-nothing hypocrite.

Another was Hassan Yâkûb Beg, who was frank, good-tempered, clever, and active. The following verses are his: —

> Return again, O Hûma, for without the parrot down of thy cheek
> The crow will assuredly soon carry off my bones.

He was a man of courage, an excellent archer, and remarkable for his skill in playing the games of choughân and leap-frog. After the death of Omar-Sheikh Mirza, he became master of my household. He was, however, narrow-minded, of small capacity, and a promoter of dissension.

Another was Baba Kûli Beg, of the family of Sheikh Ali Behâder. After the death of Sheikh Mazîd Beg, he was appointed my governor. When Sultan Ahmed Mirza led his army against Andegân, he went over to him and delivered Uratippa into his hands. After Sultan Mahmûd Mirza's death, he fled from Samarkand, and was on his way to join me, when Sultan Ali Mirza, issuing out of Uratippa, encountered, defeated, and slew him. He was remarkable for maintaining his troops in good order and with excellent equipments. He kept a watchful eye over his servants, but neither prayed nor fasted, and was cruel, and like an infidel in his whole deportment.

Another was Mîr Ali Dost Taghai, who was of the Begs of the Tumans of Saghrichi, and related to my maternal grandmother Isan-doulet-begum. I showed him great favor from the time of Omar-Sheikh Mirza. I was told that he would be an useful man, but during all the years that he was with me I cannot tell what service he ever did. He had been in Sultan Abusaîd Mirza's service, and pretended to be an enchanter. He was Grand Huntsman, and was a man of disagreeable manners and habits, covetous, mean, seditious, insincere, harsh of speech, and sour of visage.

Weis Laghari was another. He was from Samarkand and of the Tokchi tribe, and was latterly much in the confidence of Omar-Sheikh Mirza. He attended me on my expeditions. He was a man of excellent understanding and talents, but a little disposed to be factious.

Mîr Ghiâs Taghia, the younger brother of Ali Dost, was another. None of all the young Moghul Emirs in Sultan Abusaîd Mirza's court was a greater favorite, and the Great Seal was delivered to his custody by that prince. He was in very great favor with Omar-Sheikh Mirza in his latter years, and was on intimate terms with Weis Laghari. From the time that Sultan Mahmûd Khan got possession of Kâsân till the end of his life, he remained in the service of the Khan, by whom he was treated with great consideration. He was an extremely witty and jocose man, but fearless in debauchery.

There was another named Ali Dervîsh, a native of Khorasân, who served in the Khorasân Bands under Sultan Abusaîd Mirza; for when that prince got possession of Samarkand and Khorasân, he formed such of the young men of these two kingdoms as were fit for service into bands of household troops, which he termed the Bands of Samarkand. He made a gallant charge in my presence in the affair at the gate of Samarkand. He was a brave man. He wrote the Nastâlik character after a fashion. He was, however, a gross flatterer, and sordidly mean and miserly.

Kamber Ali, Moghul, an Akhteji, was another; when his father came to the country, he for some time exercised the trade of a skinner, whence he got the name of Kamber Ali Selakh (or the skinner). He had served Yunis Khan in the capacity of Ewer-bearer, but finally arrived at the rank of Beg. From me he received distinguished favors. Till he had attained high rank, his conduct was exceedingly good; but after

he had gained a certain elevation he became negligent and perverse. He talked a great deal and very idly; indeed there can be no doubt that a great talker must often talk foolishly. He was a man of concentrated capacity, and of a muddy brain.

At the time when this fatal accident befell Omar-Sheikh Mirza, I was in Andejân, at the Châr-bâgh palace. On Tuesday the fifth of Ramzân, the news reached Andejân; I immediately mounted in the greatest haste, and taking with me such of my followers as were at hand, set out to secure the castle. When I had just reached what is called the Mirza's gate, Shiram Taghâi seized my horse's bridle and carried me towards the Id-gâh. The idea had entered his mind that, as Sultan Ahmed Mirza, who was a powerful prince, was approaching with a great army, the Begs of Andejân might deliver up both the country and me into his hands; he was therefore for conducting me towards Urkend and the country on the skirt of the hills in that quarter, that if they should deliver up the country, I might not fall into his power, but might join my maternal uncles Ilcheh Khan or Sultan Mahmûd Khan. Khwâjeh Moulâna Kazi was of the race of Sheikh Bûrhanân-ed-dîn Kilij, and by the mother's side descended of Sultan Ilik Mâzi. He was sprung of a religious family that had come to be regarded as the protectors of that country. This family in some sort held the office of Sheikh-ul-Islâm by hereditary descent, and will hereafter be often mentioned. The Kazi, and the Begs who were in the castle, on hearing of our proceedings, sent Khwâjeh Muhammed Derzi, who was an old and trusty household servant of Omar-Sheikh Mirza, and the Beg-utkeh or governor of one of his daughters, to dispel our apprehensions. He overtook us and made me turn, after we had nearly reached the Id-gâh, and conducted me into the citadel, where I alighted. Khwâjeh Moulâna Kazi and the Begs, having met in my presence, held a consultation; and, after having mutually communicated their ideas, and resolved on their plan, applied themselves to put the fortress, with its towers and ramparts, in a state of defense. Hassan Yâkûb, Kâsim Kochîn, and some other Begs, who had been sent out on an excursion to Marghinân and that quarter, arrived a day or two after, and entered into my service; and all of them, with one heart and soul, set themselves zealously to maintain the place.

Sultan Ahmed Mirza, after having made himself master of Uratippa, Khojend, and Marghinân, advanced to Kaba, within

four farsangs of Andejân, and encamped. At this time one Dervish Gaw, a man of note in Andejân, was capitally punished on account of some seditious expressions, an example which reduced all the rest of the inhabitants to their duty.

I now sent Khwâjeh Kazi, Uzûn Hussan, and Khwâjeh Hussein, ambassadors, to Sultan Ahmed Mirza, with a message to this effect: "It is plain that you must place some one of your servants in charge of this country; I am at once your servant and your son; if you intrust me with this employment, your purpose will be attained in the most satisfactory and easy way." As Sultan Ahmed Mirza was a mild, weak man, of few words, who was implicitly guided in all his opinions and actions by his Begs; and as they were not favorably disposed to this proposition, a harsh answer was returned, and he marched forward. But the Almighty God, who, of his perfect power, has, in his own good time and season, accomplished my designs in the best and most proper manner, without the aid of mortal strength, on this occasion also brought certain events to pass, which reduced the enemy to great difficulties, frustrated the object of their expedition, and made them return without success, heartily repenting of their attempt.

One of these was the following: the Kaba is a black river and extremely slimy, insomuch that it can only be passed by a bridge; as the host was very numerous, there was a great crowding on the bridge, and many horses and camels fell over into the black water and perished. Now as three or four years before this the same troops had suffered a severe defeat at the passage of the river Chirr, the present disaster recalled the former to their remembrance, and the soldiers of the army were seized with a panic. Another circumstance was, that at this time a disease attacked the horses with such violence that they were taken ill, and began to die in great numbers. A third circumstance was, that they found my soldiers and subjects so unanimous and resolute, that they perceived clearly that their determination was to fight to the last drop of their blood, and the last gasp of their life, without yielding, and that they would never submit to the government of the invaders. Disconcerted by these circumstances, after they had come within one farsang of Andejân, they on their part sent Dervîsh Muhammed Terkhân, who was met near the Id-gâh by Hassan Yâkûb, from the castle, when they conferred together and patched up a sort of peace, in consequence of which the invading army retired.

POEMS OF CLÉMENT MAROT.

[CLÉMENT MAROT, one of the most important of French poets of the Renaissance, was born at Cahors in the winter of 1496–1497. He was son of the court poet to Anne of Brittany (queen of Charles VIII. and Louis XII.), and by him carefully instructed in the artificial poetry of the time, and introduced to the court of Queen Claude; and by presenting to Francis I. (acceded 1515) his "Judgment of Minos," "Temple of Cupid," etc., won his favor and that of his sister, Margaret of Angoulême, to whose suite he was attached, as also to the household of her husband, the Duc d'Alençon. In 1524 he accompanied Francis on his Italian campaign, and was wounded and taken prisoner with him at Pavia. It was the beginning of twenty years of intermittent but steadily increasing misfortune. His patrons favored the humanistic and Reformation movement in France, his own pen was caustic against the corruption and sensuality of the clergy, and he was hated and hunted as a heretic to his death. Imprisoned on this ground in 1525, he escaped through a prelate friend (see "The Lion and the Rat," below), and wrote the poem "Hell" thereanent. In 1531 he was again imprisoned; in 1535 once more summoned, he fled to Ferrara, where he wrote "Blasons" and much of great repute besides; thence to Venice, then back to Francis' protection in Paris. Here in 1539 he published a famous translation of the Psalms, an influence of the first order in advancing the Reformation in France. The Sorbonne condemned it; in 1543 he had again to fly, first to Geneva, whence his doctrinal looseness got him expelled by the influence of Calvin, then to Turin, where he died the next year (1544). His artistic progress emancipated him even overmuch from the artificialities of his early training: he made his versified epistles the lightest, easiest, most conversational of compositions, brimming with humor and delicate satire; and his ballades, rondeaux, elegies, *étrennes*, etc., are equally full of inimitable ease and charm, though abounding in quaint mannerisms and archaisms. Some of his satirical descriptions explain the church hatred toward him.]

THE LION AND THE RAT.

(Translated for this work by Ellen Watson.)

NOTE BY TRANSLATOR. — Clément Marot was accused by Diane de Poitiers of mocking at the Catholics, whom he called "tartuffes," and of eating bacon during Lent. Found guilty and imprisoned in the Châtelet in Paris (1525), he wrote this ingenious epistle to his friend, Lyon Jamet, who aided him in regaining his liberty.

I WILL not write of love that drives men mad, —
Full well you know her service, sweet and sad;
Nor will I write of arms and warriors bold, —
A soldier's luck you know full well of old;
Fortune still turns her wheel, now up, now down, —
You've learned to care not if she smile or frown;
And why the abuses of the hour upbraid
To one who knows that sin may not be stayed?
Nor will I write of God, whose loving care we feel, —
For He alone can all his power reveal;

Why write of fair Parisian dames to you
Who know them better than their husbands do?
Why tell you who is rude, and who polite?
Nay, and it please you, I'll a fable write.
The title is, "The Lion and the Rat,"
And you will see it might be "Tit for Tat."
This mighty Lion, as he forth did stroll,
Found a stout rat caught fast within a hole, —
Grown fat with too much bacon and raw meat.
Now Master Lion dreams not of defeat, —
Finds ways and means, — and 'tis no easy matter
To free a rat who hourly waxes fatter, —
With teeth and nails to break the horrid trap;
Whereat our prisoner, lifting high his cap,
Full gracefully upon his bended knee
Thanks the kind monarch who had set him free.
Now by the god of rats and mice he swears
He dares do all that any lion dares!
Now to my story's point: forth from his lair
In search of prey our lion doth repair,
When suddenly, as by some dire mishap
Behold our monarch caught within a trap!
Despite his strength, despite his royal pride,
Securely to a heavy post he's tied.
At once our Rat, altho' no knife had he,
Arrived upon the scene right merrily;
True, he rejoiced not in the lion's plight, —
Yet, as a member of the race of rats,
Vastly above all pussies, kits or cats,
It filled his little heart with dear delight
That he should come just in the nick of time
To save King Lion; hear his modest rhyme:
"Be silent but a moment, Lion mine!
Your ropes and cords I'll instantly untwine,
And do it gladly: it is plain to see
Your heart's a kind one, for you rescued me.
And as a Lion royal set me free,
So I, poor rat, will do the like for thee.
You can't refuse, after your succor leonine
To listen to this mousey plea o' mine!"
Thereat King Lion turns his burning eyes
Upon our little rat, in vast surprise,
Saying in scorn: "Poor little vermin,
Go, seek the darkest corner you can squirm in!
You have no knife, no scissors, not a thing
To cut a cord or rope or even string!

How can you free me from this horrid snare!
The cat may come, dear mousie! have a care!"
"O King," replied this scion of all mice,
"I'll surely set you free, and in a trice.
Fear not, I've knives as sharp as any saw,
And white as ivory, sheathed within my jaw.
Swiftly they'll cut the cruel cords that bind
So close: I can work well, you'll find."
And with these words friend Rat begins to gnaw
The mighty rope, wearying his tiny jaw
Full many hours, but works so steadily
That the end crowns his labor finally,
And Master Lion hurries him away;
But as he went within himself he thought:
"No kindly deed is vain, howe'er 'tis wrought."
There's the whole story, simply told in rhyme.
'Tis long indeed, yet old in point of time,
As Æsop testifies and millions more.
Now, come to see me, play the Lion's part,
And I'll endeavor, studying every art,
To play the Rat, free from ingratitude,
While you will show the Lion's fortitude,
If caught in snare as in foul prison hid,
Like any Rat! Now this God's grace forbid!"

A Love-Lesson.

(Translated by Leigh Hunt.)

A sweet "No, no," with a sweet smile beneath,
Becomes an honest girl; I'd have you learn it;—
As for plain "Yes," it may be said, i' faith,
Too plainly and too oft;—pray, well discern it.

Not that I'd have my pleasure incomplete,
Or lose the kiss for which my lips beset you;
But that in suffering me to take it, sweet,
I'd have you say, "No, no, I will not let you."

On the Laugh of Madame d'Albret.

(Translated by Leigh Hunt.)

Yes, that fair neck, too beautiful by half,
Those eyes, that voice, that bloom, all do her honor;
Yet after all, that little giddy laugh
Is what, in my mind, sits the best upon her.

Good God! 'twould make the very streets and ways
Through which she passes, burst into a pleasure!
Did melancholy come to mar my days,
And kill me in the lap of too much leisure,
No spell were wanting, from the dead to raise me,
But only that sweet laugh, wherewith she slays me.

The Abbot and his Henchman.

(Translated by Wm. J. Eckoff.)

The abbot's man, and he, the man of God,
In silly laughs and moistening of the clod
Seem as each were the other one's twin brother, —
In short, two peas resembling one another.
And yet last night the well-matched pair fell out.
You wonder what it could have been about?
With a deep sigh the pious prior said,
"At night put the big wine jug near my bed.
I fear I should expire were I left dry."
To which fat flunky dared to make reply:
"And you want me to lie all night bereft
Of balmy sleep? You know I get what's left
In that big jug. — I'm loath to see you die,
But yet — expire for lose my sleep? Not I."

On a Lady who wished to behold Marot.

(Translated for this Work.)

As in my works to readers I appeared,
She loved me, then desired to see my face;
Well, she has seen me, swarthy, gray of beard,
Yet I am none the lower in her grace.
O tender heart, O nymph of noble race,
You are just: this frame already hoar with age,
This is not I, 'tis but my prison cage.
And in the writings you were wont to read,
Your sweet eyes saw me better (I engage)
Far, than the hour you looked on me indeed.

THE SACK OF ROME BY THE CONSTABLE OF BOURBON, 1527.

By LORD BYRON.

[Lord George Noel Gordon Byron: A famous English poet; born in London, January 22, 1788. At the age of ten he succeeded to the estate and title of his granduncle William, fifth Lord Byron. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and in 1807 published his first volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness." After a tour through eastern Europe he brought out two cantos of "Childe Harold," which met with instantaneous success, and soon after he married the heiress Miss Millbanke. The union proving unfortunate, Byron left England, and passed several years in Italy. In 1823 he joined the Greek insurgents in Cephalonia, and later at Missolonghi, where he died of a fever April 19, 1824. His chief poetical works are: "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," "Manfred," "Cain," "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," "The Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," and "Mazeppa."]

Scene: Before the Walls of Rome. — The assault: the army in motion, with ladders to scale the walls; Bourbon, *with a white scarf over his armor, foremost.*

Chorus of Spirits in the air.

'Tis the morn, but dim and dark.
Whither flies the silent lark?
Whither shrinks the clouded sun?
Is the day indeed begun?
Nature's eye is melancholy
O'er the city high and holy:
But without there is a din
Should arouse the saints within,
And revive the heroic ashes
Round which yellow Tiber dashes.
Oh ye seven hills! awaken,
Ere your very base be shaken!

Hearken to the steady stamp!
Mars is in their every tramp!
Not a step is out of tune,
As the tides obey the moon!
On they march, though to self-slaughter,
Regular as rolling water,
Whose high waves o'ersweep the border
Of huge moles, but keep their order,
Breaking only rank by rank.
Hearken to the armor's clank!

Look down o'er each frowning warrior,
How he glares upon the barrier:
Look on each step of each ladder,
As the stripes that streak an adder.

Look upon the bristling wall,
Manned without an interval!
Round and round, and tier on tier,
Cannon's black mouth, shining spear,
Lit match, bell-mouthed musquetoon,
Gaping to be murderous soon;
All the warlike gear of old,
Mixed with what we now behold,
In this strife 'twixt old and new,
Gather like a locusts' crew.
Shade of Remus! 'tis a time
Awful as thy brother's crime!
Christians war against Christ's shrine:—
Must its lot be like to thine?

Near — and near — and nearer still,
As the earthquake saps the hill,
First with trembling, hollow motion,
Like a scarce-awakened ocean,
Then with stronger shock and louder,
Till the rocks are crushed to powder,—
Onward sweeps the rolling host!
Heroes of the immortal boast!
Mighty chiefs! eternal shadows!
First flowers of the bloody meadows
Which encompass Rome, the mother
Of a people without brother!
Will you sleep when nations' quarrels
Plow the root up of your laurels?
Ye who wept o'er Carthage burning,
Weep not — *strike!* for Rome is mourning!

Onward sweep the varied nations!
Famine long hath dealt their rations.
To the wall, with hate and hunger,
Numerous as wolves, and stronger,
On they sweep. Oh! glorious city,
Must thou be a theme for pity?
Fight, like your first sire, each Roman!
Alaric was a gentle foeman,

Matched with Bourbon's black banditti!
Rouse thee, thou eternal city;
Rouse thee! Rather give the torch
With thine own hand to thy porch,
Than behold such hosts pollute
Your worst dwelling with their foot.

Ah! behold yon bleeding specter!
Ilion's children find no Hector;
Priam's offspring loved their brother;
Rome's great sire forgot his mother,
When he slew his gallant twin,
With inexpiable sin.
See the giant shadow stride
O'er the ramparts high and wide!
When the first o'erleapt thy wall,
Its foundation mourned thy fall.
Now, though towering like a Babel,
Who to stop his steps are able?
Stalking o'er thy highest dome,
Remus claims his vengeance, Rome!

Now they reach thee in their anger:
Fire and smoke and hellish clangor
Are around thee, thou world's wonder!
Death is in thy walls and under.
Now the meeting steel first clashes,
Downward then the ladder crashes,
With its iron load all gleaming,
Lying at its foot blaspheming!
Up again! for every warrior
Slain, another climbs the barrier.
Thicker grows the strife: thy ditches
Europe's mingling gore enriches.
Rome! although thy wall may perish,
Such manure thy fields will cherish,
Making gay the harvest home;
But thy hearths, alas! oh, Rome!—
Yet be Rome amidst thine anguish,
Fight as thou wast wont to vanquish!

Yet once more, ye old Penates,
Let not your quenched hearths be Até's!
Yet again, ye shadowy heroes,
Yield not to these stranger Neros!

Though the son who slew his mother
Shed Rome's blood, he was your brother:
'Twas the Roman curbed the Roman; —
Brennus was a baffled foeman.
Yet again, ye saints and martyrs,
Rise! for yours are holier charters!
Mighty gods of temples falling,
Yet in ruin still appalling,
Mightier founders of those altars
True and Christian, — strike the assaulters!
Tiber! Tiber! let thy torrent
Show even nature's self abhorrent.
Let each breathing heart dilated
Turn, as doth the lion baited:
Rome be crushed to one wide tomb,
But be still the Roman's Rome!

BENVENUTO CELLINI'S EARLY LIFE.

(From his "Life": translated by J. A. Symonds.)

[Benvenuto Cellini, the Italian goldsmith, sculptor, aud autobiographer, was born in Florence, November 10, 1500; died February 13, 1571. He worked at his trade of goldsmith in Rome under the patronage of Popes Clement VII. and Paul III.; assisted in the defense of the castle of San Angelo (1527); and in 1538 at the instigation of his inveterate enemy, Pier Luigi Farnese, was confined in a loathsome underground dungeon of the same castle, from which he made a marvelous escape. According to his own account he was as expert with sword and dagger as with goldsmiths' tools, and declares that he killed the Constable of Bourbon and wounded the Prince of Orange during the siege of Rome. He was at the court of Francis I. of France (1540–1544), and on his return to Florence worked under the patronage of Cosimo I. and the Medici family. He executed among other pieces of sculpture in metal and marble the famous bronze of Perseus with the head of Medea, in the Loggia dei Lanzi. In 1558 he began to write his autobiography, one of the most interesting works of its kind in literature, and also valuable as a picture of Italian society in the sixteenth century.]

My father was the devoted servant and attached friend of the house of Medici; and when Piero was banished, he intrusted him with many affairs of the greatest possible importance. Afterwards, when the magnificent Piero Soderini was elected, and my father continued in his office of musician, Soderini, perceiving his wonderful talent, began to employ him in many matters of great importance as an engineer. So long as Soderini remained in Florence, he showed the utmost good will to

my father; and in those days, I being still of tender age, my father had me carried, and made me perform upon the flute; I used to play treble in concert with the musicians of the palace before the Signory, following my notes: and a beadle used to carry me upon his shoulders. The Gonfalonier, that is, Soderini, whom I have already mentioned, took much pleasure in making me chatter, and gave me comfits, and was wont to say to my father: "Maestro Giovanni, besides music, teach the boy those other arts which do you so much honor." To which my father answered: "I do not wish him to practice any art but playing and composing; for in this profession I hope to make him the greatest man of the world, if God prolongs his life." To these words one of the old counselors made answer: "Ah! Maestro Giovanni, do what the Gonfalonier tells you! for why should he never become anything more than a good musician?"

Thus some time passed, until the Medici returned. When they arrived, the Cardinal, who afterwards became Pope Leo, received my father very kindly. During their exile the scutcheons which were on the palace of the Medici had had their balls erased, and a great red cross painted over them, which was the bearing of the Commune. Accordingly, as soon as they returned, the red cross was scratched out, and on the scutcheon the red balls and the golden field were painted in again, and finished with great beauty. My father, who possessed a simple vein of poetry, instilled in him by nature, together with a certain touch of prophecy, which was doubtless a divine gift in him, wrote these four verses under the said arms of the Medici, when they were uncovered to the view: —

> These arms, which have so long from sight been laid
> Beneath the holy cross, that symbol meek,
> Now lift their glorious glad face, and seek
> With Peter's sacred cloak to be arrayed.

This epigram was read by all Florence. A few days afterwards Pope Julius II. died. The Cardinal de' Medici went to Rome, and was elected Pope against the expectation of everybody. He reigned as Leo X., that generous and great soul. My father sent him his four prophetic verses. The Pope sent to tell him to come to Rome, for this would be to his advantage. But he had no will to go; and so, in lieu of reward, his place in the palace was taken from him by Jacopo Salviati,

upon that man's election as Gonfalonier. This was the reason why I commenced goldsmith; after which I spent part of my time in learning that art, and part in playing, much against my will.

When my father spoke to me in the way I have above described, I entreated him to let me draw a certain fixed number of hours in the day; all the rest of my time I would give to music, only with the view of satisfying his desire. Upon this he said to me: "So then, you take no pleasure in playing?" To which I answered, "No"; because that art seemed too base in comparison with what I had in my own mind. My good father, driven to despair by this fixed idea of mine, placed me in the workshop of Cavaliere Bandinello's father, who was called Michel Agnolo, a goldsmith from Pinzi di Monte, and a master excellent in that craft. He had no distinction of birth whatever, but was the son of a charcoal seller. This is no blame to Bandinello, who has founded the honor of the family — if only he had done so honestly! However that may be, I have no cause now to talk about him. After I had stayed there some days, my father took me away from Michel Agnolo, finding himself unable to live without having me always under his eyes. Accordingly, much to my discontent, I remained at music till I reached the age of fifteen. If I were to describe all the wonderful things that happened to me up to that time, and all the great dangers to my own life which I ran, I should astound my readers; but, in order to avoid prolixity, and having very much to relate, I will omit these incidents.

When I reached the age of fifteen, I put myself, against my father's will, to the goldsmith's trade with a man called Antonio, son of Sandro, known commonly as Marcone the goldsmith. He was a most excellent craftsman and a very good fellow to boot, high-spirited and frank in all his ways. My father would not let him give me wages like the other apprentices; for having taken up the study of this art to please myself, he wished me to indulge my whim for drawing to the full. I did so willingly enough; and that honest master of mine took marvelous delight in my performances. He had an only son, a bastard, to whom he often gave his orders, in order to spare me. My liking for the art was so great, or, I may truly say, my natural bias, both one and the other, that in a few months I caught up the good, nay, the best young craftsmen in our business, and began to reap the fruits of my labors. I

did not, however, neglect to gratify my good father from time to time by playing on the flute or cornet. Each time he heard me, I used to make his tears fall accompanied with deep-drawn sighs of satisfaction. My filial piety often made me give him that contentment, and induced me to pretend that I enjoyed the music too.

[His younger brother, a fierce-tempered lad, is nearly killed in a duel in which his adversary's kinsfolk take part; Benvenuto rescues him from death, and with him and the other party is banished by the Eight.]

The Cardinal de' Medici, who afterwards became Pope Clement VII., had us recalled to Florence at the entreaty of my father. A certain pupil of my father's, moved by his own bad nature, suggested to the Cardinal that he ought to send me to Bologna, in order to learn to play well from a great master there. The name of this master was Antonio, and he was in truth a worthy man in the musician's art. The Cardinal said to my father that, if he sent me there, he would give me letters of recommendation and support. My father, dying with joy at such an opportunity, sent me off; and I being eager to see the world, went with good grace.

When I reached Bologna, I put myself under a certain Maestro Ercole del Piffero, and began to earn something by my trade. In the mean time I used to go every day to take my music lesson, and in a few weeks made considerable progress in that accursed art. However, I made still greater in my trade of goldsmith; for the Cardinal having given me no assistance, I went to live with a Bolognese illuminator who was called Scipione Cavalletti (his house was in the street of our Lady del Baraccan); and while there I devoted myself to drawing and working for one Graziadio, a Jew, with whom I earned considerably.

At the end of six months I returned to Florence, where that fellow Pierino, who had been my father's pupil, was greatly mortified by my return. To please my father, I went to his house and played the cornet and the flute with one of his brothers, who was named Girolamo, several years younger than the said Piero, a very worthy young man, and quite the contrary of his brother. On one of those days my father came to Piero's house to hear us play, and in ecstasy at my performance exclaimed: "I shall yet make you a marvelous musician against the will of all or any one who may desire to prevent

me." To this Piero answered and spoke the truth: "Your Benvenuto will get much more honor and profit if he devotes himself to the goldsmith's trade than to this piping." These words made my father so angry, seeing that I too had the same opinion as Piero, that he flew into a rage and cried out at him: "Well did I know that it was you, *you*, who put obstacles in the way of my cherished wish; you are the man who had me ousted from my place at the palace, paying me back with that black ingratitude which is the usual recompense of great benefits. I got you promoted, and you have got me cashiered; I taught you to play with all the little art you have, and you are preventing my son from obeying me; but bear in mind these words of prophecy: not years or months, I say, but only a few weeks will pass before this dirty ingratitude of yours shall plunge you into ruin." To these words answered Pierino and said: "Maestro Giovanni, the majority of men, when they grow old, go mad at the same time; and this has happened to you. I am not astonished at it, because most liberally have you squandered all your property, without reflecting that your children had need of it. I mind to do just the opposite, and to leave my children so much that they shall be able to succor yours."

To this my father answered: "No bad tree ever bore good fruit; quite the contrary; and I tell you further that you are bad, and that your children will be mad and paupers, and will cringe for alms to my virtuous and wealthy sons." Thereupon we left the house, muttering words of anger on both sides. I had taken my father's part; and when we stepped into the street together, I told him I was quite ready to take vengeance for the insults heaped on him by that scoundrel, provided you permit me to give myself up to the art of design. He answered: "My dear son, I too in my time was a good draughtsman; but for recreation, after such stupendous labors, and for the love of me who am your father, who begat you and brought you up and implanted so many honorable talents in you, for the sake of recreation, I say, will not you promise sometimes to take in hand your flute and that seductive cornet, and to play upon them to your heart's content, inviting the delight of music?" I promised I would do so, and very willingly for his love's sake. Then my good father said that such excellent parts as I possessed would be the greatest vengeance I could take for the insults of his enemies.

Not a whole month had been completed after this scene before

the man Pierino happened to be building a vault in a house of his, which he had in the Via dello Studio; and being one day in a ground-floor room above the vault which he was making, together with much company around him, he fell to talking about his old master, my father. While repeating the words which he had said to him concerning his ruin, no sooner had they escaped his lips than the floor where he was standing (either because the vault had been badly built, or rather through the sheer mightiness of God, who does not always pay on Saturday) suddenly gave way. Some of the stones and bricks of the vault, which fell with him, broke both his legs. The friends who were with him, remaining on the border of the broken vault, took no harm, but were astounded and full of wonder, especially because of the prophecy which he had just contemptuously repeated to them. When my father heard of this, he took his sword, and went to see the man. There, in the presence of his father, who was called Niccolaio da Volterra, a trumpeter of the Signory, he said: "O Piero, my dear pupil, I am sorely grieved at your mischance; but if you remember it was only a short time ago that I warned you of it; and as much as I then said will come to happen between your children and mine." Shortly afterwards, the ungrateful Piero died of that illness. He left a wife of bad character and one son, who after the lapse of some years came to me to beg for alms in Rome. I gave him something, as well because it is my nature to be charitable, as also because I recalled with tears the happy state which Pierino held when my father spake those words of prophecy, namely, that Pierino's children should live to crave succor from his own virtuous sons. Of this perhaps enough is now said; but let none ever laugh at the prognostications of any worthy man whom he has wrongfully insulted; because it is not he who speaks, nay, but the very voice of God through him.

All this while I worked as a goldsmith, and was able to assist my good father. His other son, my brother Cecchino, had, as I said before, been instructed in the rudiments of Latin letters. It was our father's wish to make me, the elder, a great musician and composer, and him, the younger, a great and learned jurist. He could not, however, put force upon the inclinations of our nature, which directed me to the arts of design, and my brother, who had a fine and graceful person, to the profession of arms. Cecchino, being still quite a lad, was returning from

his first lesson in the school of the stupendous Giovannino de' Medici. On the day when he reached home, I happened to be absent; and he, being in want of proper clothes, sought out our sisters, who, unknown to my father, gave him a cloak and doublet of mine, both new and of good quality. I ought to say that, beside the aid I gave my father and my excellent and honest sisters, I had bought those handsome clothes out of my own savings. When I found I had been cheated, and my clothes taken from me, and my brother from whom I should have recovered them was gone, I asked my father why he suffered so great a wrong to be done me, seeing that I was always ready to assist him. He replied that I was his good son, but that the other, whom he thought to have lost, had been found again; also that it was a duty, nay, a precept from God Himself, that he who hath should give to him who hath not; and that for his sake I ought to bear this injustice, for God would increase me in all good things. I, like a youth without experience, retorted on my poor afflicted parent; and taking the miserable remnants of my clothes and money, went toward a gate of the city. As I did not know which gate would start me on the road to Rome, I arrived at Lucca, and from Lucca reached Pisa.

When I came to Pisa (I was about sixteen years of age at the time), I stopped near the middle bridge, by what is called the Fish-stone, at the shop of a goldsmith, and began attentively to watch what the master was about. He asked me who I was, and what was my profession. I told him that I worked a little in the same trade as his own. This worthy man bade me come into his shop, and at once gave me work to do, and spoke as follows: "Your good appearance makes me believe you are a decent honest youth." Then he told me out gold, silver, and gems; and when the first day's work was finished, he took me in the evening to his house, where he dwelt respectably with his handsome wife and children. Thinking of the grief which my good father might be feeling for me, I wrote him that I was sojourning with a very excellent and honest man, called Maestro Ulivieri della Chiostra, and was working with him at many things of beauty and importance. I bade him be of good cheer, for that I was bent on learning, and hoped by my acquirements to bring him back both profit and honor before long. My good father answered the letter at once in words like these: "My son, the love I bear you is so great, that if it were not for the

honor of our family, which above all things I regard, I should immediately have set off for you; for indeed it seems like being without the light of my eyes, when I do not see you daily, as I used to do. I will make it my business to complete the training of my household up to virtuous honesty; do you make it yours to acquire excellence in your art; and I only wish you to remember these four simple words, obey them, and never let them escape your memory: —

"In whatever house you be,
Steal not, and live honestly."

This letter fell into the hands of my master Ulivieri, and he read it unknown to me. Afterwards he avowed that he had read it, and added: "So then, my Benvenuto, your good looks did not deceive me, as a letter from your father which has come into my hands gives me assurance, which proves him to be a man of notable honesty and worth. Consider yourself then to be at home here, and as though in your own father's house."

While I stayed at Pisa, I went to see the Campo Santo, and there I found many beautiful fragments of antiquity, that is to say, marble sarcophagi. In other parts of Pisa also I saw many antique objects, which I diligently studied whenever I had days or hours free from the labor of the workshop. My master, who took pleasure in coming to visit me in the little room which he had allotted me, observing that I spent all my time in studious occupations, began to love me like a father. I made great progress in the one year that I stayed there, and completed several fine and valuable things in gold and silver, which inspired me with a resolute ambition to advance in my art.

My father, in the mean while, kept writing piteous entreaties that I should return to him, and in every letter bade me not to lose the music he had taught me with such trouble. On this, I suddenly gave up all wish to go back to him, so much did I hate that accursed music; and I felt as though of a truth I were in paradise the whole year I stayed at Pisa, where I never played the flute.

At the end of the year my master Ulivieri had occasion to go to Florence, in order to sell certain gold and silver sweepings which he had; and inasmuch as the bad air of Pisa had given me a touch of fever, I went with the fever hanging still

about me, in my master's company, back to Florence. There my father received him most affectionately, and lovingly prayed him, unknown by me, not to insist on taking me again to Pisa. I was ill about two months, during which time my father had me most kindly treated and cured, always repeating that it seemed to him a thousand years till I got well again, in order that he might hear me play a little. But when he talked to me of music, with his fingers on my pulse, seeing he had some acquaintance with medicine and Latin learning, he felt it change so much if he approached that topic, that he was often dismayed and left my side in tears. When I perceived how greatly he was disappointed, I bade one of my sisters bring me a flute; for though the fever never left me, that instrument is so easy that it did not hurt me to play upon it; and I used it with such dexterity of hand and tongue that my father, coming suddenly upon me, blessed me a thousand times, exclaiming that while I was away from him I had made great progress, as he thought; and he begged me to go forwards, and not to sacrifice so fine an accomplishment.

When I had recovered my health, I returned to my old friend Marcone, the worthy goldsmith, who put me in the way of earning money, with which I helped my father and our household. About that time there came to Florence a sculptor named Piero Torrigiani; he arrived from England, where he had resided many years; and being intimate with my master, he daily visited his house; and when he saw my drawings and the things which I was making, he said: "I have come to Florence to enlist as many young men as I can; for I have undertaken to execute a great work for my king, and want some of my own Florentines to help me. Now your method of working and your designs are worthy rather of a sculptor than a goldsmith; and since I have to turn out a great piece of bronze, I will at the same time turn you into a rich and able artist." This man had a splendid person and a most arrogant spirit, with the air of a great soldier more than of a sculptor, especially in regard to his vehement gestures and his resonant voice, together with a habit he had of knitting his brows, enough to frighten any man of courage. He kept talking every day about his gallant feats among those beasts of Englishmen.

In course of conversation he happened to mention Michel Agnolo Buonarroti, led thereto by a drawing I had made from

a cartoon of that divinest painter. This cartoon was the first masterpiece which Michel Agnolo exhibited, in proof of his stupendous talents. He produced it in competition with another painter, Lionardo da Vinci, who also made a cartoon; and both were intended for the council hall in the palace of the Signory. They represented the taking of Pisa by the Florentines; and our admirable Lionardo had chosen to depict a battle of horses, with the capture of some standards, in as divine a style as could possibly be imagined. Michel Agnolo in his cartoon portrayed a number of foot soldiers, who, the season being summer, had gone to bathe in Arno. He drew them at the very moment the alarm is sounded, and the men all naked run to arms,—so splendid in their action that nothing survives of ancient or of modern art which touches the same lofty point of excellence; and as I have already said, the design of the great Lionardo was itself most admirably beautiful. These two cartoons stood, one in the palace of the Medici, the other in the hall of the Pope. So long as they remained intact, they were the school of the world. Though the divine Michel Agnolo in later life finished that great chapel of Pope Julius, he never rose halfway to the same pitch of power; his genius never afterwards attained to the force of those first studies.

Now let us return to Piero Torrigiani, who, with my drawing in his hand, spoke as follows: "This Buonarroti and I used, when we were boys, to go into the Church of the Carmine, to learn drawing from the chapel of Masaccio. It was Buonarroti's habit to banter all who were drawing there; and one day, among others, when he was annoying me, I got more angry than usual, and clenching my fist, gave him such a blow on the nose, that I felt bone and cartilage go down like biscuit beneath my knuckles; and this mark of mine he will carry with him to the grave." These words begat in me such hatred of the man, since I was always gazing at the masterpieces of the divine Michel Agnolo, that although I felt a wish to go with him to England, I now could never bear the sight of him.

All the while I was at Florence, I studied the noble manner of Michel Agnolo, and from this I have never deviated. About that time I contracted a close and familiar friendship with an amiable lad of my own age, who was also in the goldsmith's trade. He was called Francesco, son of Filippo, and grandson of Fra Lippo Lippi, that most excellent painter. Through intercourse together, such love grew up between us that, day or

night, we never stayed apart. The house where he lived was still full of the fine studies which his father had made, bound up in several books of drawings by his hand, and taken from the best antiquities of Rome. The sight of these things filled me with passionate enthusiasm; and for two years or thereabouts we lived in intimacy. At that time I fashioned a silver bas-relief of the size of a little child's hand. It was intended for the clasp to a man's belt; for they were then worn as large as that. I carved on it a knot of leaves in the antique style, with figures of children and other masks of great beauty. This piece I made in the workshop of one Francesco Salimbene; and on its being exhibited to the trade, the goldsmiths praised me as the best young craftsman of their art.

There was one Giovan Battista, surnamed Il Tasso, a wood carver, precisely of my own age, who one day said to me that if I was willing to go to Rome, he should be glad to join me. Now we had this conversation together immediately after dinner; and I being angry with my father for the same old reason of the music, said to Tasso: "You are a fellow of words, not deeds." He answered: "I too have come to anger with my mother; and if I had cash enough to take me to Rome, I would not turn back to lock the door of that wretched little workshop I call mine." To these words I replied that if that was all that kept him in Florence I had money enough in my pockets to bring us both to Rome. Talking thus and walking onwards, we found ourselves at the gate San Piero Gattolini without noticing that we had got there; whereupon I said: "Friend Tasso, this is God's doing that we have reached this gate without either you or me noticing that we were there; and now that I am here, it seems to me that I have finished half the journey." And so, being of one accord, we pursued our way together, saying, "Oh, what will our old folks say this evening?" We then made an agreement not to think more about them till we reached Rome. So we tied our aprons behind our backs, and trudged almost in silence to Siena. When we arrived at Siena, Tasso said (for he had hurt his feet) that he would not go farther, and asked me to lend him money to get back. I made answer: "I should not have enough left to go forward; you ought indeed to have thought of this on leaving Florence; and if it is because of your feet that you shirk the journey, we will find a return horse for Rome, which will deprive you of the excuse." Accordingly I hired a horse; and

seeing that he did not answer, I took my way toward the gate of Rome. When he knew that I was firmly resolved to go, muttering between his teeth, and limping as well as he could, he came on behind me very slowly and at a great distance. On reaching the gate, I felt pity for my comrade, and waited for him, and took him on the crupper, saying: "What would our friends speak of us to-morrow, if, having left for Rome, we had not pluck to get beyond Siena?" Then the good Tasso said I spoke the truth; and as he was a pleasant fellow, he began to laugh and sing; and in this way, always singing and laughing, we traveled the whole way to Rome. I had just nineteen years then, and so had the century.

When we reached Rome, I put myself under a master who was known as Il Firenzuola. His name was Giovanni, and he came from Firenzuola in Lombardy, — a most able craftsman in large vases and big plate of that kind. I showed him part of the model for the clasp which I had made in Florence at Salimbene's. It pleased him exceedingly; and turning to one of his journeymen, a Florentine called Giannotto Giannotti, who had been several years with him, he spoke as follows: "This fellow is one of the Florentines who know something, and you are one of those who know nothing." Then I recognized the man, and turned to speak with him; for before he went to Rome, we often went to draw together, and had been very intimate comrades. He was so put out by the words his master flung at him, that he said he did not recognize me or know who I was; whereupon I got angry, and cried out: "O Giannotto, you who were once my friend — for have we not been together in such and such places, and drawn, and ate, and drunk, and slept in company at your house in the country? I don't want you to bear witness on my behalf to this worthy man, your master, because I hope my hands are such that without aid from you they will declare what sort of a fellow I am."

When I had thus spoken, Firenzuola, who was a man of hot spirit and brave, turned to Giannotto, and said to him: "You vile rascal, aren't you ashamed to treat a man who has been so intimate a comrade with you in this way?" And with the same movement of quick feeling, he faced round and said to me: "Welcome to my workshop; and do as you have promised; let your hands declare what man you are."

He gave me a very fine piece of silver plate to work on for a cardinal. It was a little oblong box, copied from the por-

phyry sarcophagus before the door of the Rotonda. Besides what I copied, I enriched it with so many elegant masks of my invention, that my master went about showing it through the art, and boasting that so good a piece of work had been turned out from his shop. It was about half a cubit in size, and was so constructed as to serve for a saltcellar at table. This was the first earning that I touched at Rome, and part of it I sent to assist my good father; the rest I kept for my own use, living upon it while I went about studying the antiquities of Rome, until my money failed, and I had to return to the shop for work. Battista del Tasso, my comrade, did not stay long in Rome, but went back to Florence.

After undertaking some new commissions, I took it into my head, as soon as I had finished them, to change my master; I had indeed been worried into doing so by a certain Milanese, called Pagolo Arsago. My first master, Firenzuola, had a great quarrel about this with Arsago, and abused him in my presence, whereupon I took up speech in defense of my new master. I said that I was born free, and free I meant to live, and that there was no reason to complain of him, far less of me, since some few crowns of wages were still due to me; also that I chose to go, like a free journeyman, where it pleased me, knowing I did wrong to no man. My new master then put in with his excuses, saying that he had not asked me to come, and that I should gratify him by returning with Firenzuola. To this I replied that I was not aware of wronging the latter in any way, and as I had completed his commissions, I chose to be my own master and not the man of others, and that he who wanted me must beg me of myself. Firenzuola cried: "I don't intend to beg you of yourself; I have done with you; don't show yourself again upon my premises." I reminded him of the money he owed me. He laughed me in the face; on which I said that if I knew how to use my tools in handicraft as well as he had seen, I could be quite as clever with my sword in claiming the just payment of my labor. While we were exchanging these words, an old man happened to come up, called Maestro Antonio, of San Marino. He was the chief among the Roman goldsmiths, and had been Firenzuola's master. Hearing what I had to say, which I took good care that he should understand, he immediately espoused my cause, and bade Firenzuola pay me. The dispute waxed warm, because Firenzuola was an admirable swordsman, far better than he was a goldsmith.

Yet reason made itself heard; and I backed my cause with the same spirit, till I got myself paid. In course of time Firenzuola and I became friends, and at his request I stood godfather to one of his children.

I went on working with Pagolo Arsago, and earned a good deal of money, the greater part of which I always sent to my good father. At the end of two years, upon my father's entreaty, I returned to Florence, and put myself once more under Francesco Salimbene, with whom I earned a great deal, and took continual pains to improve in my art. I renewed my intimacy with Francesco di Filippo; and though I was too much given to pleasure, owing to that accursed music, I never neglected to devote some hours of the day or night to study. At that time I fashioned a silver heart's key (*chiavaquore*), as it was then called. This was a girdle three inches broad, which used to be made for brides, and was executed in half-relief with some small figures in the round. It was a commission from a man called Raffaello Lapaccini. I was very badly paid; but the honor which it brought me was worth far more than the gain I might have justly made by it. Having at this time worked with many different persons in Florence, I had come to know some worthy men among the goldsmiths, as, for instance, Marcone, my first master; but I also met with others reputed honest, who did all they could to ruin me, and robbed me grossly. When I perceived this, I left their company, and held them for thieves and blackguards. One of the goldsmiths, called Giovanbattista Sogliani, kindly accommodated me with part of his shop, which stood at the side of the New Market near the Landi's bank. There I finished several pretty pieces, and made good gains, and was able to give my family much help. This roused the jealousy of the bad men among my former masters, who were called Salvadore and Michele Guasconti. In the guild of the goldsmiths they had three big shops, and drove a thriving trade. On becoming aware of their evil will against me, I complained to certain worthy fellows, and remarked that they ought to have been satisfied with the thieveries they practiced on me under the cloak of hypocritical kindness. This coming to their ears, they threatened to make me sorely repent of such words; but I, who knew not what the color of fear was, paid them little or no heed.

It chanced one day that I was leaning against a shop of one

of these men, who called out to me, and began partly reproaching, partly bullying. I answered that had they done their duty by me, I should have spoken of them what one speaks of good and worthy men: but as they had done the contrary, they ought to complain of themselves and not of me. While I was standing there and talking, one of them, named Gherardo Guasconti, their cousin, having perhaps been put up to it by them, lay in wait till a beast of burden went by. It was a load of bricks. When the load reached me, Gherardo pushed it so violently on my body that I was very much hurt. Turning suddenly round and seeing him laughing, I struck him such a blow on the temple that he fell down, stunned, like one dead. Then I faced round to his cousins, and said: "That's the way to treat cowardly thieves of your sort;" and when they wanted to make a move upon me, trusting to their numbers, I, whose blood was now well up, laid hands to a little knife I had, and cried: "If one of you comes out of the shop, let the other run for the confessor, because the doctor will have nothing to do here." These words so frightened them that not one stirred to help their cousin. As soon as I had gone, the fathers and sons ran to the Eight, and declared that I had assaulted them in their shops with sword in hand, a thing which had never yet been seen in Florence. The magistrates had me summoned. I appeared before them; and they began to upbraid and cry out upon me — partly, I think, because they saw me in my cloak, while the others were dressed like citizens in mantle and hood; but also because my adversaries had been to the houses of those magistrates, and had talked with all of them in private, while I, inexperienced in such matters, had not spoken to any of them, trusting in the goodness of my cause. I said that, having received such outrage and insult from Gherardo, and in my fury having only given him a box on the ear, I did not think I deserved such a vehement reprimand. I had hardly time to finish the word "box," before Prinzivalle della Stufa, who was one of the Eight, interrupted me by saying: "You gave him a blow, and not a box, on the ear." The bell was rung and we were all ordered out, when Prinzivalle spoke thus in my defense to his brother judges: "Mark, sirs, the simplicity of this poor young man, who has accused himself of having given a box on the ear, under the impression that this is of less importance than a blow; whereas a box on the ear in the New Market carries a fine of

twenty-five crowns, while a blow costs little or nothing. He is a young man of admirable talents, and supports his poor family by his labor in great abundance; I would to God that our city had plenty of this sort, instead of the present dearth of them."

Among the magistrates were some Radical fellows with turned-up hoods, who had been influenced by the entreaties and the calumnies of my opponents, because they all belonged to the party of Fra Girolamo; and these men would have had me sent to prison and punished without too close a reckoning. But the good Prinzivalle put a stop to that. So they sentenced me to pay four measures of flour, which were to be given as alms to the nunnery of the Murate. I was called in again; and he ordered me not to speak a word under pain of their displeasure, and to perform the sentence they had passed. Then, after giving me another sharp rebuke, they sent us to the chancellor, I muttering all the while, "It was a slap and not a blow," with which we left the Eight bursting with laughter. The chancellor bound us over upon bail on both sides; but only I was punished by having to pay the four measures of meal. Albeit just then I felt as though I had been massacred, I sent for one of my cousins, called Maestro Annibale, the surgeon, father of Messer Librodoro Librodori, desiring that he should go bail for me. He refused to come, which made me so angry, that, fuming with fury and swelling like an asp, I took a desperate resolve.

At this point one may observe how the stars do not so much sway as force our conduct. When I reflected on the great obligations which this Annibale owed my family, my rage grew to such a pitch that, turning wholly to evil, and being also by nature somewhat choleric, I waited till the magistrates had gone to dinner; and when I was alone, and observed that none of their officers were watching me, in the fire of my anger, I left the palace, ran to my shop, seized a dagger, and rushed to the house of my enemies, who were at home and shop together. I found them at table; and Gherardo, who had been the cause of the quarrel, flung himself upon me. I stabbed him in the breast, piercing doublet and jerkin through and through to the shirt, without however grazing his flesh or doing him the least harm in the world. When I felt my hand go in, and heard the clothes tear, I thought that I had killed him; and seeing him fall terror-struck to earth, I cried: "Traitors, this day is the

day on which I mean to murder you all." Father, mother, and sisters, thinking the last day had come, threw themselves upon their knees, screaming out for mercy with all their might; but I perceiving that they offered no resistance, and that he was stretched for dead upon the ground, thought it too base a thing to touch them. I ran storming down the staircase; and when I reached the street, I found all the rest of the household, more than twelve persons; one of them had seized an iron shovel, another a thick iron pipe, one had an anvil, some of them hammers, and some cudgels. When I got among them, raging like a mad bull, I flung four or five to the earth, and fell down with them myself, continually aiming my dagger now at one and now at another. Those who remained upright plied both hands with all their force, giving it me with hammers, cudgels, and anvil; but inasmuch as God does sometimes mercifully intervene, He so ordered that neither they nor I did any harm to one another. I only lost my cap, on which my adversaries seized, though they had run away from it before, and struck at it with all their weapons. Afterwards, they searched among their dead and wounded, and saw that not a single man was injured.

I went off in the direction of Santa Maria Novella, and stumbling up against Fra Alessio Strozzi, whom by the way I did not know, I entreated this good friar for the love of God to save my life, since I had committed a great fault. He told me to have no fear; for had I done every sin in the world, I was yet in perfect safety in his little cell.

After about an hour, the Eight, in an extraordinary meeting, caused one of the most dreadful bans which ever were heard of to be published against me, announcing heavy penalties against who should harbor me or know where I was, without regard to place or to the quality of my protector. My poor afflicted father went to the Eight, threw himself upon his knees, and prayed for mercy for his unfortunate young son. Thereupon one of those Radical fellows, shaking the crest of his twisted hood, stood up and addressed my father with these insulting words: "Get up from there, and begone at once, for to-morrow we shall send your son into the country with the lances." My poor father had still the spirit to answer: "What God shall have ordained, that will you do, and not a jot or tittle more." Whereto the same man replied that for certain God had ordained as he had spoken. My father said: "The thought

consoles me that you do not know for certain;" and quitting their presence, he came to visit me, together with a young man of my own age, called Piero di Giovanni Landi — we loved one another as though we had been brothers.

Under his mantle the lad carried a first-rate sword and a splendid coat of mail; and when they found me, my brave father told me what had happened, and what the magistrates had said to him. Then he kissed me on the forehead and both eyes, and gave me his hearty blessing, saying: "May the power and goodness of God be your protection;" and reaching me the sword and armor, he helped me with his own hands to put them on. Afterwards he added: "Oh, my good son, with these arms in thy hand thou shalt either live or die." Pier Landi, who was present, kept shedding tears; and when he had given me ten golden crowns, I bade him remove a few hairs from my chin, which were the first down of my manhood. Frate Alessio disguised me like a friar and gave me a lay brother to go with me. Quitting the convent, and issuing from the city by the gate of Prato, I went along the walls as far as the Piazza di San Gallo. Then I ascended the slope of Montui, and in one of the first houses there I found a man called Il Grassuccio, own brother to Messer Benedetto da Monte Varchi. I flung off my monk's clothes, and became once more a man. Then we mounted two horses, which were waiting there for us, and went by night to Siena. Grassuccio returned to Florence, sought out my father, and gave him the news of my safe escape. In the excess of his joy, it seemed a thousand years to my father till he should meet that member of the Eight who had insulted him; and when he came across the man, he said: "See you, Antonio, that it was God who knew what had to happen to my son, and not yourself?" To which the fellow answered: "Only let him get another time into our clutches!" And my father: "I shall spend my time in thanking God that He has rescued him from that fate."

HOW TO AND HOW NOT TO EDUCATE A PRINCE.

BY RABELAIS.

[FRANCOIS RABELAIS, French satirist and humanist, was born at Chinon, 1483 or 1495. He was a Benedictine monk, left the order in a quarrel, became a physician, and finally rector of Meudon. He was a disinterested and charitable man, and a zealous teacher, and his house was the resort of the learned. He died at Paris, 1553 or 1559. His one remembered work is the extravaganza, "The Lives, Heroic Deeds, and Sayings of Gargantua and Pantagruel," in which deep thoughts and ideas of enlarged common sense are imbedded in masses of fantastic romance, horse-play, and other matter.]

GARGANTUA with all his heart submitted his study to the discretion of Ponocrates; who first of all appointed that he should do as he was accustomed, to the end it might be understood by what means, in so long time, his old masters had made him such a sot and puppy. He disposed, therefore, of his time in such fashion that ordinarily he did awake betwixt eight or nine o'clock, whether it was day or night (for so had his ancient governors ordained), alleging that which David saith: *Vanum est vobis ante lucem surgere.* Then did he tumble and toss, wag his legs, and wallow in the bed some time, the better to stir up and rouse his vital spirits, and appareled himself according to the season; but willingly he would wear a great long gown of thick frieze, furred with fox-skins. Afterward he combed his head with a comb *de al-main*, which is the four fingers and the thumb, for his preceptors had said that to comb himself otherways, to wash and make himself neat, was to lose time in this world. Then he . . . to fortify against the fog and bad air, went to breakfast, having some good fried tripes, fair rashers on the coals, good gammons of bacon, store of good minced meat, and a great deal of sippet-brewis, made up of the fat of the beef-pot, laid upon bread, cheese, and chopped parsley strewed together.

Ponocrates shewed him that he ought not to eat so soon after rising out of his bed, unless he had performed some exercise beforehand. Gargantua answered: "What! have not I sufficiently well exercised myself? I have wallowed and rolled myself six or seven turns in my bed, before I rose; is not that enough? Pope Alexander did so, by the advice of a *Jew*, his physician, and lived till his dying day in despite of his enemies. My first masters have used me to it, saying, that to eat breakfast made a good memory; and therefore they drank first. I am very well after it, and dine but the better. And Master

Tubal (who was the first licentiate at Paris) told me that it was not enough to run apace, but to set forth betimes. So the total welfare of our humidity doth not depend upon drinking, switter-swatter like ducks, but in being at it early in the morning; *Unde versus*,

> "'*Lever matin n'est point bonheur,*
> *Boire matin est le meilleur.*'"
>
> To rise betimes is good for nothing,
> To drink betimes is meat and cloathing.

After a good breakfast he went to church, and they carried to him in a great basket a huge breviary, weighing, what in grease, clasps, parchment, and cover, little more or less than eleven hundred and six pounds: There he heard six and twenty or thirty masses: This while, to the same place, came his matin-mumbler, muffled up about the chin, round as a hoop, and his breath pretty well antidoted with the vine-tree sirup: with him he mumbled all his *kiriels*, which he so curiously thumbed and fingered, that there fell not so much as one bead of them to the ground.

As he went from the church they brought him, upon a dray drawn with oxen, a confused heap of *patenotres* of Saint Claude, every one of the bigness of a hat-block; and sauntering along through the cloisters, galleries, or garden, he riddled over more of them than sixteen hermits would have done. Then did he study some paultry half-hour with his eyes fixed upon his book; but (as the comedy has it) *his mind was in the kitchen.* Then he sat down at table: and because he was naturally phlegmatic, he began his meal with some dozens of gammons, dried neats' tongues, botargos, sausages, and such other forerunners of wine; in the meanwhile, four of his folks did cast into his mouth, one after another continually, mustard by the whole shovels full. Immediately after that, he drank a horrible draught of white wine for the comfort of his kidneys. When that was done, he ate according to the season, meat agreeable to his appetite; and then left off eating when his belly was like to crack for fullness. As for his drinking, he had in that neither end nor rule; for he was wont to say that the limits and bounds of drinking were, that a man might drink till the cork of his shoes swells up half a foot high.

Then with a starched phiz mumbling over some scraps of a scurvy grace, he washed his hands in fresh wine, picked his

teeth with the foot of a hog, and talked merrily with the people; then the carpet being spread, they brought plenty of cards, many dice, with great store and abundance of checkers and chessboards.

There he played,

[Above two hundred fantastic inventions of names for sports.]

After he had thus well played, shuffled, clogged, and thrown away his time, it was thought fit to drink a little, and that was every man eleven bumpers; and afterwards make much of himself, and stretch upon a fair bench, or a good large bed, and there sleep for two or three hours together, without thinking or speaking any hurt: After he was awakened, he would shake his ears a little, and then they brought him fresh wine, and he drank better than ever. Ponocrates shewed him that it was an ill diet to drink after sleeping. "It is," answered Gargantua, "the very life of the Patriarchs and holy Fathers. For naturally I sleep: Salt and sleep to me is so many gammons."

Then began he to study a little, and out came the *patenotres;* which the more formally to dispatch, he got upon an old mule, which had served nine kings; and so mumbling with his mouth, nodding and doddling his head, would go and see a coney ferreted or caught in a grinne. At his return he went into the kitchen to know what roast meat was on the spit, and supped very well, upon my conscience; and commonly did invite some of his neighbors that were good drinkers, with whom, carousing merrily, they told stories of all sorts, from the old to the new. Among others, he had for domesties the Lord of Fouille, of Grouville, of Griviot, and of Marigny. After supper, were brought into the room the fair wooden gospels and the books of the four kings; that is to say, the tables and cards, with a deal of *cock-alls, mumblety-pegs,* and *wheels* of fortune; or else they went to see the wenches thereabouts with their wakes, their junketings, and little collations; then to sleep without control till eight o'clock the next morning.

When Ponocrates knew Gargantua's vicious manner of living, he resolved to bring him up in another guise way: but for a while bore with him, considering *that Nature cannot endure a sudden change without great violence.* Therefore, to begin his work the better, he requested a learned physician of that time, called Master Theodore, seriously to perpend, if it were possible, how to bring Gargantua unto a better course; the said

physician purged him canonically with Anticyrian hellebore, by which medicine he cleansed all that foulness and perverse habit of his brain. By this means, also, Ponocrates made him forget all that he had learned under his ancient preceptors, as Timotheus did to his scholars who had been instructed under other musicians: to do this the better, they brought him into the company of learned men, which stirred in him an emulation and desire to whet his wit and improve his parts, and to bend his study another way; so as that the world might have a value for him. And afterwards he put himself into such a road that he lost not any one hour in the day, but employed all his time in learning and honest knowledge.

Gargantua awaked about four o'clock in the morning. Whilst they were in rubbing of him, there was read unto him some chapter of the Holy Scripture aloud and clearly, with a pronunciation fit for the matter; and hereunto was appointed a young page, born in Basché, named Anagnostes. According to the purpose and argument of that lesson, he oftentimes gave himself to worship, adore, pray, and send up his supplications to that good God, whose word did shew his majesty and marvelous judgment. Then went he unto the secret places; there his master repeated what had been read, expounding unto him the most obscure and difficult points. In returning, they considered the face of the sky, if it were such as they had observed it the night before, and into what signs the sun was entering, as also the moon for that day. This done he was appareled, combed, curled, trimmed, and perfumed, during which time they repeated to him the lessons of the day before; he himself said them by heart, and upon them would ground some practical cases concerning the estate of man, which he would prosecute sometimes two or three hours, but ordinarily they ceased as soon as he was fully clothed. Then for three good hours he had a lecture read unto him: this done, they went forth, still conferring on the substance of the lecture, either unto a field near the University called the Brack, or unto the meadows, where they played at the ball, tennis, and at the pelitrigone, most gallantly exercising their bodies, as before they had done their minds: all their play was but in liberty, for they left off when they pleased, and that was commonly when they did sweat all over their body, or were otherwise weary. Then were they well wiped and rubbed, shifted their shirts, and walking soberly, went to see if dinner was ready.

Whilst they stayed for that, they did clearly and eloquently pronounce some sentences that they had retained of the lecture. In the meantime, Master Appetite came, and then very orderly sat they down at table. At the beginning of the meal, there was read some pleasant history of the warlike actions of former times, until he had taken a glass of wine. Then (if they thought good) they continued reading, or began to discourse merrily together; speaking first of the virtue, propriety, efficacy, and nature of all that was served in at the table; of bread, of wine, of water, of salt, of fleshes, fishes, fruits, herbs, roots, and of their dressing; by means whereof he learned, in a little time, all the passages competent for this, that were to be found in Pliny, Athenæus, Dioscorides, Julius Pollux, Galen, Porphyry, Oppian, Polybius, Heliodorus, Aristotle, Elian, and others. Whilst they talked of these things many times, to be more certain they caused the very books to be brought to the table. And so well and perfectly did he in his memory retain the things above said, that in those days there was not a physician that knew half so much as he did. Afterwards they conferred of the lessons read in the morning, and ending their repast with some conserve or marmalade of quinces, he picked his teeth with mastic toothpickers; washed his hands with fair fresh water, and gave thanks unto God in some neat hymn, made in the praise of the divine bounty and munificence.

This done they brought in cards, not to play, but to learn a thousand pretty tricks and new inventions, which were all grounded upon arithmetic. By this means he fell in love with that numerical science, and every day after dinner and supper he passed his time in it as pleasantly as he was wont to do at cards and dice; so that at last he understood so well both the theory and practical part thereof, that Tunstal, the Englishman, who had written very largely to that purpose, confessed that verily, in comparison of him, he understood no more High Dutch. And not only in that, but in the other mathematical sciences, as geometry, astronomy, and music. For, in waiting on the concoction, and attending the digestion of his food, they made a thousand pretty instruments and geometrical figures, and did in some measure practice the astronomical canons.

After this they recreated themselves with singing musically, in four or five parts, or upon a set theme or ground at random, as it best pleased them; in matter of musical instruments he learned to play upon the lute, the virginals, the harp, the all-

man flute with nine holes, the viol, and the sackbut. This hour thus spent, and digestion finished, he then betook himself to his principal study for three hours together or more, as well to repeat his morning lectures as to proceed in the book he had in hand, as also to write handsomely, to draw and form the antique and Roman letters.

This being done they went abroad, and with them a young gentleman of Tourain, named the Esquire Gymnast, who taught him the art of riding. Changing then his cloaths, he rode a Naples courser, a Dutch roussin, a Spanish jennet, a barded or trapped steed, then a light, fleet horse, unto whom he gave a hundred carieres, made him go the high saults, bounding in the air, free the ditch with a skip, leap over a stile or pale, turn short in a ring both to the right and left hand. There he broke not his lance: for it is the greatest foolery in the world to say, I have broken ten lances at tilt, or in fight; a carpenter can do even as much: but it is a glorious and praiseworthy action, with one lance to break and overthrow ten enemies: therefore with a sharp, stiff, strong, and well-steeled lance would he usually force up a door, pierce a harness, beat down a tree, carry away the ring, lift up a cuirassier saddle, with the mail coat and gauntlet; all this he did in complete armor from head to foot. As for the prancing flourishes and smacking poppisms, for the better cherishing of the horse commonly used in riding, none did them better than he. The great vaulter of Ferrara was but an ape compared to him. He was singularly skillful in leaping nimbly from one horse to another, without putting foot to ground, and these horses were called *desultories;* he could likewise, from either side, with a lance in his hand, leap on horseback without stirrups, and rule the horse at his pleasure, without a bridle, for such things are useful in military engagements. Another day he exercised the battle-ax, which he so dexterously wielded both in the nimble, strong, and smooth management of that weapon, and that in all the feats practiceable by it, that he passed knight of arms in the field, and at all essays.

Then tossed he the pike, played with the two-handed sword, with the back-sword, with the Spanish tuck, the dagger, poniard, armed or unarmed, with a buckler, with a cloak, with a target.

Then would he hunt the hart, the roebuck, the bear, the fallow deer, the wild boar, the hare, the pheasant, the partridge,

and the bustard. He played at the balloon, and made it bound in the air, both with fist and foot.

He wrestled, ran, jumped, not at three steps and a leap, nor at the hare's leap, nor yet at the *almanes;* "for," said Gymnast, "these jumps are for the wars altogether unprofitable, and of no use;" but at one leap he would skip over a ditch, spring over a hedge, mount six paces upon a wall, ramp and grapple after this fashion up against a window, of the full height of a lance. He did swim in deep waters on his belly, on his back, sideways, with all his body, with his feet only, with one hand in the air, wherein he held a book, crossing thus the breadth of the river Seine without wetting it, and dragged along his cloak with his teeth, as did Julius Cæsar; then, with the help of one hand he entered forcibly into a boat, from whence he cast himself again headlong into the water, sounded the depths, hollowed the rocks, and plunged into the pits and gulphs. Then turned he the boat about, governed it, led it swiftly or slowly with the stream and against the stream, stopped it in its course, guided it with one hand, and with the other laid hard about him with a huge great oar, hoisted the sail, hied up along the mast by the shrouds, ran upon the edge of the decks, set the compass in order, tackled the bow-lines, and steered the helm. Coming out of the water, he ran furiously up against a hill, and with the same alacrity and swiftness ran down again; he climbed up trees like a cat, and leaped from one to the other like a squirrel; he did pull down the great boughs and branches like another Milo; then with two sharp, well-steeled daggers, and two tried bodkins, would he run up by the wall to the very top of a house, like a rat; then suddenly came down from the top to the bottom, with such an even composition of members that by the fall he would catch no harm.

He did cast the dart, throw the bar, put the stone, practice the javelin, the boar-spear or partisan, and the halbert; he broke the strongest bows in drawing, bended against his breast the greatest crossbows of steel, took his aim by the eye with the hand-gun, and shot well, traversed, and planted the cannon, shot at but-marks, at the papgay from below upwards, from above downwards, then before him, sideways, and behind him, like the Parthians.

They tied a cable rope to the top of a high tower, by one end whereof hanging near the ground he wrought himself with

his hands to the very top : then upon the same track came down so sturdily and firm that they could not, on a plain meadow, have run with more assurance. They set up a great pole, fixed upon two trees; there would he hang by his hands, and with them alone, his feet touching at nothing, would go back and fore along the aforesaid rope, with so great swiftness that hardly could one overtake him with running; and then to exercise his breast and lungs he would shout like all the devils in hell; I heard him once call Eudemon, from St. Victor's gate to Monmertre; Stentor had never such a voice at the siege of Troy.

Then, for the strengthening of his nerves or sinews, they made him two great sows of lead, each of them weighing eight thousand and seven hundred kintals, which they called *alteres;* those he took up from the ground, in each hand one, then lifted them up over his head, and held them without stirring three quarters of an hour or more, which was an inimitable force.

He fought at barriers with the stoutest and most vigorous champions; and when it came to the cope, he stood so sturdily on his feet that he abandoned himself to the strongest, in case they could remove him from his place, as Milo was wont to do of old; in whose imitation likewise he held a pomegranate in his hand, to give it unto him that could take it from him. The time being thus bestowed, and himself rubbed, cleansed, wiped, and refreshed with other cloaths, he returned fair and softly, and passing through certain meadows, or other grassy places, beheld the trees and plants, comparing them with what is written of them in the books of the ancients, such as Theophrast, Dioscorides, Marinus, Pliny, Nicander, Macer, and Galen, and carried home to the house great handfuls of them, whereof a young page, called Rhizotomos, had charge; together with little mattocks, pickaxes, grubbing hooks, cabbies, pruning knives, and other instruments requisite for gardening. Being come to their lodging whilst supper was making ready, they repeated certain passages of that which had been read, and then sat down at table.

Here remark, that his dinner was sober and thrifty, for he did then eat only to prevent the gnawings of his stomach, but his supper was copious and large, for he took then as much as was fit to maintain and nourish him; which, indeed, is the true diet prescribed by the art of good and sound physic; although a rabble of logger-headed physicians, nuzzelled in the brabbling shop of

Sophisters, counsel the contrary. During that repast was continued the lesson read at dinner, as long as they thought good; the rest was spent in good discourse, learned and profitable. After they had given thanks, he set himself to sing vocally, and play upon harmonious instruments, or otherwise passed his time at some pretty sports, made with cards or dice, or in practicing the feats of legerdemain, with cups and balls. There they stayed some nights in frolicking thus, and making themselves merry till it was time to go to bed; and on other nights they would go make visits unto learned men, or to such as had been travelers in strange and remote countries. When it was full night, before they retired themselves, they went unto the most open place of the house, to see the face of the sky, and there beheld the comets, if any were, as likewise the figures, situations, aspects, opposition, and conjunctions of both fixed stars and planets.

Then with his master did he briefly recapitulate, after the manner of the Pythagoreans, that which he had read, seen, learned, done, and understood, in the whole course of that day.

Then prayed they unto God the Creator, in falling down before Him, and strengthening their faith towards Him, and glorifying Him for His boundless bounty; and giving thanks to Him for the time that was past, they recommended themselves to His divine clemency for the future, which being done they went to bed, and betook themselves to their repose.

If it happened that the weather was anything cloudy, foul, and rainy, all the forenoon was employed as before specified, according to custom, with this difference only, that they had a good clear fire lighted, to correct the distempers of the air; but after dinner, instead of their wonted exercitations, they did abide within, and by way of *Apotherapie*, did recreate themselves in bottling of hay, and cleaving and sawing of wood, and in threshing sheaves of corn at the barn. Then they studied the art of painting or carving, or brought into use the antique (ancient) play of *Tables*, as Leonicus has written of it; and as our good friend Lascaris playeth at it. In playing, they examined the passages of ancient authors wherein the said play is mentioned, or any metaphor drawn from it. They went likewise to see the drawing of metals, or the casting of great ordnance; how the lapidaries did work, as also the goldsmiths, and cutters of precious stones: nor did they omit to visit the alchymists, money-coiners, upholsterers, weavers, velvet-workers, watch-

makers, looking-glass framers, printers, organists, dyers, and other such kind of artificers, and everywhere giving them somewhat to drink, did learn and consider the industry and invention of the trade.

They went also to hear the public lectures, the solemn commencements, the repetitions, the acclamations, the pleadings of the lawyers, and sermons of evangelical preachers.

He went through the halls and places appointed for fencing, and there played against the masters themselves at all weapons, and shewed them by experience that he knew as much in it as (yea, more than) they: and, instead of simpling, they visited the shops of druggists, herbalists, and apothecaries, and diligently considered the fruits, roots, leaves, gums, seeds, the grease and ointments of some foreign parts, as also how they did adulterate them. He went to see the jugglers, tumblers, mountebanks, and quack-salvers; and considered their cunning, their shifts, their summersaults, and smooth tongue, especially of those of Chauny in Picardy, who are naturally great praters, and will banter and lye as fast as a dog can trot.

Being returned home, they did eat at supper more soberly than at other times; and meats more *desiccative and extenuating;* to the end *that the intemperate moisture of the air, communicated to the body by a necessary confinity, might by this means be corrected;* and that they might not receive any prejudice for want of their ordinary bodily exercise.

Thus was Gargantua governed, and kept on in this course of education from day to day, profiting, as you understand such a young man of his age and good sense, so kept to his exercise, may well do; which, although at the beginning seemed difficult, became a little after so sweet, so easy, and so delightful, that it seemed rather the recreation of a king, than the study of a scholar. Nevertheless, Ponocrates, to divert him from this vehement intension of the spirits, thought fit, once in a month, upon some fair and clear day, to go out in the city betimes in the morning, either towards Gentilly or Boulogne, or to Montrouge, or Charentonbridge, or to Vanves, or St. Clou, and there spend all the day long in making the greatest cheer that could be devised, sporting, making merry, drinking healths, playing, singing, dancing, tumbling in some fair meadow, unnestling of sparrows, taking of quails, and fishing for frogs and crabs.

But, although that day was passed without books or lecture, yet was it not spent without profit; for, in the said meadows

they usually repeated certain pleasant verses of Virgil's "Agriculture," of Hesiod, and of Politian's "Husbandry," would set abroach some witty Latin epigrams, then immediately turned them into roundelays and songs in the French language. In their feasting, they would sometimes separate the water from the wine that was therewith mixed, as Cato teacheth *de re rustica*, and Pliny; with an ivy cup would wash the wine in a bason full of water, then take it out again with a funnel as pure as ever. They made the water go from one glass to another, and contrived a thousand little *automatory* engines, that is to say, moving of themselves.

THE LOST HATCHET.

By RABELAIS.

THERE once lived a poor honest country fellow of Gravot, Tom Wellhung by name, a wood cleaver by trade, who in that low drudgery made shift so to pick up a sorry livelihood. It happened that he lost his hatchet. Now, tell me, who ever had more cause to be vexed than poor Tom? Alas, his whole estate and life depended on his hatchet; by his hatchet he earned many a fair penny of the best woodmongers or log merchants, among whom he went a jobbing; for want of his hatchet he was like to starve; and had Death but met him six days after without a hatchet, the grim fiend would have mowed him down in the twinkling of a bedstaff. In this sad case he began to be in a heavy taking, and called upon Jupiter with most eloquent prayers (for, you know, Necessity was the mother of Eloquence). With the whites of his eyes turned up towards heaven, down on his marrowbones, his arms reared high, his fingers stretched wide, and his head bare, the poor wretch without ceasing was roaring out by way of Litany at every repetition of his supplications, "My hatchet, Lord Jupiter, my hatchet, my hatchet, only my hatchet, O Jupiter, or money to buy another, and nothing else; alas, my poor hatchet!"

Jupiter happened then to be holding a grand council about certain urgent affairs, and old Gammer Cybele was just giving her opinion, or, if you had rather have it so, it was young Phœbus the Beau; but, in short, Tom's outcry and lamentations were so loud that they were heard with no small amaze-

ment at the council board by the whole consistory of the gods. "What a devil have we below," quoth Jupiter, "that howls so horridly? By the mud of Styx, haven't we had all along, and haven't we here still, enough to do to set to rights a world of puzzling business of consequence? . . . Let us, however, dispatch this howling fellow below: you, Mercury, go see who it is, and know what he wants." Mercury looked out at heaven's trapdoor, through which, as I am told, they hear what's said here below; by the way, one might well enough mistake it for the scuttle of a ship; though Icaromenippus said it was like the mouth of a well. The light-heeled deity saw it was honest Tom, who asked for his lost hatchet; and accordingly he made his report to the Synod. "Marry," said Jupiter, "we are finely holped up, as if we had now nothing else to do here but to restore lost hatchets. Well, he must then have it for all this, for so 'tis written in the Book of Fate (do you hear?), as well as if it was worth the whole duchy of Milan. The truth is, the fellow's hatchet is as much to him as a kingdom to a king. Come, come, let no more words be scattered about it; let him have his hatchet again. Run down immediately, and cast at the poor fellow's feet three hatchets, — his own, another of gold, and a third of massy silver, all of one size: then, having left it to his will to take his choice, if he take his own, and be satisfied with it, give him t'other two. If he take another, chop his head off with his own; and henceforth serve me all those losers of hatchets after that manner." Having said this, Jupiter, with an awkward turn of his head, like a jackanapes swallowing of pills, made so dreadful a phiz that all the vast Olympus quaked again. Heaven's foot messenger, thanks to his low-crowned, narrow-brimmed hat, and plume of feathers, heelpieces, and running stick with pigeon wings, flings himself out at heaven's wicket, through the empty deserts of the air, and in a trice nimbly alights on the earth, and throws at friend Tom's feet the three hatchets, saying to him, "Thou hast bawled long enough to be a-dry; thy prayers and requests are granted by Jupiter: see which of these three is thy hatchet, and take it away with thee."

Wellhung lifts up the golden hatchet, peeps upon it, and finds it very heavy, then, staring at Mercury, cries, "Codszouks, this is none of mine; I won't ha' 't!" The same he did with the silver one, and said, "'Tis not this, either: you may e'en take them again." At last he takes up his own

hatchet, examines the end of the helve, and finds his mark there; then, ravished with joy, like a fox that meets some straggling poultry, and sneering from the top of his nose, he cried, "By the mass, this is my hatchet! Master god, if you will leave it me, I will sacrifice to you a very good and huge pot of milk, brimful, covered with fine strawberries, next Ides (*i.e.* the 15th) of March."

"Honest fellow," said Mercury, "I leave it thee; take it; and because thou hast wished and chosen moderately, in point of hatchet, by Jupiter's command I give thee these two others. Thou hast now wherewith to make thyself rich; be honest." Honest Tom gave Mercury a whole cart load of thanks, and revered the most great Jupiter. His old hatchet he fastens close to his leathern girdle, and girds it about his breech like Martin of Cambray; the two others, being more heavy, he lays on his shoulder. Thus he plods on, trudging over the fields, keeping a good countenance among his neighbors and fellow-parishioners with one merry saying or other after Patelin's way. The next day, having put on a clean white jacket, he takes on his back the two precious hatchets, and comes to Chinon, the famous city, noble city, ancient city, yea, the first city of the world, according to the judgment and assertion of the most learned Massoreths. In Chinon he turned his silver hatchet into fine testons, crown pieces, and other white cash; his golden hatchet into fine angels, curious ducats, substantial ridders, spankers, and rose nobles. Then with them he purchases a good number of farms, barns, houses, outhouses, thatch houses, stables, meadows, orchards, fields, vineyards, woods, arable lands, pastures, ponds, mills, gardens, nurseries, oxen, cows, sheep, goats, swine, hogs, asses, horses, hens, cocks, capons, chickens, geese, ganders, ducks, drakes, and a world of other necessaries, and in a short time became the richest man in all the country. His brother bumpkins, and the yeomen and other country-puts thereabouts, perceiving his good fortune, were not a little amazed, insomuch that their former pity of poor Tom was soon changed into an envy of his so great and unexpected rise; and, as they could not for their souls devise how this came about, they made it their business to pry up and down, and lay their heads together, to inquire, seek, and inform themselves by what means, in what place, on what day, what hour, how, why, and wherefore, he had come by this great treasure.

At last, hearing it was by losing his hatchet, "Ha! ha!" said they, "was there no more to do but lose a hatchet, to make us rich?" With this they all fairly lost their hatchets out of hand. The devil a one that had a hatchet left; he was not his mother's son that did not lose his hatchet. No more was wood felled or cleared in that country, through want of hatchets. Nay, the Æsopian apologue even saith that certain petty country gents of the lower class, who had sold Wellhung their little mill and little field to have wherewithal to make a figure at the next muster, having been told that this treasure was come to him by that means only, sold the only badge of their gentility, their swords, to purchase hatchets to go to lose them, as the silly clodpates did, in hopes to gain store of chink by that loss.

You would have truly sworn they had been a parcel of your petty spiritual usurers, Rome-bound, selling their all, and borrowing of others to buy store of mandates, a pennyworth of a new-made pope.

Now they cried out and brayed, and prayed and bawled, and lamented and invoked Jupiter: "My hatchet! my hatchet! Jupiter, my hatchet!" on this side, "My hatchet!" on that side, "My hatchet! Ho, ho, ho, ho, Jupiter, my hatchet!" The air round about rang again with the cries and howlings of these rascally losers of hatchets.

Mercury was nimble in bringing them hatchets, — to each offering that which he had lost, as also another of gold and a third of silver.

Everywhere he still was for that of gold, giving thanks in abundance to the great giver, Jupiter; but, in the very nick of time that they bowed and stooped to take it from the ground, whip in a trice Mercury lopped off their heads, as Jupiter had commanded; and of heads thus cut off the number was just equal to that of the lost hatchets.

You see how it is now; you see how it goes with those who in the simplicity of their hearts wish and desire with moderation. Take warning by this, all you greedy, fresh-water shirks, who scorn to wish for anything under ten thousand pounds; and do not, for the future, run on impudently, as I have sometimes heard you wishing, "Would to God I had now one hundred and seventy-eight millions of gold! oh, how I should tickle it off!" The deuce on you, what more might a king, an emperor, or a pope wish for? For that reason, indeed,

you see that after you have made such hopeful wishes all the good that comes to you of it is the itch or scab, and not a cross in your breeches to scare the devil that tempts you to make these wishes; no more than those two mumpers, one of whom only wished to have in good old gold as much as hath been spent, bought, and sold in Paris, since its first foundations were laid, to this hour, all of it valued at the price, sale, and rate of the dearest year in all that space of time. Do you think the fellow was bashful? had he eaten sour plums unpeeled? were his teeth on edge, I pray you? The other wished Our Lady's church brimful of steel needles, from the floor to the top of the roof, and to have as many ducats as might be crammed into as many bags as might be sewed with each and every one of those needles, till they were all either broke at the point or eye. This is to wish with a vengeance! What think you of it? What did they get by it, in your opinion? Why, at night both my gentlemen had kibed heels, a tetter in the chin, a churchyard cough in the lungs, a catarrh in the throat, a swingeing boil at the rump, and the devil of one musty crust of a brown George the poor dogs had to scour their grinders with. Wish, therefore, for mediocrity, and it shall be given unto you, and over and above yet; that is to say, provided you bestir yourselves manfully and do your best in the mean time.

ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTIONS.

By RABELAIS.

THIS year there will be so many eclipses of the sun and moon that I fear (not unjustly) our pockets will suffer inanition, be full empty, and our feeling at a loss. Saturn will be retrograde, Venus direct, Mercury as unfixed as quicksilver. And a pack of planets won't go as you would have them.

For this reason the crabs will go sidelong, and the rope makers backward; the little stools will get upon the benches, and the spits on the racks, and the bands on the hats; fleas will be generally black; bacon will run away from peas in Lent; there won't be a bean left in a twelfth cake, nor an ace in a flush; the dice won't run as you wish, though you cog them, and the chance that you desire will seldom come; brutes shall speak in several places; Shrovetide will have its day; one

part of the world will disguise itself to gull and chouse the other, and run about the streets like a parcel of addle-pated animals and mad devils; such hurly-burly was never seen since the devil was a little boy; and there will be above seven and twenty irregular verbs made this year, if Priscian don't hold them in. If God don't help us, we shall have our hands and hearts full.

This year the stone-blind shall see but very little; the deaf shall hear but scurvily; the dumb shan't speak very plain; the rich shall be somewhat in a better case than the poor, and the healthy than the sick. Whole flocks, herds, and droves of sheep, swine, and oxen, cocks and hens, ducks and drakes, geese and ganders, shall go to pot; but the mortality will not be altogether so great among apes, monkeys, baboons, and dromedaries. As for old age, 'twill be incurable this year, because of the years past. Those who are sick of the pleurisy will feel a plaguy stitch in their sides; catarrhs this year shall distill from the brain on the lower parts; sore eyes will by no means help the sight; ears shall be at least as scarce and short in Gascony, and among knights of the post, as ever; and a most horrid and dreadful, virulent, malignant, catching, perverse, and odious malady shall be almost epidemical, insomuch that many shall run mad upon it, not knowing what nails to drive to keep the wolf from the door, very often plotting, contriving, cudgeling, and puzzling their weak, shallow brains, and syllogizing and prying up and down for the philosopher's stone, though they only get Midas' lugs by the bargain. I quake for very fear when I think on't; for, I assure you, few will escape this disease, which Averroes calls lack of money; and by consequence of the last year's comet, and Saturn's retrogradation, there will be a horrid clutter between the cats and the rats, hounds and hares, hawks and ducks, and eke between the monks and the eggs.

I find by the calculations of Albumazar in his book of the great conjunction, and elsewhere, that this will be a plentiful year of all manner of good things to those who have enough; but your hops of Picardy will go near to fare the worse for the cold. As for oats, they'll be a great help to horses. I dare say, there won't be much more bacon than swine. Pisces having the ascendant, 'twill be a mighty year for mussels, cockles, and periwinkles. Mercury somewhat threatens our parsley beds, yet parsley will be to be had for money. Hemp

will grow faster than the children of this age, and some will find there's but too much on't. There will be very few *bon-chretiens*, but choke pears in abundance. As for corn, wine, fruit, and herbs, there never was such plenty as will be now, if poor folks may have their wish.

PIZARRO IN PERU.

By WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

[William Hickling Prescott, American historian, was born in Salem, Mass., May 4, 1796; graduated at Harvard in 1814; was rendered nearly blind by accident, but having determined on a historical career, mastered Spanish, and by aid of an amanuensis gathered the materials for a "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," published in 1838. Its immediate and great success encouraged him to write in the same manner a "History of the Conquest of Mexico" (1843), "History of the Conquest of Peru" (1847), and "History of the Reign of Philip II." (1855–1858), left incomplete. He wrote also lives of John Pickering, Abbott Lawrence, and Charles Brockden Brown, and published a volume of his articles from the *North American Review*. He died January 28, 1859.]

The Inca of Peru was its sovereign in a peculiar sense. He received an obedience from his vassals more implicit than that of any despot; for his authority reached to the most secret conduct,—to the thoughts of the individual. He was reverenced as more than human. He was not merely the head of the state, but the point to which all its institutions converged, as to a common center,—the keystone of the political fabric, which must fall to pieces by its own weight when that was withdrawn. So it fared on the death of Atahuallpa. His death not only left the throne vacant, without any certain successor, but the manner of it announced to the Peruvian people that a hand stronger than that of their Incas had now seized the scepter, and that the dynasty of the Children of the Sun had passed away forever.

The natural consequences of such a conviction followed. The beautiful order of the ancient institutions was broken up, as the authority which controlled it was withdrawn. The Indians broke out into greater excesses from the uncommon restraint to which they had been before subjected. Villages were burnt, temples and palaces were plundered, and the

gold they contained was scattered or secreted. The remote provinces now shook off their allegiance to the Incas. Their great captains, at the head of distant armies, set up for themselves. Ruminavi, a commander on the borders of Quito, sought to detach that kingdom from the Peruvian empire and to reassert its ancient independence. The country, in short, was in a state of revolution.

The authors of the revolution, Pizarro and his followers, remained meanwhile at Caxamalca. But the first step of the Spanish commander was to name a successor to Atahuallpa. It would be easy to govern under the venerated authority to which the homage of the Indians had been so long paid; and it was not difficult to find a successor. The true heir to the crown was a second son of Huayna Capac, named Manco, a legitimate brother of the unfortunate Huascar. But Pizarro had too little knowledge of the dispositions of this prince; and he made no scruple to prefer a brother of Atahuallpa and to present him to the Indian nobles as their future Inca. . . .

All thoughts were now eagerly turned towards Cuzco, of which the most glowing accounts were circulated among the soldiers, and whose temples and royal palaces were represented as blazing with gold and silver. With imaginations thus excited, Pizarro and his entire company, amounting to almost five hundred men, of whom nearly a third, probably, were cavalry, took their departure early in September from Caxamalca, — a place ever memorable as the theater of some of the most strange and sanguinary scenes recorded in history. All set forward in high spirits, — the soldiers of Pizarro from the expectation of doubling their present riches, and Almagro's followers from the prospect of sharing equally in the spoil with "the first conquerors." The young Inca and the old chief Challcuchima accompanied the march in their litters, attended by a numerous retinue of vassals, and moving in as much state and ceremony as if in the possession of real power.

Their course lay along the great road of the Incas, which stretched across the elevated regions of the Cordilleras, all the way to Cuzco. It was of nearly a uniform breadth, though constructed with different degrees of care, according to the ground. Sometimes it crossed smooth and level valleys, which offered of themselves little impediment to the traveler; at other times it followed the course of a mountain stream that flowed round the base of some beetling cliff, leaving small

space for the foothold; at others, again, where the sierra was so precipitous that it seemed to preclude all farther progress, the road, accommodated to the natural sinuosities of the ground, wound round the heights which it would have been impossible to scale directly.

But, although managed with great address, it was a formidable passage for the cavalry. The mountain was hewn into steps, but the rocky ledges cut up the hoofs of the horses; and, though the troopers dismounted and led them by the bridle, they suffered severely in their efforts to keep their footing. The road was constructed for man and the light-footed llama; and the only heavy beast of burden at all suited to it was the sagacious and sure-footed mule, with which the Spanish adventurers were not then provided. It was a singular chance that Spain was the land of the mule; and thus the country was speedily supplied with the very animal that seems to have been created for the difficult passes of the Cordilleras.

Another obstacle, often occurring, was the deep torrents that rushed down in fury from the Andes. They were traversed by the hanging bridges of osier, whose frail materials were after a time broken up by the heavy tread of the cavalry, and the holes made in them added materially to the dangers of the passage. On such occasions the Spaniards contrived to work their way across the rivers on rafts, swimming their horses by the bridle.

All along the route they found posthouses for the accommodation of the royal couriers, established at regular intervals; and magazines of grain and other commodities, provided in the principal towns for the Indian armies. The Spaniards profited by the prudent forecast of the Peruvian government.

Passing through several hamlets and towns of some note, the principal of which were Huamachuco and Huanuco, Pizarro, after a tedious march, came in sight of the rich valley of Xauxa. The march, though tedious, had been attended with little suffering, except in crossing the bristling crests of the Cordilleras, which occasionally obstructed their path, — a rough setting to the beautiful valleys that lay scattered like gems along this elevated region. In the mountain passes they found some inconvenience from the cold; since, to move more quickly, they had disencumbered themselves of all superfluous baggage, and were even unprovided with tents. The bleak winds of the mountains penetrated the thick harness of the soldiers; but

the poor Indians, more scantily clothed, and accustomed to a tropical climate, suffered most severely. The Spaniard seemed to have a hardihood of body, as of soul, that rendered him almost indifferent to climate.

On the march they had not been molested by enemies. But more than once they had seen vestiges of them in smoking hamlets and ruined bridges. Reports, from time to time, had reached Pizarro of warriors on his track; and small bodies of Indians were occasionally seen like dusky clouds on the verge of the horizon, which vanished as the Spaniards approached. On reaching Xauxa, however, these clouds gathered into one dark mass of warriors, which formed on the opposite bank of the river that flowed through the valley.

The Spaniards advanced to the stream, which, swollen by the melting of the snows, was now of considerable width, though not deep. The bridge had been destroyed; but the Conquerors, without hesitation, dashing boldly in, advanced, swimming and wading as they best could, to the opposite bank. The Indians, disconcerted by this decided movement, as they had relied on their watery defenses, took to flight, after letting off an impotent volley of missiles. Fear gave wings to the fugitives; but the horse and his rider were swifter, and the victorious pursuers took bloody vengeance on their enemy for having dared even to meditate resistance.

Xauxa was a considerable town. It was the place already noticed as having been visited by Hernando Pizarro. It was seated in the midst of a verdant valley, fertilized by a thousand little rills, which the thrifty Indian husbandmen drew from the parent river that rolled sluggishly through the meadows. There were several capacious buildings of rough stone in the town, and a temple of some note in the times of the Incas. But the strong arm of Father Valverde and his countrymen soon tumbled the heathen deities from their pride of place, and established, in their stead, the sacred effigies of the Virgin and Child.

Here Pizarro proposed to halt for some days, and to found a Spanish colony. It was a favorable position, he thought, for holding the Indian mountaineers in check, while at the same time it afforded an easy communication with the seacoast. Meanwhile he determined to send forward De Soto, with a detachment of sixty horse, to reconnoiter the country in advance, and to restore the bridges where demolished by the enemy.

That active cavalier set forward at once, but found considerable impediments to his progress. The traces of an enemy became more frequent as he advanced. The villages were burnt, the bridges destroyed, and heavy rocks and trees strewed in the path to impede the march of the cavalry. As he drew near to Bilcas, once an important place, though now effaced from the map, he had a sharp encounter with the natives, in a mountain defile, which cost him the lives of two or three troopers. The loss was light; but any loss was felt by the Spaniards, so little accustomed as they had been of late to resistance.

Still pressing forward, the Spanish captain crossed the river Abancay and the broad waters of the Apurimac; and, as he drew near the sierra of Vilcaconga, he learned that a considerable body of Indians lay in wait for him in the dangerous passes of the mountains. The sierra was several leagues from Cuzco; and the cavalier, desirous to reach the farther side of it before nightfall, incautiously pushed on his wearied horses. When he was fairly entangled in its rocky defiles, a multitude of armed warriors, springing, as it seemed, from every cavern and thicket of the sierra, filled the air with their war cries, and rushed down, like one of their own mountain torrents, on the invaders, as they were painfully toiling up the steeps. Men and horses were overturned in the fury of the assault, and the foremost files, rolling back on those below, spread ruin and consternation in their ranks. De Soto in vain endeavored to restore order, and, if possible, to charge the assailants. The horses were blinded and maddened by the missiles, while the desperate natives, clinging to their legs, strove to prevent their ascent up the rocky pathway. De Soto saw that, unless he gained a level ground which opened at some distance before him, all must be lost. Cheering on his men with the old battle cry, that always went to the heart of a Spaniard, he struck his spurs deep into the sides of his wearied charger, and, gallantly supported by his troop, broke through the dark array of warriors, and, shaking them off to the right and left, at length succeeded in placing himself on the broad level.

Here both parties paused, as if by mutual consent, for a few moments. A little stream ran through the plain, at which the Spaniards watered their horses; and, the animals having recovered wind, De Soto and his men made a desperate charge on their assailants. The undaunted Indians sustained the shock with firmness; and the result of the combat was still

doubtful, when the shades of evening, falling thicker around them, separated the combatants.

Both parties then withdrew from the field, taking up their respective stations within bowshot of each other, so that the voices of the warriors on either side could be distinctly heard in the stillness of the night. But very different were the reflections of the two hosts. The Indians, exulting in their temporary triumph, looked with confidence to the morrow to complete it. The Spaniards, on the other hand, were proportionably discouraged. They were not prepared for this spirit of resistance in an enemy hitherto so tame. Several cavaliers had fallen, — one of them by a blow from a Peruvian battle-ax, which clove his head to the chin, attesting the power of the weapon and of the arm that used it. Several horses, too, had been killed; and the loss of these was almost as severely felt as that of their riders, considering the great cost and difficulty of transporting them to these distant regions. Few either of the men or horses had escaped without wounds, and the Indian allies had suffered still more severely.

It seemed probable, from the pertinacity and a certain order maintained in the assault, that it was directed by some leader of military experience, — perhaps the Indian commander Quizquiz, who was said to be hanging round the environs of Cuzco with a considerable force.

Notwithstanding the reasonable cause of apprehension for the morrow, De Soto, like a stout-hearted cavalier as he was, strove to keep up the spirits of his followers. If they had beaten off the enemy when their horses were jaded and their own strength nearly exhausted, how much easier it would be to come off victorious when both were restored by a night's rest! and he told them to "trust in the Almighty, who would never desert his faithful followers in their extremity." The event justified De Soto's confidence in this seasonable succor.

From time to time, on his march, he had sent advices to Pizarro of the menacing state of the country, till his commander, becoming seriously alarmed, was apprehensive that the cavalier might be overpowered by the superior numbers of the enemy. He accordingly detached Almagro, with nearly all the remaining horse, to his support, — unencumbered by infantry, that he might move the faster. That efficient leader advanced by forced marches, stimulated by the tidings which met him on the road, and was so fortunate as to reach the

foot of the sierra of Vilcaconga the very night of the engagement.

There, hearing of the encounter, he pushed forward without halting, though his horses were spent with travel. The night was exceedingly dark, and Almagro, afraid of stumbling on the enemy's bivouac, and desirous to give De Soto information of his approach, commanded his trumpets to sound, till the notes, winding through the defiles of the mountains, broke the slumbers of his countrymen, sounding like blithest music in their ears. They quickly replied with their own bugles, and soon had the satisfaction to embrace their deliverers.

Great was the dismay of the Peruvian host when the morning light discovered the fresh reinforcement of the ranks of the Spaniards. There was no use in contending with an enemy who gathered strength from the conflict, and who seemed to multiply his numbers at will. Without further attempt to renew the fight, they availed themselves of a thick fog, which hung over the lower slopes of the hills, to effect their retreat, and left the passes open to the invaders. The two cavaliers then continued their march until they extricated their forces from the sierra, when, taking up a secure position, they proposed to await there the arrival of Pizarro.

The commander in chief, meanwhile, lay at Xauxa, where he was greatly disturbed by the rumors which reached him of the state of the country. His enterprise, thus far, had gone forward so smoothly that he was no better prepared than his lieutenant to meet with resistance from the natives. He did not seem to comprehend that the mildest nature might at last be roused by oppression, and that the massacre of their Inca, whom they regarded with such awful veneration, would be likely, if anything could do it, to wake them from their apathy.

The tidings which he now received of the retreat of the Peruvians were most welcome; and he caused mass to be said, and thanksgivings to be offered up to Heaven, "which had shown itself thus favorable to the Christians throughout this mighty enterprise." The Spaniard was ever a Crusader. He was in the sixteenth century what *Cœur de Lion* and his brave knights were in the twelfth, with this difference: the cavalier of that day fought for the Cross and for glory, while gold and the Cross were the watchwords of the Spaniard. The spirit of chivalry had waned somewhat before the spirit of trade; but the fire of religious enthusiasm still burned as bright under

the quilted mail of the American Conqueror as it did of yore under the iron panoply of the soldier of Palestine.

It seemed probable that some man of authority had organized, or at least countenanced, this resistance of the natives; and suspicion fell on the captive chief Challcuchima, who was accused of maintaining a secret correspondence with his confederate Quizquiz. Pizarro waited on the Indian noble, and, charging him with the conspiracy, reproached him, as he had formerly done his royal master, with ingratitude towards the Spaniards, who had dealt with him so liberally. He concluded by the assurance that, if he did not cause the Peruvians to lay down their arms and tender their submission at once, he should be burnt alive so soon as they reached Almagro's quarters.

The Indian chief listened to the terrible menace with the utmost composure. He denied having had any communication with his countrymen, and said that, in his present state of confinement at least, he could have no power to bring them to submission. He then remained doggedly silent, and Pizarro did not press the matter further. But he placed a strong guard over his prisoner, and caused him to be put in irons. It was an ominous proceeding, and had been the precursor of the death of Atahuallpa.

Before quitting Xauxa, a misfortune befell the Spaniards, in the death of their creature the young Inca Toparca. Suspicion, of course, fell on Challcuchima, now selected as the scapegoat for all the offenses of his nation. It was a disappointment to Pizarro, who hoped to find a convenient shelter for his future proceedings under this shadow of royalty.

The general considered it most prudent not to hazard the loss of his treasures by taking them on the march, and he accordingly left them at Xauxa, under a guard of forty soldiers, who remained there in garrison. No event of importance occurred on the road, and, Pizarro having effected a junction with Almagro, their united forces soon entered the vale of Xaquixaguana, about five leagues from Cuzco. This was one of those bright spots, so often found embosomed amidst the Andes, the more beautiful from contrast with the savage character of the scenery around it. A river flowed through the valley, affording the means of irrigating the soil and clothing it in perpetual verdure; and the rich and flowering vegetation spread out like a cultivated garden. The beauty of the place

and its delicious coolness commended it as a residence for the Peruvian nobles, and the sides of the hills were dotted with their villas, which afforded them a grateful retreat in the heats of summer. Yet the center of the valley was disfigured by a quagmire of some extent, occasioned by the frequent overflowing of the waters; but the industry of the Indian architects had constructed a solid causeway, faced with heavy stone, and connected with the great road, which traversed the whole breadth of the morass.

In this valley Pizarro halted for several days, while he refreshed his troops from the well-stored magazines of the Incas. His first act was to bring Challcuchima to trial, — if trial that could be called, where sentence may be said to have gone hand in hand with accusation. We are not informed of the nature of the evidence. It was sufficient to satisfy the Spanish captains of the chieftain's guilt. Nor is it at all incredible that Challcuchima should have secretly encouraged a movement among the people, designed to secure his country's freedom and his own. He was condemned to be burnt alive on the spot. "Some thought it a hard measure," says Herrera; "but those who are governed by reasons of state policy are apt to shut their eyes against everything else." Why this cruel mode of execution was so often adopted by the Spanish Conquerors is not obvious; unless it was that the Indian was an infidel, and fire, from ancient date, seems to have been considered the fitting doom of the infidel, as the type of that inextinguishable flame which awaited him in the regions of the damned.

Father Valverde accompanied the Peruvian chieftain to the stake. He seems always to have been present at this dreary moment, anxious to profit by it, if possible, to work the conversion of the victim. He painted in gloomy colors the dreadful doom of the unbeliever, to whom the waters of baptism could alone secure the ineffable glories of paradise. It does not appear that he promised any commutation of punishment in this world. But his arguments fell on a stony heart, and the chief coldly replied, he would not understand the religion of the white men. He might be pardoned for not comprehending the beauty of a faith which, as it would seem, had borne so bitter fruits to him. In the midst of his tortures he showed the characteristic courage of the American Indian, whose power of endurance triumphs over the power of persecution in his enemies, and he died with his last breath invoking the name of

Pachacamac. His own followers brought the fagots to feed the flames that consumed him.

Soon after this tragic event, Pizarro was surprised by a visit from a Peruvian noble, who came in great state, attended by a numerous and showy retinue. It was the young prince Manco, brother of the unfortunate Huascar, and the rightful successor to the crown. Being brought before the Spanish commander, he announced his pretensions to the throne and claimed the protection of the strangers. It is said he had meditated resisting them by arms, and had encouraged the assaults made on them on their march, but, finding resistance ineffectual, he had taken this politic course, greatly to the displeasure of his more resolute nobles. However this may be, Pizarro listened to his application with singular contentment, for he saw in this new scion of the true royal stock a more effectual instrument for his purposes than he could have found in the family of Quito, with whom the Peruvians had but little sympathy. He received the young man, therefore, with great cordiality, and did not hesitate to assure him that he had been sent into the country by his master, the Castilian sovereign, in order to vindicate the claims of Huascar to the crown and to punish the usurpation of his rival.

Taking with him the Indian prince, Pizarro now resumed his march. It was interrupted for a few hours by a party of the natives, who lay in wait for him in the neighboring sierra. A sharp skirmish ensued, in which the Indians behaved with great spirit and inflicted some little injury on the Spaniards; but the latter at length, shaking them off, made good their passage through the defile, and the enemy did not care to follow them into the open country.

It was late in the afternoon when the Conquerors came in sight of Cuzco. The descending sun was streaming his broad rays full on the imperial city, where many an altar was dedicated to his worship. The low ranges of buildings, showing in his beams like so many lines of silvery light, filled up the bosom of the valley and the lower slopes of the mountains, whose shadowy forms hung darkly over the fair city, as if to shield it from the menaced profanation. It was so late that Pizarro resolved to defer his entrance till the following morning.

That night vigilant guard was kept in the camp, and the soldiers slept on their arms. But it passed away without

annoyance from the enemy, and early on the following day, November 15, 1533, Pizarro prepared for his entrance into the Peruvian capital.

The little army was formed into three divisions, of which the center, or "battle," as it was called, was led by the general. The suburbs were thronged with a countless multitude of the natives, who had flocked from the city and the surrounding country to witness the showy and, to them, startling pageant. All looked with eager curiosity on the strangers, the fame of whose terrible exploits had spread to the remotest parts of the empire. They gazed with astonishment on their dazzling arms and fair complexions, which seemed to proclaim them the true Children of the Sun; and they listened with feelings of mysterious dread as the trumpet sent forth its prolonged notes through the streets of the capital, and the solid ground shook under the heavy tramp of the cavalry.

The Spanish commander rode directly up the great square. It was surrounded by low piles of buildings, among which were several palaces of the Incas. One of these, erected by Huayna Capac, was surmounted by a tower, while the ground floor was occupied by one or more immense halls, like those described in Caxamalca, where the Peruvian nobles held their *fêtes* in stormy weather. These buildings afforded convenient barracks for the troops, though during the first few weeks they remained under their tents in the open *plaza*, with their horses picketed by their side, ready to repulse any insurrection of the inhabitants.

The capital of the Incas, though falling short of the *El Dorado* which had engaged their credulous fancies, astonished the Spaniards by the beauty of its edifices, the length and regularity of its streets, and the good order and appearance of comfort, even luxury, visible in its numerous population. It far surpassed all they had yet seen in the New World. The population of the city is computed by one of the Conquerors at two hundred thousand inhabitants, and that of the suburbs at as many more. This account is not confirmed, as far as I have seen, by any other writer. But, however it may be exaggerated, it is certain that Cuzco was the metropolis of a great empire, the residence of the court and the chief nobility; frequented by the most skillful mechanics and artisans of every description, who found a demand for their ingenuity in the royal precincts; while the place was garrisoned by a numerous

soldiery, and was the resort, finally, of emigrants from the most distant provinces. The quarters whence this motley population came were indicated by their peculiar dress, and especially their head gear, so rarely found at all on the American Indian, which, with its variegated colors, gave a picturesque effect to the groups and masses in the streets. The habitual order and decorum maintained in this multifarious assembly showed the excellent police of the capital, where the only sounds that disturbed the repose of the Spaniards were the noises of feasting and dancing, which the natives, with happy insensibility, constantly prolonged to a late hour of the night.

The edifices of the better sort — and they were very numerous — were of stone, or faced with stone. Among the principal were the royal residences, as each sovereign built a new palace for himself, covering, though low, a large extent of ground. The walls were sometimes stained or painted with gaudy tints, and the gates, we are assured, were sometimes of colored marble. "In the delicacy of the stonework," says another of the Conquerors, "the natives far excelled the Spaniards, though the roofs of their dwellings, instead of tiles, were only of thatch, but put together with the nicest art." The sunny climate of Cuzco did not require a very substantial material for defense against the weather.

The most important building was the fortress, planted on a solid rock that rose boldly above the city. It was built of hewn stone, so finely wrought that it was impossible to detect the line of junction between the blocks ; and the approaches to it were defended by three semicircular parapets, composed of such heavy masses of rock that it bore resemblance to the kind of work known to architects as the Cyclopean. The fortress was raised to a height rare in Peruvian architecture; and from the summit of the tower the eye of the spectator ranged over a magnificent prospect, in which the wild features of the mountain scenery, rocks, woods, and waterfalls, were mingled with the rich verdure of the valley, and the shining city filling up the foreground, — all blended in sweet harmony under the deep azure of a tropical sky.

The streets were long and narrow. They were arranged with perfect regularity, crossing one another at right angles; and from the great square diverged four principal streets connecting with the highroads of the empire. The square itself, and many parts of the city, were paved with a fine pebble.

Through the heart of the capital ran a river of pure water, if it might not be rather termed a canal, the banks or sides of which, for the distance of twenty leagues, were faced with stone. Across this stream, bridges, constructed of similar broad flags, were thrown at intervals, so as to afford an easy communication between the different quarters of the capital.

The most sumptuous edifice in Cuzco in the times of the Incas was undoubtedly the great temple dedicated to the Sun, which, studded with gold plates, as already noticed, was surrounded by convents and dormitories for the priests, with their gardens and broad parterres sparkling with gold. The exterior ornaments had been already removed by the Conquerors, — all but the frieze of gold, which, imbedded in the stones, still encircled the principal building. It is probable that the tales of wealth so greedily circulated among the Spaniards greatly exceeded the truth. If they did not, the natives must have been very successful in concealing their treasures from the invaders. Yet much still remained, not only in the great House of the Sun, but in the inferior temples which swarmed in the capital.

Pizarro, on entering Cuzco, had issued an order forbidding any soldier to offer violence to the dwellings of the inhabitants. But the palaces were numerous, and the troops lost no time in plundering them of their contents, as well as in despoiling the religious edifices. The interior decorations supplied them with considerable booty. They stripped off the jewels and rich ornaments that garnished the royal mummies in the temple of Coricancha. Indignant at the concealment of their treasures, they put the inhabitants, in some instances, to the torture, and endeavored to extort from them a confession of their hiding places. They invaded the repose of the sepulchers, in which the Peruvians often deposited their valuable effects, and compelled the grave to give up its dead. No place was left unexplored by the rapacious Conquerors; and they occasionally stumbled on a mine of wealth that rewarded their labors.

In a cavern near the city they found a number of vases of pure gold, richly embossed with the figures of serpents, locusts, and other animals. Among the spoil were four golden llamas and ten or twelve statues of women, some of gold, others of silver, "which merely to see," says one of the Conquerors, with some *naïveté*, "was truly a great satisfaction." The gold was probably thin, for the figures were all as large as life; and sev-

eral of them, being reserved for the royal fifth, were not recast, but sent in their original form to Spain. The magazines were stored with curious commodities: richly tinted robes of cotton and feather-work, gold sandals, and slippers of the same material, for the women, and dresses composed entirely of beads of gold. The grain and other articles of food, with which the magazines were filled, were held in contempt by the Conquerors, intent only on gratifying their lust for gold. The time came when the grain would have been of far more value.

Yet the amount of treasure in the capital did not equal the sanguine expectations that had been formed by the Spaniards. But the deficiency was supplied by the plunder which they had collected at various places on their march. In one place, for example, they met with ten planks or bars of solid silver, each piece being twenty feet in length, one foot in breadth, and two or three inches thick. They were intended to decorate the dwelling of an Inca noble.

The whole mass of treasure was brought into a common heap, as in Caxamalca; and, after some of the finer specimens had been deducted for the crown, the remainder was delivered to the Indian goldsmiths to be melted down into ingots of a uniform standard. The division of the spoil was made on the same principle as before. There were four hundred and eighty soldiers, including the garrison of Xauxa, who were each to receive a share, that of the cavalry being double that of the infantry. The amount of booty is stated variously by those present at the division of it. According to some, it considerably exceeded the ransom of Atahuallpa. Others state it as less. Pedro Pizarro says that each horseman got six thousand *pesos de oro*, and each one of the infantry half that sum; "though the same discrimination was made by Pizarro as before, in respect to the rank of the parties, and their relative services." But Sancho, the royal notary, and secretary of the commander, estimates the whole amount as far less, — not exceeding five hundred and eighty thousand and two hundred *pesos de oro*, and two hundred and fifteen thousand marks of silver. In the absence of the official returns, it is impossible to determine which is correct. But Sancho's narrative is countersigned, it may be remembered, by Pizarro and the royal treasurer Riquelme, and doubtless, therefore, shows the actual amount for which the Conquerors accounted to the crown.

Whichever statement we receive, the sum, combined with that obtained at Caxamalca, might well have satisfied the cravings of the most avaricious. The sudden influx of so much wealth, and that, too, in so transferable a form, among a party of reckless adventurers little accustomed to the possession of money, had its natural effect. It supplied them with the means of gaming, so strong and common a passion with the Spaniards that it may be considered a national vice. Fortunes were lost and won in a single day, sufficient to render the proprietors independent for life; and many a desperate gamester, by an unlucky throw of the dice or turn of the cards, saw himself stripped in a few hours of the fruits of years of toil and obliged to begin over again the business of rapine. Among these, one in the cavalry service is mentioned, named Leguizano, who had received as his share of the booty the image of the Sun, which, raised on a plate of burnished gold, spread over the walls in a recess of the great temple, and which, for some reason or other, — perhaps because of its superior fineness, — was not recast like the other ornaments. This rich prize the spendthrift lost in a single night; whence it came to be a proverb in Spain, *Juega el Sol antes que amanezca*, "He plays away the sun before sunrise."

The effect of such a surfeit of the precious metals was instantly felt on prices. The most ordinary articles were only to be had for exorbitant sums. A quire of paper was sold for ten *pesos de oro;* a bottle of wine, for sixty; a sword, for forty or fifty; a cloak, for a hundred, — sometimes more; a pair of shoes cost thirty or forty *pesos de oro*, and a good horse could not be had for less than twenty-five hundred. Some brought a still higher price. Every article rose in value, as gold and silver, the representatives of all, declined. Gold and silver, in short, seemed to be the only things in Cuzco that were not wealth. Yet there were some few wise enough to return contented with their present gains to their native country. Here their riches brought them consideration and competence, and, while they excited the envy of their countrymen, stimulated them to seek their own fortunes in the like path of adventure.

ROISTER DOISTER'S LESSON IN PUNCTUATION.

BY NICHOLAS UDALL.

[NICHOLAS UDALL was an English scholar, born about 1505, died 1556. He was head-master of Eton in 1534, and of Westminster School 1555–56. "Ralph Roister Doister" was written for the students to act; it is the first English comedy. "Custance" is the old spelling of "constancy."]

AT CUSTANCE'S.

Christian Custance —
What gauding and fooling is this afore my door?
Matthew Merrygreek —
May not folks be honest, pray you, though they be pore?
Custance —
As that thing may be true, so rich folks may be fools.
Ralph —
Her talk is as fine as she had learned in schools.
Merrygreek —
Look partly toward her, and draw a little near.
Custance —
Get ye home, idle folks.
Merrygreek — Why may not we be here?
Nay and ye will haze, haze: otherwise I tell you plain,
And ye will not haze, then give us our gear again.
Custance —
Indeed I have of yours much gay things, God save all.
Ralph —
Speak gently unto her, and let her take all.
Merrygreek —
Ye are too tender-hearted: shall she make us daws?
Nay, dame, I will be plain with you in my friend's cause.
Ralph —
Let all this pass, sweetheart, and accept my service.
Custance —
I will not be served with a fool in no wise,
When I choose an husband I hope to take a man.
Merrygreek —
And where will ye find one which can do that he can?
Now this man toward you being so kind,
You not to make him an answer somewhat to his mind.
Custance —
I sent him a full answer by you, did I not?
Merrygreek —
And I reported it.

Custance — Nay, I must speak it again.
Ralph —
No no, he told it all.
Merrygreek — Was I not meetly plain?
Ralph —
Yes.
Merrygreek —
But I would not tell all, for faith if I had,
With you dame Custance ere this hour it had been bad,
And not without cause: for this goodly personage
Meant no less than to join with you in marriage.
Custance —
Let him waste no more labor nor suit about me.
Merrygreek —
Ye know not where your preferment lieth, I see,
He sending you such a token, ring, and letter.
Custance —
Marry here it is, ye never saw a better.
Merrygreek —
Let us see your letter.
Custance — Hold, read it if ye can,
And see what letter it is to win a woman.
Merrygreek —
"To mine own dear coney bird, sweetheart, and pigsny,
Good Mistress Custance, present these by and by."
Of this superscription do ye blame the style?
Custance —
With the rest as good stuff as ye read a great while.
Merrygreek —
"Sweet mistress, whereas I love you nothing at all,
Regarding your substance and richesse chief of all,
For your personage, beauty, demeanor, and wit,
I commend me unto you never a whit.
Sorry to hear report of your good welfare.
For (as I hear say) such your conditions are,
That ye be worthy favor of no living man,
To be abhorred of every honest man,
To be taken for a woman inclined to vice,
Nothing at all to virtue giving her due price.
Wherefore concerning marriage, ye are thought
Such a fine Paragon as ne'er honest man bought.
And now by these presents I do you advertise
That I am minded to marry you in no wise.
For your goods and substance, I could be content
To take you as ye are. If ye mind to be my wife,

Ye shall be assured, for the time of my life
I will keep ye right well from good raiment and fare,
Ye shall not be kept but in sorrow and care.
Ye shall in no wise live at your own liberty.
Do and say what ye lust, ye shall never please me,
But when ye are merry I will be all sad,
When ye are sorry I will be very glad.
When ye seek your heart's ease I will be unkind,
At no time in me shall ye much gentleness find.
But all things contrary to your will and mind
Shall be done: otherwise I will not be behind
To speak. And as for all them that would do you wrong
I will so help and maintain, ye shall not live long.
Nor any foolish dolt shall cumber you but I.
I, whoe'er say nay, will stick by you till I die.
Thus, good Mistress Custance, the Lord you save and keep
From me, Roister Doister, whether I wake or sleep.
Who favoreth you no less (ye may be bold)
Than this letter purporteth, which ye have unfold."

Custance —
How by this letter of love? is it not fine?

Ralph —
By the arms of Calais, it is none of mine.

Merrygreek —
Fie, you are sole to blame, this is your own hand.

Custance —
Might not a woman be proud of such an husband?

Merrygreek —
Ah, that ye would in a letter show such despite!

Ralph —
Oh, I would I had him here, the which did it indite.

Merrygreek —
Why, ye made it yourself, ye told me by this light.

Ralph —
Yea, I meant I wrote it mine own self yesternight.

Custance —
I wis, sir, I would not have sent you such a mock.

Ralph —
Ye may so take it, but I meant it not so, by cock.

Merrygreek —
Who can blame this woman to fume and fret and rage?
Tut, tut, yourself now have marred your own marriage.
Well, yet Mistress Custance, if ye can this remit,
This gentleman otherwise may your love requit.

Custance —
No, God be with you both, and seek no more to me. [*Exeat.*

AT THE SCRIVENER'S.

Ralph —
What is a gentleman but his word and his promise?
I must now save this villain's life in any wise,
And yet at him already my hands do tickle,
I shall uneth [hardly] hold them, they will be so fickle.
But lo and Merrygreek have not brought him sense?
Merrygreek —
Nay, I would I had of my purse paid forty pence.
Scrivener —
So would I too: but it needed not that stound [blow].
Merrygreek —
But the gentleman had rather spent five thousand pound,
For it disgraced him at least five times so much.
Scrivener —
He disgraced himself, his loutishness is such.
Ralph —
How long they stand prating? Why com'st thou not away?
Merrygreek —
Come now to himself, and hark what he will say.
Scrivener —
I am not afraid in his presence to appear.
Ralph —
Art thou come, fellow?
Scrivener — How think you? am I not here?
Ralph —
What hindrance hast thou done me, and what villany?
Scrivener —
It hath come of thyself, if thou hast had any.
Ralph —
All the flock thou comest of later or rather,
From thy first father's grandfather's father's father,
Nor all that shall come of thee to the world's end,
Though to threescore generations they descend,
Can be able to make me a just recompense,
For this trespass of thine and this one offense.
Scrivener —
Wherein?
Ralph — Did you not make me a letter, brother?
Scrivener —
Pay the like hire, I will make you such another.
Ralph —
Nay, see and these whoreson Pharisees and Scribes

Do not get their living by polling and bribes.
If it were not for shame —
Scrivener — Nay, hold thy hands still.
Merrygreek —
Why, did ye not promise that ye would not him spill?
Scrivener —
Let him not spare me.
Ralph — Why, wilt thou strike me again?
Scrivener —
Ye shall have as good as ye bring of me, that is plain.
Merrygreek —
I cannot blame him, sir, though your blows would him grieve.
For he knoweth present death to ensue of all ye give.
Ralph —
Well, this man for once hath purchased thy pardon.
Scrivener —
And what say ye to me? or else I shall be gone.
Ralph —
I say the letter thou madest me was not good.
Scrivener —
Then did ye wrong copy it, of likelihood.
Ralph —
Yes, out of thy copy word for word I wrote.
Scrivener —
Then was it as ye prayed to have it, I wote,
But in reading and pointing there was made some fault.
Ralph —
I wote not, but it made all my matter to halt.
Scrivener —
How say you, is this mine original or no?
Ralph —
The selfsame that I wrote out of, so mote I go.
Scrivener —
Look you on your own fist, and I will look on this,
And let this man be judge whether I read amiss.
"To mine own dear coney bird, sweetheart, and pigsny,
Good mistress Custance, present these by and by."
How now? doth not this superscription agree?
Ralph —
Read that is within, and there ye shall the fault see.
Scrivener —
"Sweet mistress, whereas I love you, nothing at all
Regarding your richesse and substance: chief of all
For your personage, beauty, demeanor, and wit
I commend me unto you: Never a whit

Sorry to hear report of your good welfare.
For (as I hear say) such your conditions are,
That ye be worthy favor: Of no living man
To be abhorred: of every honest man
To be taken for a woman inclined to vice
Nothing at all: to virtue giving her due price.
Wherefore concerning marriage, ye are thought
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And now by these presents I do you advertise
That I am minded to marry you: In no wise
For your goods and substance: I could be content
To take you as ye are: if ye mind to be my wife,
Ye shall be assured for the time of my life,
I will keep ye right well: from good raiment and fare
Ye shall not be kept: but in sorrow and care
Ye shall in no wise live: at your own liberty,
Do and say what ye lust: ye shall never please me
But when ye are merry: I will be all sad
When ye are sorry: I will be very glad
When ye seek your heart's ease: I will be unkind
At no time: in me shall ye much gentleness find.
But all things contrary to your will and mind
Shall be done otherwise: I will not be behind
To speak: And as for all them that would do you wrong,
I will so help and maintain ye, shall not live long.
Nor any foolish dolt shall cumber you; but I,
I, whoe'er say nay, will stick by you till I die.
Thus, good mistress Custance, the Lord you save and keep.
From me, Roister Doister, whether I wake or sleep,
Who favoreth you no less (ye may be bold)
Than this letter purporteth, which ye have unfold."
Now sir, what default can ye find in this letter?

Ralph —

Of truth in my mind there cannot be a better.

Scrivener —

Then was the fault in reading, and not in writing;
No, nor I dare say in the form of inditing.
But who read this letter, that it sounded so naught?

Merrygreek —

I read it, indeed.

Scrivener — Ye read it not as ye ought.

Ralph —

Why, thou wretched villain, was all this same fault in thee?

Merrygreek —

I knock your costard if ye offer to strike me,

Ralph —
Strikest thou indeed? and I offer but in jest?
Merrygreek —
Yea, and rap you again except ye can sit in rest.
And I will no longer tarry here, me believe.
Ralph —
What, wilt thou be angry, and I do thee forgive?
Fare thou well, scribbler, I cry thee mercy indeed.
Scrivener —
Fare ye well, bibbler, and worthily may ye speed.

ENGLAND IN HENRY VIII.'S TIME.

By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

[James Anthony Froude, the English historian, was born at Dartington, Devon, April 23, 1818, the youngest son of the Archdeacon of Totnes. He was educated at Westminster and Oriel College, Oxford, where he came under the influence of the Tractarian movement. He was elected a Fellow of Exeter and received deacon's orders, but his views underwent a change, as revealed in "The Nemesis of Faith" (1848), in consequence of which he lost his fellowship. He then turned to literature and for many years was a contributor to *Fraser's Magazine* and the *Westminster Review*. He became rector of St. Andrews (1869); visited America, South Africa, and the Australasian colonies; and in 1892 succeeded E. A. Freeman as professor of modern history at Oxford. He died at Salcombe, Devon, October 20, 1894. His monumental work is a "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada" (12 vols., 1856–1870). Also noteworthy are: "Short Studies on Great Subjects," "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," "Cæsar," "The English in the West Indies." As literary executor of Carlyle he edited a "Life of Carlyle," "Carlyle's Reminiscences," and Mrs. Carlyle's "Letters."]

In periods like the present, when knowledge is every day extending, and the habits and thoughts of mankind are perpetually changing under the influence of new discoveries, it is no easy matter to throw ourselves back into a time in which for centuries the European world grew upon a single type, in which the forms of the father's thoughts were the forms of the son's, and the late descendant was occupied in treading into paths the footprints of his distant ancestors. So absolutely has change become the law of our present condition, that it is identified with energy and moral health; to cease to change is to lose place in the great race; and to pass away from off the earth with the same convictions which we found when we entered it is to have missed the best object for which we now seem to exist.

It has been, however, with the race of men as it has been with the planet which they inhabit. As we look back over history, we see times of change and progress alternating with other times when life and thought have settled into permanent forms; when mankind, as if by common consent, have ceased to seek for increase of knowledge, and, contented with what they possess, have endeavored to make use of it for purposes of moral cultivation. Such was the condition of the Greeks through many ages before the Persian war; such was that of the Romans till the world revenged itself upon its conquerors by the introduction among them of the habits of the conquered; and such again became the condition of Europe when the Northern nations grafted the religion and the laws of the Western empire on their own hardy natures, and shaped out that wonderful spiritual and political organization which remained unshaken for a thousand years.

The aspirant after sanctity in the fifteenth century of the Christian era found a model which he could imitate in detail in the saint of the fifth. The gentleman at the court of Edward IV. or Charles of Burgundy could imagine no nobler type of heroism than he found in the stories of King Arthur's knights. The forms of life had become more elaborate — the surface of it more polished — but the life itself remained essentially the same; it was the development of the same conception of human excellence; just as the last orders of Gothic architecture were the development of the first, from which the idea had worked its way till the force of it was exhausted.

A condition of things differing alike both outwardly and inwardly from that into which a happier fortune has introduced ourselves, is necessarily obscure to us. In the alteration of our own character, we have lost the key which would interpret the characters of our fathers, and the great men even of our own English history before the Reformation seem to us almost like the fossil skeletons of another order of beings. Some broad conclusions as to what they were are at least possible to us, however; and we are able to determine, with tolerable certainty, the social condition of the people of this country, such as it was before the movements of the sixteenth century, and during the process of those movements.

The extent of the population can only be rudely conjectured. A rough census was taken at the time of the Armada, when it was found to be something under five millions; but anterior

to this I can find no authority on which I can rely with any sort of confidence. It is my impression, however, from a number of reasons — each in itself insignificant, but which taken together leave little doubt upon my mind — that it had attained that number by a growth so slow as to be scarcely perceptible, and had nearly approached to it many generations before. Simon Fish, in "The Supplication of Beggars," says that the number of households in England in 1531 was 520,000. His calculation is of the most random kind; for he rates the number of parishes at 52,000, with ten households on an average in each parish. A mistake so preposterous respecting the number of parishes shows the great ignorance of educated men upon the subject. The ten households in each parish may, probably (in some parts of the country), have been a correct computation; but this tells us little with respect to the aggregate numbers, for the households were very large — the farmers, and the gentlemen also, usually having all the persons whom they employed residing under their own roof. Neither from this, therefore, nor from any other positive statement which I have seen, can I gather any conclusion that may be depended upon. But when we remember the exceeding slowness with which the population multiplied in a time in which we can accurately measure it — that is to say, from 1588 to the opening of the last century — under circumstances in every way more favorable to an increase, I think we may assume that the increase was not so great between 1500 and 1588, and that, previous to 1500, it did not more than keep pace with the waste from civil and foreign war. The causes, indeed, were wholly wanting which lead to a rapid growth of numbers. Numbers now increase with the increase of employment and with the facilities which are provided by the modern system of labor for the establishment of independent households. At present, any able-bodied unskilled laborer earns, as soon as he has arrived at man's estate, as large an amount of wages as he will earn at any subsequent time; and having no connection with his employer beyond the receiving the due amount of weekly money from him, and thinking himself as well able to marry as he is likely to be, he takes a wife, and is usually the father of a family before he is thirty. Before the Reformation, not only were early marriages determinately discouraged, but the opportunity for them did not exist. A laborer living in a cottage by himself was a rare exception to the rule; and the

work of the field was performed generally, as it now is in the large farms in America and Australia, by servants who lived in the families of the squire or the farmer, and who, while in that position, commonly remained single, and married only when by prudence they had saved a sufficient sum to enable them to enter some other position.

Checked by circumstances of this kind, population would necessarily remain almost stationary, and a tendency to an increase was not of itself regarded by the statesmen of the day as any matter for congratulation or as any evidence of national prosperity. Not an increase of population, which would facilitate production and beat down wages by competition, but the increase of the commonwealth, the sound and healthy maintenance of the population already existing, were the chief objects which the government proposed to itself; and although Henry VIII. nursed his manufactures with the utmost care, in order to keep the people well employed, there is sufficient proof in the grounds alleged for the measures to which he resorted, that there was little redundancy of occupation.

In the statute, for instance, for the encouragement of the linen manufactures, it is said that — "The King's Highness, calling to his most blessed remembrance the great number of idle people daily increasing throughout this his Realm, supposeth that one great cause thereof is by the continued bringing into the same the great number of wares and merchandise made, and brought out and from, the parts beyond the sea into this his Realm, ready wrought by manual occupation; amongst the which wares one kind of merchandise in great quantity, which is linen cloth of divers sorts made in divers countries beyond the sea, is daily conveyed into this Realm; which great quantity of linen cloth so brought is consumed and spent within the same; by reason whereof not only the said strange countries where the said linen is made, but the policy and industry of making and vending the same, are greatly enriched; and a marvelous great number of their people, men, women, and children, are set on work and occupation, and kept from idleness, to the great furtherance and advancement of their commonwealth; but also contrarywise the inhabitants and subjects of this Realm, for lack of like policy and industry, are compelled to buy all or most part of the linen cloth consumed in the same, amounting to inestimable sums of money. And also the people of this Realm, as well men as women, which should and might be set on work,

by exercise of like policy and craft of spinning, weaving, and making of cloth, lies now in idleness and otiosity, to the high displeasure of Almighty God, great diminution of the King's people, and extreme ruin, decay, and impoverishment of this Realm. Therefore, for reformation of these things, the King's most Royal Majesty intending, like a most virtuous Prince, to provide remedy in the premises; nothing so much coveting as the increase of the Commonwealth of this his Realm, with also the virtuous exercise of his most loving subjects and people, and to avoid that most abominable sin of idleness out of the Realm, hath, by the advice and consent of his Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled, ordained and enacted that every person occupying land for tillage shall for every sixty acres which he hath under the plow, sow one quarter of an acre in flax or hemp."

This Act was designed immediately to keep the wives and children of the poor in work in their own houses; but it leaves no doubt that manufactures in England had not of themselves that tendency to self-development which would encourage an enlarging population. The woolen manufactures similarly appear, from the many statutes upon them, to have been vigorous at a fixed level, but to have shown no tendency to rise beyond that level. With a fixed market and a fixed demand, production continued uniform.

A few years subsequent, indeed, to the passing of the Act which I have quoted, a very curious complaint is entered in the statute book, from the surface of which we should gather that so far from increasing, manufactures had alarmingly declined. The fact mentioned may bear another meaning, and a meaning far more favorable to the state of the country; although, if such a phenomenon were to occur at the present time, it could admit of but one interpretation. In the 18th and 19th of the 32d of Henry VIII., all the important towns in England, from the Tweed to the Land's End, are stated, one by one, to have fallen into serious decay. Usually when we meet with language of this kind, we suppose it to mean nothing more than an awakening to the consciousness of evils which had long existed, and which had escaped notice only because no one was alive to them. In the present instance, however, the language was too strong and too detailed to allow of this explanation; and the great body of the English towns undoubtedly were declining in wealth and in the number of their inhabitants. The statutes speak of

"divers and many beautiful houses of habitation, built in tyme past within their walls and liberties, which now are fallen down and decayed, and at this day remain unreëdified, and do lie as desolate and vacant grounds, many of them nigh adjoining to the High streets, replenished with such uncleanness and filth, with pits, sellars, and vaults lying open and uncovered, to the great perill and danger of the inhabitants and other of the King's subjects passing by the same. And some houses be very weak and feeble, ready to fall down, and therefore dangerous to pass by, to the great decay and hinderance of the said boroughs and towns."

At present, the decay of a town implies the decay of the trade of the town; and the decay of all towns simultaneously would imply a general collapse of the trade of the whole country. Walled towns, however, before the Reformation, existed for other purposes than as the center points of industry: they existed for the protection of property and life; and although it is not unlikely that the agitation of the Reformation itself did to some degree interrupt the occupation of the people, yet I believe that the true account of the phenomenon which then so much disturbed the parliament is that one of their purposes was no longer required; the towns flagged for a time because the country had become secure. The woolen manufacture in Worcestershire was spreading into the open country, and, doubtless, in other counties as well; and the "beautiful houses" which had fallen into decay, were those which, in the old times of insecurity, had been occupied by wealthy merchants and tradesmen, who were now enabled, by a strong and settled government, to dispense with the shelter of locked gates and fortified walls, and remove their residences to more convenient situations. It was, in fact, the first symptom of the impending social revolution. Two years before the passing of this Act, the magnificent Hengrave Hall, in Suffolk, had been completed by Sir Thomas Kitson, "mercer of London," and Sir Thomas Kitson was but one of many of the rising merchants who were now able to root themselves on the land by the side of the Norman nobility, first to rival, and then slowly to displace them.

This mighty change, however, was long in silent progress before it began to tell on the institutions of the country. When city burghers bought estates, the law insisted jealously on their accepting with them all the feudal obligations. Attempts to

use the land as "a commodity" were, as we shall presently see, angrily repressed; while, again, in the majority of instances, such persons endeavored, as they do at present, to cover the recent origin of their families by adopting the manners of the nobles, rather than to transfer the habits of the towns among the parks and chases of the English counties. The old English organization maintained its full activity; and the duties of property continued to be for another century more considered than its rights.

Turning, then, to the tenure of land — for if we would understand the condition of the people, it is to this point that our first attention must be directed — we find that through the many complicated varieties of it there was one broad principle which bore equally upon every class, that the land of England must provide for the defense of England. The feudal system was still the organizing principle of the nation, and whoever owned land was bound to military service for his country whenever occasion required. Further, the land was to be so administered that the accustomed number of families supported by it should not be diminished, and that the State should suffer no injury from the carelessness or selfishness of the owners. Land never was private property in that personal sense of property in which we speak of a thing as our own, with which we may do as we please; in the administration of estates, as indeed in the administration of all property whatsoever, duty to the State was at all times supposed to override private interest or inclination. Even tradesmen, who took advantage of the fluctuations of the market, were rebuked by parliament for "their greedy and covetous minds," "as more regarding their own singular lucre and profit than the common weal of the Realm," and although in an altered world, neither industry nor enterprise will thrive except under the stimulus of self-interest, we may admire the confidence which in another age expected every man to prefer the advantage of the community to his own. All land was held upon a strictly military principle. It was the representative of authority, and the holder or the owner took rank in the army of the State according to the nature of his connection with it. It was first broadly divided among the great nobility holding immediately under the crown, who, above and beyond the ownership of their private estates, were the Lords of the Fee throughout their presidency, and possessed in right of it the services of knights and gentlemen who held their manors under them, and

who followed their standard in war. Under the lords of manors, again, small freeholds and copyholds were held of various extent, often forty-shilling and twenty-shilling value, occupied by peasant occupiers, who thus, on their own land, lived as free Englishmen, maintaining by their own free labor themselves and their families. There was thus a descending scale of owners, each of whom possessed his separate right, which the law guarded and none might violate; yet no one of whom, again, was independent of an authority higher than himself; and the entire body of the English free possessors of the soil was interpenetrated by a coherent organization which converted them into a perpetually subsisting army of soldiers. The extent of land which was held by the petty freeholders was very large, and the possession of it was jealously treasured; the private estates of the nobles and gentlemen were either cultivated by their own servants, or let out, as at present, to free tenants; or (in earlier times) were occupied by villeins, a class who, without being bondmen, were expected to furnish further services than those of the field, services which were limited by the law, and recognized by an outward ceremony, a solemn oath and promise from the villein to his lord. Villeinage, in the reign of Henry VIII., had for some time ceased. The name of it last appears upon the statute book in the early years of the reign of Richard II., when the disputes between villeins and their liege lords on their relative rights had furnished matter for cumbrous lawsuits, and by general consent the relation had merged of itself into a more liberal form. Thus serfdom had merged or was rapidly merging into free servitude; but it did not so merge that laboring men, if they pleased, were allowed to live in idleness. Every man was regimented somewhere; and although the peasantry, when at full age, were allowed, under restrictions, their own choice of masters, yet the restrictions both on masters and servants were so severe as to prevent either from taking advantage of the necessities of the other, or from terminating through caprice or levity, or for any insufficient reason, a connection presumed to be permanent.

Through all these arrangements a single aim is visible, that every man in England should have his definite place and definite duty assigned to him, and that no human being should be at liberty to lead at his own pleasure an unaccountable existence. The discipline of an army was transferred to the details of social life, and it issued in a chivalrous perception of

the meaning of the word "duty," and in the old characteristic spirit of English loyalty.

From the regulations with respect to land, a coarser advantage was also derived, of a kind which at the present time will be effectively appreciated. It is a common matter of dispute whether landed estates should be large or small; whether it is better that the land should be divided among small proprietors, cultivating their own ground, or that it should follow its present tendency, and be shared by a limited and constantly diminishing number of wealthy landlords. The advocates for a peasant proprietary tell us truly that a landed monopoly is dangerous; that the possession of a spot of ground, though it be but a few acres, is the best security for loyalty, giving the State a pledge for its owner, and creating in the body of the nation a free, vigorous, and manly spirit. The advocates for the large estates tell us that the masses are too ill educated to be trusted with independence; that without authority over them these small proprietors become wasteful, careless, improvident; that the free spirit becomes a democratic and dangerous spirit; and finally, that the resources of the land cannot properly be brought out by men without capital to cultivate it. Either theory is plausible. The advocates of both can support their arguments with an appeal to experience; and the verdict of fact has not as yet been pronounced emphatically.

The problem will be resolved in the future history of this country. It was also nobly and skillfully resolved in the past. The knights and nobles retained the authority and power which was attached to the lordships of the fees. They retained extensive estates in their own hands or in the occupation of their immediate tenants; but the large proportion of the lands was granted out by them to smaller owners, and the expenditure of their own incomes in the wages and maintenance of their vast retinues left but a small margin for indulgence in luxuries. The necessities of their position obliged them to regard their property rather as a revenue to be administered in trust, than as "a fortune" to be expended in indulgence. Before the Reformation, while the differences of social degree were enormous, the differences in habits of life were comparatively slight, and the practice of men in these things was curiously the reverse of our own. Dress, which now scarcely suffices to distinguish the master from his servant, was then the symbol of rank, prescribed by statute to the various orders of

society as strictly as the regimental uniform to officers and privates; diet also was prescribed, and with equal strictness; but the diet of the nobleman was ordered down to a level which was then within the reach of the poorest laborer. In 1336, the following law was enacted by the Parliament of Edward III.: "Whereas, heretofore through the excessive and over-many sorts of costly meats which the people of this Realm have used more than elsewhere, many mischiefs have happened to the people of this Realm; for the great men by these excesses have been sore grieved, and the lesser people, who only endeavor to imitate the great ones in such sort of meats, are much impoverished, whereby they are not able to aid themselves, nor their liege lord, in time of need, as they ought; and many other evils have happened, as well to their souls as their bodies; our Lord the King, desiring the common profit as well of the great men as of the common people of his Realm, and considering the evils, grievances, and mischiefs aforesaid, by the common assent of the prelates, earls, barons, and other nobles of his said Realm, and of the commons of the same Realm, hath ordained and established that no man, of what estate or condition soever he be, shall cause himself to be served, in his house or elsewhere, at dinner, meal, or supper, or at any other time, with more than two courses, and each mess of two sorts of victuals at the utmost, be it of flesh or fish, with the common sorts of pottage, without sauce or any other sort of victuals. And if any man choose to have sauce for his mess, he may, provided it be not made at great cost; and if fish or flesh be to be mixed therein, it shall be of two sorts only at the utmost, either fish or flesh, and shall stand instead of a mess, except only on the principal feasts of the year, on which days every man may be served with three courses at the utmost, after the manner aforesaid."

Sumptuary laws are among the exploded fallacies which we have outgrown, and we smile at the unwisdom which could expect to regulate private habits and manners by statute. Yet some statutes may be of moral authority when they cannot be actually enforced, and may have been regarded, even at the time at which they were issued, rather as an authoritative declaration of what wise and good men considered to be right, than as laws to which obedience could be compelled. This act, at any rate, witnesses to what was then thought to be right by "the great persons" of the English realm; and when great

persons will submit themselves of their free will to regulations which restrict their private indulgence, they are in little danger of disloyalty from those whom fortune has placed below them.

Such is one aspect of these old arrangements; it is unnecessary to say that with these, as with all other institutions created and worked by human beings, the picture admits of being reversed. When by the accident of birth men are placed in a position of authority, no care in their training will prevent it from falling often to singularly unfit persons. The command of a permanent military force was a temptation to ambition, to avarice or hatred, to the indulgence of private piques and jealousies, to political discontent on private and personal grounds. A combination of three or four of the leading nobles was sufficient, when an incapable prince sat on the throne, to effect a revolution; and the rival claims of the houses of York and Lancaster to the crown took the form of a war unequaled in history for its fierce and determined malignancy, the whole nation tearing itself in pieces in a quarrel in which no principle was at stake, and no national object to be gained. A more terrible misfortune never befell either this or any other country, and it was made possible only in virtue of that loyalty with which the people followed the standard, through good and evil, of their feudal superiors. It is still a question, however, whether the good or the evil of the system predominated; and the answer to such question is the more difficult because we have no criterion by which, in these matters, degrees of good and evil admit of being measured. Arising out of the character of the nation, it reflected this character in all its peculiarities; and there is something truly noble in the coherence of society upon principles of fidelity. Fidelity of man to man is among the rarest excellences of humanity, and we can tolerate large evils which arise out of such a cause. Under the feudal system men were held together by oaths, free acknowledgments, and reciprocal obligations, entered into by all ranks, high and low, binding servants to their masters, as well as nobles to their kings; and in the beautiful roll of the old language in which the oaths were sworn we cannot choose but see that we have lost something in exchanging these ties for the harsher connecting links of mutual self-interest.

"When a freeman shall do fealty to his lord," the statute says, "he shall hold his right hand upon the book, and shall say thus: Hear you, my lord, that I shall be to you both

faithful and true, and shall owe my faith to you for the land that I hold, and lawfully shall do such customs and services as my duty is to you, at the times assigned, so help me God and all his saints."

"The villein," also, "when he shall do fealty to his lord, shall hold his right hand over the book, and shall say: Hear you, my lord, that I from this day forth unto you shall be true and faithful, and shall owe you fealty for the land which I hold of you in villeinage; and that no evil or damage will I see concerning you, but I will defend and warn you to my power. So help me God and all his saints."

Again in the distribution of the produce of land, men dealt fairly and justly with each other; and in the material condition of the bulk of the people there is a fair evidence that the system worked efficiently and well. It worked well for the support of a sturdy high-hearted race, sound in body and fierce in spirit, and furnished with thews and sinews which, under the stimulus of these "great shins of beef," their common diet, were the wonder of the age. "What comyn folke in all this world," says a state paper in 1515, "may compare with the comyns of England in riches, freedom, liberty, welfare, and all prosperity? What comyn folke is so mighty, so strong in the felde, as the comyns of England?"

The relative numbers of the French and English armies which fought at Cressy and Agincourt may have been exaggerated, but no allowance for exaggeration will affect the greatness of those exploits; and according to the stories of authentic actions under Henry VIII., where the accuracy of the account is undeniable, no disparity of force made Englishmen shrink from enemies wherever they could meet them. Again and again a few thousands of them carried dismay into the heart of France. Four hundred adventurers, vagabond apprentices from London, who formed a volunteer corps in the Calais garrison, were for years the terror of Normandy. In the very frolic of conscious power they fought and plundered, without pay, without reward, except what they could win for themselves; and when they fell at last, they fell only when surrounded by six times their number and were cut to pieces in careless desperation. Invariably, by friend and enemy alike, the English are described as the fiercest people in all Europe (the English wild beasts, Benvenuto Cellini calls them): and this great physical power they owed to the profuse abundance in which they lived,

and to the soldier's training in which every man of them was bred from childhood.

The state of the working classes can, however, be more certainly determined by a comparison of their wages with the prices of food. Both were regulated, so far as regulation was possible, by act of parliament. . . .

Some uncertainty is unavoidable in all calculations of the present nature; yet, after making the utmost allowances for errors, we may conclude that for a penny, at the time of which I write, the laborer could buy as much bread, beef, beer, and wine — he could do as much towards finding lodging for himself and his family — as the laborer of the nineteenth century can for a shilling. I do not see that this admits of question. Turning, then, to the table of wages, it will be easy to ascertain his position. . . . In fact, the day laborer, if in full employment, received on an average fourpence a day for the whole year. Allowing a deduction of one day in a fortnight for a saint's day or a holiday, he received, therefore, steadily and regularly, if well conducted, an equivalent of something near to twenty shillings a week, the wages at present paid in English colonies: and this is far from being a full account of his advantages. Except in rare instances, the agricultural laborer held land in connection with his house, while in most parishes, if not in all, there were large ranges of common and uninclosed forest land, which furnished his fuel to him gratis, where pigs might range, and ducks and geese; where, if he could afford a cow, he was in no danger of being unable to feed it; and so important was this privilege considered, that when the commons began to be largely inclosed, parliament insisted that the workingman should not be without some piece of ground on which he could employ his own and his family's industry. By the 7th of the 31st of Elizabeth, it was ordered that no cottage should be built for residence without four acres of land at lowest being attached to it for the sole use of the occupants of such cottage.

It will, perhaps, be supposed that such comparative prosperity of labor was the result of the condition of the market in which it was sold, that the demand for labor was large and the supply limited, and that the state of England in the sixteenth century was analogous to that of Australia or Canada at the present time. And so long as we confine our view to the ques-

tion of wages alone, it is undoubted that legislation was in favor of the employer. The Wages Act of Henry VIII. was unpopular with the laborers, and was held to deprive them of an opportunity of making better terms for themselves. But we shall fall into extreme error, if we translate into the language of modern political economy the social features of a state of things which in no way corresponded to our own. There was this essential difference, that labor was not looked upon as a market commodity, the government (whether wisely or not, I do not presume to determine) attempting to portion out the rights of the various classes of society by the rule, not of economy, but of equity. Statesmen did not care for the accumulation of capital; they desired to see the physical wellbeing of all classes of the commonwealth maintained at the highest degree which the producing power of the country admitted; and population and production remaining stationary, they were able to do it. This was their object, and they were supported in it by a powerful and efficient majority of the nation. On the one side parliament interfered to protect employers against their laborers; but it was equally determined that employers should not be allowed to abuse their opportunities; and this directly appears from the 4th of the 5th of Elizabeth, by which, on the most trifling appearance of a depreciation in the currency, it was declared that the laboring man could no longer live on the wages assigned to him by the act of Henry; and a sliding scale was instituted by which, for the future, wages should be adjusted to the price of food.

The same conclusion may be gathered also, indirectly, from other acts, interfering imperiously with the rights of property where a disposition showed itself to exercise them selfishly. The city merchants, as I have said, were becoming landowners; and some of them attempted to apply their rules of trade to the management of landed estates. While wages were ruled so high, it answered better as a speculation to convert arable land into pasture; but the law immediately stepped in to prevent a proceeding which it regarded as petty treason to the commonwealth. Self-protection is the first law of life; and the country relying for its defense on an able-bodied population, evenly distributed, ready at any moment to be called into action, either against foreign invasion or civil disturbance, it could not permit the owners of land to pursue for their own benefit a course of action which threatened to weaken its garri-

sons. It is not often that we are able to test the wisdom of legislation by specific results so clearly as in this present instance. The first attempts of the kind which I have described were made in the Isle of Wight, early in the reign of Henry VII. Lying so directly exposed to attacks from France, the Isle of Wight was a place which it was peculiarly important to keep in a state of defense, and the following act was therefore the consequence: —

"Forasmuch as it is to the surety of the Realm of England that the Isle of Wight, in the county of Southampton, be well inhabited with English people, for the defense as well of our ancient enemies of the Realm of France as of other parties; the which Isle is late decayed of people by reason that many towns and villages have been let down, and the fields diked and made pasture for beasts and cattle, and also many dwelling places, farms, and farmholds have of late time been used to be taken into one man's hold and hands, that of old time were wont to be in many several persons' holds and hands, and many several households kept in them; and thereby much people multiplied, and the same Isle thereby well inhabited, which now, by the occasion aforesaid, is desolate and not inhabited, but occupied with beasts and cattle, so that if hasty remedy be not provided, that Isle cannot long be kept and defended, but open and ready to the hands of the king's enemies, which God forbid. For remedy hereof, it is ordained and enacted that no manner of person, of what estate, degree, or condition soever, shall take any several farms more than one, whereof the yearly value shall not exceed the sum of ten marks; and if any several leases afore this time have been made to any person or persons of divers and sundry farmholds, whereof the yearly value shall exceed that sum, then the said person or persons shall choose one farmhold at his pleasure, and the remnant of his leases shall be utterly void."

An act, tyrannical in form, was singularly justified by its consequences. The farms rebuilt, the lands replowed, the island repeopled; and in 1546, when a French army of sixty thousand men attempted to effect a landing at St. Helen's, they were defeated and driven off by the militia of the island and a few levies transported from Hampshire and the adjoining counties. The money-making spirit, however, lay too deep to be checked so readily. The trading classes were growing rich under the strong rule of the Tudors. Increasing numbers of

them were buying or renting land; and the symptoms complained of broke out in the following reign in many parts of England. They could not choose but break out indeed; for they were the outward marks of a vital change, which was undermining the feudal constitution, and would by and by revolutionize and destroy it. Such symptoms it was impossible to extinguish; but the government wrestled long and powerfully to hold down the new spirit; and they fought against it successfully, till the old order of things had finished its work, and the time was come for it to depart. By the 1st of the 7th of Henry VIII., the laws of feudal tenure were put in force against the landed traders. Wherever lands were converted from tillage to pasture, the lords of the fee had authority to seize half of all profits until the farm buildings were reconstructed. If the immediate lord did not do his duty, the lord next above him was to do it; and the evil still increasing, the act, twenty years later, was extended further, and the king had power to seize. Nor was this all. Sheep farming had become an integral branch of business; and falling into the hands of men who understood each other, it had been made a monopoly, affecting seriously the prices of wool and mutton. Stronger measures were therefore now taken, and the class to which the offenders belonged was especially pointed out by parliament.

"Whereas," says the 13th of the 25th of Henry VIII., "divers and sundry persons of the king's subjects of this Realm, to whom God of his goodness hath disposed great plenty and abundance of movable substance, now of late, within few years, have daily studied, practiced, and invented ways and means how they might accumulate and gather together into few hands, as well great multitude of farms as great plenty of cattle, and in especial, sheep, putting such lands as they can get to pasture and not to tillage; whereby they have not only pulled down churches and towns and enhanced the old rates of the rents of the possessions of this Realm, or else brought it to such excessive fines that no poor man is able to meddle with it, but also have raised and enhanced the prices of all manner of corn, cattle, wool, pigs, geese, hens, chickens, eggs, and such other commodities, almost double above the prices which hath been accustomed, by reason whereof a marvelous multitude of the poor people of this realm be not able to provide meat, drink, and clothes necessary for themselves, their wives, and children, but be so discouraged with misery and poverty, that

they fall daily to theft, robbery, and other inconveniences, or pitifully die for hunger and cold; and it is thought by the king's humble and loving subjects, that one of the greatest occasions that moveth those greedy and covetous people so to accumulate and keep in their hands such great portions and parts of the lands of this Realm from the occupying of the poor husbandmen, and so to use it in pasture and not in tillage, is the great profit that cometh of sheep which be now come into a few persons' hands, in respect of the whole number of the king's subjects; it is hereby enacted that no person shall have or keep on lands not their own inheritance more than 2000 sheep; that no person shall occupy more than two farms; and that the 19th of the 4th of Henry VII., and those other acts obliging the lords of the fees to do their duty, shall be reënacted and enforced."

By these measures the money-making spirit was for a time driven back, and the country resumed its natural course. I am not concerned to defend the economic wisdom of such proceedings; but they prove, I think, conclusively that the laboring classes owed their advantages not to the condition of the labor market, but to the care of the State; and that when the State relaxed its supervision, or failed to enforce its regulations, the laborers being left to the market chances, sank instantly in the unequal struggle with capital.

The government, however, remained strong enough to hold its ground (excepting during the discreditable interlude of the reign of Edward VI.) for the first three quarters of the century; and until that time the working classes in this country remained in a condition more than prosperous. They enjoyed an abundance far beyond what in general falls to the lot of that order in long-settled countries; incomparably beyond what the same class were enjoying at that very time in Germany or France. The laws secured them; and that the laws were put in force we have the direct evidence of successive acts of the legislature justifying the general policy by its success: and we have also the indirect evidence of the contented loyalty of the great body of the people at a time when, if they had been discontented, they held in their own hands the means of asserting what the law acknowledged to be their right. The government had no power to compel submission to injustice, as was proved by the fate of an attempt to levy a "benevolence" by force, in 1525. The people resisted with a determination against which the

crown commissioners were unable to contend, and the scheme ended with an acknowledgment of fault by Henry, who retired with a good grace from an impossible position. If the peasantry had been suffering under any real grievances, we should not have failed to have heard of them when the religious rebellions furnished so fair an opportunity to press them forward. Complaint was loud enough when complaint was just, under the Somerset protectorate.

The incomes of the great nobles cannot be determined, for they varied probably as much as they vary now. Under Henry IV. the average income of an earl was estimated at £2000 a year. Under Henry VIII. the great Duke of Buckingham, the wealthiest English peer, had £6000. And the income of the Archbishop of Canterbury was rated at the same amount. But the establishments of such men were enormous, their ordinary retinues in time of peace consisting of many hundred persons; and in war, when the duties of a nobleman called him to the field, although in theory his followers were paid by the crown, yet the grants of parliament were on so small a scale that the theory was seldom converted into fact, and a large share of the expenses were paid often out of private purses. The Duke of Norfolk, in the Scotch war of 1523, declared (not complaining of it, but merely as a reason why he should receive support) that he had spent all his private means upon the army; and in the sequel of this history we shall find repeated instances of knights and gentlemen voluntarily ruining themselves in the service of their country. The people, not universally, but generally, were animated by a true spirit of sacrifice; by a true conviction that they were bound to think first of England, and only next of themselves; and unless we can bring ourselves to understand this, we shall never understand what England was under the reigns of the Plantagenets and Tudors. . . .

In such frank style the people lived, hating three things with all their hearts: idleness, want, and cowardice; and for the rest, carrying their heart high, and having their hands full. The hour of rising, winter and summer, was four o'clock, with breakfast at five, after which the laborers went to work and the gentlemen to business, of which they had no little. In the country every unknown face was challenged and examined — if the account given was insufficient, he was brought before the justice; if the village shopkeeper sold bad wares, if the

village cobbler made "unhonest" shoes, if servants and masters quarreled, all was to be looked to by the justice; there was no fear lest time should hang heavy with him. At twelve he dined; after dinner he went hunting, or to his farm, or to what he pleased. It was a life unrefined, perhaps, but colored with a broad, rosy, English health.

THE DREAM.

By SIR THOMAS WYATT.

[1503–1542.]

Unstable dream, according to the place,
Be steadfast once, or else at least be true:
By tasted sweetness make me not to rue
The sudden loss of thy false feignèd grace.
By good respect, in such a dangerous case,
Thou brought'st not her into these tossing seas;
But mad'st my sprite to live, my care to increase,
My body in tempest her delight to embrace.
The body dead, the spirit had his desire;
Painless was the one, the other in delight.
Why then, alas, did it not keep it right,
But thus return to leap into the fire;
And when it was at wish, could not remain?
Such mocks of dreams do turn to deadly pain.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS WYATT.

By the EARL OF SURREY.

[Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was born probably in 1517; beheaded 1547 by Henry VIII., ostensibly for treason. His father was Duke of Norfolk.]

Wyatt resteth here that quick could never rest:
Whose heavenly gifts increasèd by disdain,
And virtue sank the deeper in his breast;
Such profit he by envy could obtain.

A head where wisdom mysteries did frame,
Whose hammers beat still in that lively brain,

As on a stithe where that some work of fame
Was daily wrought, to turn to Britain's gain.

A visage stern and mild: where both did grow
Vice to contemn, in virtue to rejoice;
Amid great storms whom grace assurèd so
To live upright, and smile at fortune's choice.

A hand that taught what might be said in rhyme;
That reft Chaucèr the glory of his wit;
A mark, the which (unpérfected for time)
Some may approach, but never none shall hit.

A tongue that served in foreign realms his king;
Whose courteous talk to virtue did inflame
Each noble heart: a worthy guide to bring
Our English youth by travail unto fame.

An eye whose judgment none affect could blind,
Friends to allure and foes to reconcile,
Whose piercing look did represent a mind
With virtue fraught reposèd void of guile.

A heart where dread was never so imprest
To hide the thought that might the truth advance
In neither fortune loft[y], nor yet represt,
To swell in wealth, or yield unto mischance.

A valiant corpse, where force and beauty met,
Happy alas, too happy but for foes,
Livèd, and ran the race that nature set;
Of manhood's shape where she the mold did lose.

But to the heavens that simple soul is fled,
Which left, with such as covet Christ to know
Witness of faith that never could be dead;
Sent for our health, but not receivèd so.

Thus for our guilt this jewel have we lost;
The earth his bones, the heavens possess his ghost.

IN PRAISE OF FOLLY.

By ERASMUS.

[Desiderius Erasmus, the Dutch classical and theological scholar, was born at Rotterdam, Holland, October 28, 1465, the son of Gerhard de Praet. The old story of his illegitimacy, immortalized in "The Cloister and the Hearth," is now doubted. In accordance with the fashion among scholars of the time, he exchanged the name of Gerhard for the Latin and Greek equivalents Desiderius Erasmus, each signifying "the well-beloved." Left an orphan at thirteen, he was induced by his guardians to enter a monastery, in order that they might defraud him of his inheritance. He then became priest and secretary to the Bishop of Cambray; spent some years at Paris as student and teacher; and visited the chief European countries, including England, where he formed the acquaintance of Sir Thomas More and held a Greek professorship at Cambridge. In 1521 he settled at Basel, whence he removed later to Freiburg and Breisgau. He died at Basel, July 12, 1536. Besides various philological and theological works, and an edition of the New Testament in Greek with a Latin translation, he wrote "Encomium Moriæ" (Praise of Folly), a satire on society, especially quack religionists; "Colloquia" (Colloquies); and much witty and influential correspondence. He was regarded as the foremost man of letters in Europe, and his skits to have been leading instruments in undermining popular reverence for the Church and thus precipitating the Reformation; it was said that he "laid the egg which Luther hatched."]

The divines present themselves next; but it may perhaps be most safe to pass them by, and not to touch upon so harsh a string as this subject would afford. Beside, the undertaking may be very hazardous; for they are a sort of men generally very hot and passionate; and should I provoke them, I doubt not would set upon me with a full cry, and force me with shame to recant, which if I stubbornly refuse to do, they will presently brand me for a heretic, and thunder out an excommunication, which is their spiritual weapon to wound such as lift up a hand against them. It is true, no men own a less dependence on me, yet have they reason to confess themselves indebted for no small obligations. For it is by one of my properties, self-love, that they fancy themselves, with their elder brother Paul, caught up into the third heaven, from whence, like shepherds indeed, they look down upon their flock, the laity, grazing, as it were, in the vales of the world below. They fence themselves in with so many surrounders of magisterial definitions, conclusions, corollaries, propositions explicit and implicit, that there is no falling in with them; or if they do chance to be urged to a seeming non-plus, yet they find out so many evasions that all the art of man can never bind them so fast but

Desiderius Erasmus

After the etching by Chauvel

as paradoxes, seem in comparison just and rational: as their maintaining that it is a less aggravated fault to kill a hundred men than for a poor cobbler to set a stitch on the Sabbath day; or, that it is more justifiable to do the greatest injury imaginable to others, than to tell the least lie ourselves. And these subtleties are alchymized to a more refined sublimate by the abstracting brains of their several schoolmen, — the Realists, the Nominalists, the Thomists, the Albertists, the Occamists, the Scotists: these are not all, but the rehearsal of a few only, as a specimen of their divided sects; in each of which there is so much of deep learning, so much of unfathomable difficulty, that I believe the apostles themselves would stand in need of a new illuminating spirit, if they were to engage in any controversy with these new divines.

St. Paul, no question, had a full measure of faith; yet when he lays down faith to be the substance of things not seen, these men carp at it for an imperfect definition, and would undertake to teach the apostles better logic. Thus the same holy author wanted for nothing of the grace of charity, yet (say they) he describes and defines it but very inaccurately, when he treats of it in the thirteenth chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians. The primitive disciples were very frequent in administering the holy sacrament, breaking bread from house to house; yet should they be asked of the *Terminus a quo* and the *Terminus ad quem?* the nature of transubstantiation? the manner of how one body can be in several places at the same time? the difference betwixt the several attributes of Christ in heaven, on the cross, and in the consecrated bread? what time is required for the transubstantiating the bread into flesh? how it can be done by a short sentence pronounced by the priest, which sentence is a species of discrete quantity that has no permanent *punctum?* Were they asked (I say) these, and several other confused queries, I do not believe they could answer so readily as our mincing schoolmen nowadays take a pride to do. They were well acquainted with the Virgin Mary, yet none of them undertook to prove that she was preserved immaculate from original sin, as some of our divines very hotly contend for. St. Peter had the keys given to him, and that by our Saviour Himself, who had never intrusted him except He had known him capable of their manage and custody; and yet it is much to be questioned whether Peter was sensible of that subtlety broached by Scotus,

that he may have the key of knowledge effectually for others, who has no knowledge actually in himself. Again, they baptized all nations, and yet never taught what was the formal, material, efficient, and final cause of baptism, and certainly never dreamt of distinguishing between a delible and an indelible character in this sacrament. They worshiped in the spirit, following their Master's injunction, God is a spirit, and they which worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth; yet it does not appear that it was ever revealed to them how divine adoration should be paid at the same time to our blessed Saviour in heaven, and to His picture here below on a wall, drawn with two fingers held out, a bald crown, and a circle round His head. To reconcile these intricacies to an appearance of reason requires threescore years' experience in metaphysics.

Further, the apostles often mention *Grace*, yet never distinguish between *gratia*, *gratis data*, and *gratia gratificans*. They earnestly exhort us likewise to good works, yet never explain the difference between *Opus operans* and *Opus operatum*. They very frequently press and urge us to seek after charity, without dividing it into infused and acquired, or determining whether it be a substance or an accident, a created or an uncreated being. They detested sin themselves, and warned others from the commission of it; and yet I am sure they could never have defined it so dogmatically as the Scotists have since done. St. Paul, who in others' judgment is no less the chief of the apostles than he was in his own the chief of sinners, who being bred at the feet of Gamaliel, was certainly more eminently a scholar than any of the rest, yet often exclaims against vain philosophy, warns us from doting about questions and strifes of words, and charges us to avoid profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called; which he would not have done if he had thought it worth his while to become acquainted with them, which he might soon have been, the disputes of that age being but small and more intelligible sophisms, in reference to the vastly greater intricacies they are now improved to.

But yet, however, our scholastic divines are so modest that if they meet with any passage in St. Paul, or any other penman of holy Writ, which is not so well modeled or critically disposed as they could wish, they will not indeed roughly condemn it, but bend it rather to a favorable interpretation,

out of reverence to antiquity and respect to the holy Scriptures; though indeed it would be unreasonable to expect anything of this nature from the apostles, whose Lord and Master had given unto them to know the mysteries of God, but not those of philosophy. If the same divines meet with anything of like nature unpalatable in St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, St. Hierom, or others of the fathers, they will not stick to appeal from their authority, and very fairly resolve that they lay under a mistake. Yet these ancient fathers were they who confuted both the Jews and heathens, though they both obstinately adhered to their respective prejudices; they confuted them, I say, yet by their lives and miracles rather than by words and syllogisms; and the persons they thus proselyted were downright honest, well-meaning people, such as understood plain sense better than any artificial pomp of reasoning: whereas if our divines should now set about the gaining converts from paganism by their metaphysical subtleties, they would find that most of the persons they applied themselves to were either so ignorant as not at all to apprehend them, or so impudent as to scoff and deride them; or finally, so well skilled at the same weapons that they would be able to keep their pass, and fence off all assaults of conviction.

If my judgment might be taken, I would advise Christians, in their next expedition to a holy war, instead of those many unsuccessful legions which they have hitherto sent to encounter the Turks and Saracens, to furnish out their clamorous Scotists, their obstinate Occamists, their invincible Albertists, and all their forces of tough, crabbed, and profound disputants: the engagement, I fancy, would be mighty pleasant, and the victory we may imagine on our side not to be questioned. For which of the enemies would not veil their turbans at so solemn an appearance? Which of the fiercest Janizaries would not throw away his scimeter, and all the half-moons be eclipsed by the interposition of so glorious an army?

I suppose you mistrust I speak all this by way of jeer and irony; and well I may, since among divines themselves there are some so ingenious as to despise these captious and frivolous impertinences: they look upon it as a kind of profane sacrilege, and little less than blasphemous impiety, to determine of such niceties in religion as ought rather to be the subject of an humble and uncontradicting faith, than of a scrupulous and inquisitive reason; they abhor defiling the mysteries of Chris-

tianity with an intermixture of heathenish philosophy, and judge it very improper to reduce divinity to an obscure speculative science, whose end is such a happiness as can be gained only by the means of practice. But alas, those notional divines, however condemned by the soberer judgment of others, are yet mightily pleased with themselves, and are so laboriously intent upon prosecuting their crabbed studies, that they cannot afford so much time as to read a single chapter in any one book of the whole Bible. And while they thus trifle away their misspent hours in trash and babble, they think that they support the Catholic Church with the props and pillars of propositions and syllogisms, no less effectually than Atlas is feigned by the poets to sustain on his shoulders the burden of a tottering world.

Their privileges, too, and authority are very considerable: they can deal with any text of Scripture as with a nose of wax, knead it into what shape best suits their interest; and whatever conclusions they have dogmatically resolved upon, they would have them as irrepealably ratified as Solon's laws, and in as great force as the very decrees of the papal chair. If any be so bold as to remonstrate against their decisions, they will bring him on his knees to a recantation of his impudence. They shall pronounce as irrevocably as an oracle, This proposition is scandalous, that irreverent; this has a smack of heresy, and that is bald and improper: so that it is not the being baptized into the church, the believing of the Scriptures, the giving credit to St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, nay, or St. Thomas Aquinas himself, that shall make a man a Christian, except he have the joint suffrage of these novices in learning, who have blessed the world no doubt with a great many discoveries, which had never come to light if they had not struck the fire of subtlety out of the flint of obscurity. These fooleries sure must be a happy employ....

The next to these are another sort of brain-sick fools, who style themselves monks and of religious orders, though they assume both titles very unjustly: for as to the last, they have very little religion in them; and as to the former, the etymology of the word monk implies a solitariness, or being alone; whereas they are so thick abroad that we cannot pass any street or alley without meeting them. Now I cannot imagine what one degree of men would be more hopelessly wretched, if I did not stand their friend, and buoy them up in that lake of misery, which by the engagements of a holy vow they have voluntarily immerged themselves in. But when these sort of men are so

unwelcome to others, as that the very sight of them is thought ominous, I yet make them highly in love with themselves, and fond admirers of their own happiness. The first step whereunto they esteem a profound ignorance, thinking carnal knowledge a great enemy to their spiritual welfare, and seem confident of becoming greater proficients in divine mysteries the less they are poisoned with any human learning. They imagine that they bear a sweet consort with the heavenly choir, when they tone out their daily tally of psalms, which they rehearse only by rote, without permitting their understanding or affections to go along with their voice. Among these some make a good profitable trade of beggary, going about from house to house, not like the apostles, to break, but to beg, their bread; nay, thrust into all public-houses, come aboard the passage-boats, get into the traveling wagons, and omit no opportunity of time or place for the craving people's charity; doing a great deal of injury to common highway beggars by interloping in their traffic of alms. And when they are thus voluntarily poor, destitute, not provided with two coats, nor with any money in their purse, they have the impudence to pretend that they imitate the first disciples, whom their master expressly sent out in such an equipage.

It is pretty to observe how they regulate all their actions as it were by weight and measure to so exact a proposition, as if the whole loss of their religion depended upon the omission of the least punctilio. Thus they must be very critical in the precise number of knots to the tying on of their sandals; what distinct colors their respective habits, and what stuff made of; how broad and long their girdles; how big, and in what fashion, their hoods; whether their bald crowns be to a hair's-breadth of the right cut; how many hours they must sleep, at what minute rise to prayers, etc. And these several customs are altered according to the humors of different persons and places. While they are sworn to the superstitious observance of these trifles, they do not only despise all others, but are very inclinable to fall out among themselves: for though they make profession of an apostolic charity, yet they will pick a quarrel, and be implacably passionate, for such poor provocations as the girting on a coat the wrong way, for the wearing of clothes a little too darkish colored, or any such nicety not worth the speaking of. Some are so obstinately superstitious that they will wear their upper garment of some coarse dog's-hair stuff, and that next

their skin as soft as silk: but others on the contrary will have linen frocks outermost, and their shirts of wool, or hair. Some again will not touch a piece of money, though they make no scruple of the sin of drunkenness, and the lust of the flesh.

All their several orders are mindful of nothing more than of their being distinguished from each other by their different customs and habits. They seem indeed not so careful of becoming like Christ, and of being known to be His disciples, as the being unlike to one another, and distinguishable for followers of their several founders. A great part of their religion consists in their title: some will be called cordeliers, and these subdivided into capuchins, minors, minims, and mendicants; some again are styled Benedictines, others of the order of St. Bernard, others of that of St. Bridget; some are Augustine monks, some Williamites, and others Jacobists: as if the common name of Christian were too mean and vulgar. Most of them place their greatest stress for salvation on a strict conformity to their foppish ceremonies and a belief of their legendary traditions: wherein they fancy to have acquitted themselves with so much of supererogation, that one heaven can never be a condign reward for their meritorious life; little thinking that the Judge of all the earth at the last day shall put them off, with a Who hath required these things at your hands, and call them to account only for the stewardship of His legacy, which was the precept of love and charity.

It will be pretty to hear their pleas before the great tribunal: one will brag how he mortified his carnal appetite by feeding only upon fish; another will urge that he spent most of his time on earth in the divine exercise of singing psalms; a third will tell how many days he fasted, and what severe penance he imposed on himself for the bringing his body into subjection; another shall produce in his own behalf as many ceremonies as would load a fleet of merchantmen; a fifth shall plead that in threescore years he never so much as touched a piece of money, except he fingered it through a thick pair of gloves; a sixth, to testify his former humility, shall bring along with him his sacred hood, so old and nasty that any seaman had rather stand bareheaded on the deck, than put it on to defend his ears in the sharpest storms; the next that comes to answer for himself shall plead, that for fifty years together he had lived like a

sponge upon the same place, and was content never to change his homely habitation; another shall whisper softly, and tell the Judge he has lost his voice by a continual singing of holy hymns and anthems; the next shall confess how he fell into a lethargy by a strict, reserved, and sedentary life; and the last shall intimate that he has forgot to speak, by having always kept silence, in obedience to the injunction of taking heed lest he should have offended with his tongue. But amidst all their fine excuses our Saviour shall interrupt them with this answer: Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, verily I know you not; I left you but one precept, of loving one another, which I do not hear any one plead he has faithfully discharged; I told you plainly in My gospel, without any parable, that My Father's kingdom was prepared not for such as should lay claim to it by austerities, prayers, or fastings, but for those who should render themselves worthy of it by the exercise of faith, and the offices of charity; I cannot own such as depend on their own merits without a reliance on My mercy: as many of you, therefore, as trust to the broken reeds of your own deserts may even go search out a new heaven, for you shall never enter into that which from the foundations of the world was prepared only for such as are true of heart.

When these monks and friars shall meet with such a shameful repulse, and see that plowmen and mechanics are admitted into that kingdom, from which they themselves are shut out, how sneakingly will they look, and how pitifully slink away! Yet till this last trial they had more comfort of a future happiness, because more hopes of it, than any other men. And these persons are not only great in their own eyes, but highly esteemed and respected by others, especially those of the order of mendicants, whom none dare to offer any affront to, because as confessors they are intrusted with all the secrets of particular intrigues, which they are bound by oath not to discover; yet many times, when they are almost drunk, they cannot keep their tongue so far within their head, as not to be babbling out some hints, and showing themselves so full that they are in pain to be delivered. If any person give them the least provocation they will be sure to be revenged of him, and in their next public harangue give him such shrewd wipes and reflections that the whole congregation must needs take notice at whom they are leveled; nor will they ever desist from this way of declaiming till their mouth be stopped with a bribe to hold their tongue.

THE APPARITION.

By ERASMUS.

(From the "Familiar Colloquies.")

Thomas — What good news have you had that you laugh to yourself thus, as if you had found a treasure?

Anselm — Nay, you are not far from the matter.

Thomas — But will you not impart it to your companion, what good thing soever it is?

Anselm — Yes, I will, for I have been wishing a good while for somebody to communicate my merriment to.

Thomas — Come on, then, let us have it.

Anselm — I was just now told the pleasantest story, which you would swear was a sham if I did not know the place, the persons, and the whole matter as well as you know me.

Thomas — I am with child to hear it.

Anselm — Do you know Polus, Faunus' son-in-law?

Thomas — Perfectly well.

Anselm — He is both the contriver and actor of this play.

Thomas — I am apt enough to believe that, for he can act any part to the life.

Anselm — He can so. I suppose, too, you know that he has a farm not far from London.

Thomas — Phoo, very well. He and I have drunk together many a time there.

Anselm — Then you know there is a way between two straight rows of trees.

Thomas — Upon the left hand, about two flight-shot from the house?

Anselm — You have it. On one side of the way there is a dry ditch overgrown with thorns and brambles, and then there is a way that leads into an open field from a little bridge.

Thomas — I remember it.

Anselm — There went a report for a long time among the country people of a spirit that walked near that bridge, and of hideous howlings that were every now and then heard there. They concluded it was the soul of somebody that was miserably tormented.

Thomas — Who was it that raised this report?

Anselm — Who but Polus, that made this the prologue to his comedy.

Thomas — What did he mean by inventing such a flam?

Anselm — I know nothing, but that it is the humor of the man. He takes delight to make himself sport, by playing upon the simplicity of people by such fictions as these.

I will tell you what he did lately of the same kind. We were a good many of us riding to Richmond, and some of the company were such that you would say were men of judgment. It was a wonderful clear day, and not so much as a cloud to be seen there. Polus, looking wistfully up into the air, signed his face and breast with the sign of the cross, and having composed his countenance to an air of amazement, says to himself, O immortal God, what do I see! They that rode next to him asking him what it was that he saw, he fell again to signing himself with a greater cross. May the most merciful God, says he, deliver me from this prodigy. They having urged him, desiring to know what was the matter, he fixing his eyes up to heaven, and pointing with his finger to a certain quarter of it, Do you not see, says he, that monstrous dragon armed with fiery horns, and its tail turned up in a circle? And they denying they saw it, he bade them look earnestly, every now and then pointing to the place. At last one of them, that he might not seem to be bad sighted, affirmed that he saw it. And in imitation of him, first one and then another, for they were ashamed that they could not see what was so plain to be seen. And in short, in three days' time the rumor of this portentous apparition had spread all over England. And it is wonderful to think how popular fame had amplified the story, and some pretended seriously to expound to what this portent did predict, and he that was the contriver of the fiction took a mighty pleasure in the folly of these people.

Thomas — I know the humor of the man well enough. But to the story of the apparition.

Anselm — In the mean time one Faunus, a priest (of those which in Latin they call regulars, but that is not enough, unless they add the same in Greek too, who was parson of a neighboring parish, this man thought himself wiser than is common, especially in holy matters), came very opportunely to pay a visit to Polus.

Thomas — I understand the matter. There is one found out to be an actor in this play.

Anselm — At supper a discourse was raised of the report of this apparition, and when Polus perceived that Faunus had

not only heard of the report, but believed it, he began to entreat the man, that as he was a holy and a learned person, he would afford some relief to a poor soul that was in such dreadful torment. And, says he, if you are in any doubt as to the truth of it, examine into the matter, and do but walk near that bridge about ten o'clock, and you shall hear miserable cries; take who you will for a companion along with you, and so you will hear both more safely and better.

Thomas — Well, what then?

Anselm — After supper was over, Polus, as his custom was, goes a hunting or fowling. And when it grew duskish, the darkness having taken away all opportunity of making any certain judgment of anything, Faunus walks about, and at last hears miserable howlings. Polus, having hidden himself in a bramble hedge hard by, had very artfully made these howlings by speaking through an earthen pot; the voice coming through the hollow of it gave it a most mournful sound.

Thomas — This story, as far as I see, outdoes Menander's Phasma.

Anselm — You will say more if you shall hear it out. Faunus goes home, being impatient to tell what he had heard. Polus, taking a shorter way, had got home before him. Faunus up and tells Polus all that passed, and added something of his own to it, to make the matter more wonderful.

Thomas — Could Polus keep his countenance in the mean time?

Anselm — He keep his countenance! He has his countenance in his hand; you would have said that a serious affair was transacted.

In the end Faunus, upon the pressing importunity of Polus, undertakes the business of exorcism, and slept not one wink all that night, in contriving by what means he might go about the matter with safety, for he was wretchedly afraid. In the first place he got together the most powerful exorcisms that he could get, and added some new ones to them, as the bowels of the Virgin Mary and the bones of St. Winifred. After that he makes choice of a place in the plain field, near the bramble bushes from whence the voice came. He draws a very large circle with a great many crosses in it, and a variety of characters. And all this was performed in a set form of words; there was also there a great vessel full of holy water, and about his neck he had a holy stole (as they called it), upon which hung

the beginning of the Gospel of St. John. He had in his pocket a little piece of wax, which the bishop of Rome used to consecrate once a year, which is commonly called *Agnus Dei*. With these arms in times past they were wont to defend themselves against evil spirits, before the cowl of St. Francis was found to be so formidable. All these things were provided, lest if it should be an evil spirit, it should fall foul upon the exorcist; nor did he for all this dare to trust himself in the circle alone, but he determined to take some other priest along with him. Upon this Polus being afraid that if he took some sharper fellow than himself along with him, the whole plot might come to be discovered, he got a parish priest thereabout, whom he acquainted beforehand with the whole design; and, indeed, it was necessary for the carrying on the adventure, and he was a man fit for such a purpose.

The day following, all things being prepared and in good order, about ten o'clock Faunus and the parish priest enter the circle. Polus had got thither before them, and made a miserable howling out of the hedge; Faunus begins his exorcism, and Polus steals away in the dark to the next village, and brings from thence another person, for the play could not be acted without a great many of them.

Thomas — Well, what do they do?

Anselm — They mount themselves upon black horses, and privately carry fire along with them; when they come pretty near to the circle they show the fire to affright Faunus out of the circle.

Thomas — What a deal of pains did this Polus take to put a cheat upon people!

Anselm — His fancy lies that way. But this matter had like to have been mischievous to them.

Thomas — How so?

Anselm — For the horses were so startled at the sudden flashing of the fire that they had like to have thrown their riders. Here is an end of the first act of this comedy.

When they were returned and entered into discourse, Polus, as though he had known nothing of the matter, inquires what was done. Faunus tells him that two hideous Cacodemons appeared to him on black horses, their eyes sparkling with fire, and breathing fire out of their nostrils, making an attempt to break into the circle, but that they were driven away with a vengeance by the power and efficacy of his words. This en-

counter having put courage into Faunus, the next day he goes into his circle again with great solemnity, and after he had provoked the spirit a long time with the vehemence of his words, Polus and his companion appear again at a pretty distance, with their black horses, with a most outrageous noise, making a feint as if they would break into the circle.

Thomas — Had they no fire then?

Anselm — No, none at all; for that had like to have fallen out very unluckily to them. But hear another device: they threw a long rope over the ground, and then hurrying from one place to another, as though they were beat off by the exorcisms of Faunus, they threw down both the priest and holy waterpot all together.

Thomas — This reward the parish priest had for playing his part?

Anselm — Yes, he had; and for all that he had rather suffer this than quit the design. After this encounter, when they came to talk over the matter again, Faunus tells a mighty story to Polus, what great danger he had been in, and how courageously he had driven both the evil spirits away with his charms, and now he had arrived at a firm persuasion that there was no demon, let him be ever so mischievous or impudent, that could possibly break into this circle.

Thomas — This Faunus was not far from being a fool.

Anselm — You have heard nothing yet. The comedy being thus far advanced, Polus' son-in-law comes in very good time, for he had married Polus' eldest daughter; he is a wonderful merry droll, you know.

Thomas — Know him! ay, I know him, that he has no aversion for such tricks as these.

Anselm — No aversion, do you say? nay, he would leave the most urgent affair in the world if such a comedy were either to be seen or acted. His father-in-law tells him the whole story, and gives him his part — that was to act the ghost. He puts on a dress, and wraps himself up in a shroud, and carrying a live coal in a shell, it appeared through his shroud as if something were burning. About night he goes to the place where this play was acted; there were heard most doleful moans. Faunus lets fly all his exorcisms. At length the ghost appears a good way off in the bushes, every now and then showing the fire and making a rueful groaning.

While Faunus was adjuring the ghost to declare who he was,

Polus of a sudden leaps out of the thicket, dressed like a devil, and making a roaring, answers him, You have nothing to do with this soul, it is mine; and every now and then runs to the very edge of the circle as if he would set upon the exorcist, and then retired back again as if he was beaten back by the words of the exorcism and the power of the holy water, which he threw upon him in great abundance. At last, when this guardian devil was chased away, Faunus enters into a dialogue with the soul. After he had been interrogated and adjured, he answers, that he was the soul of a Christian man, and being asked his name, he answered Faunus. Faunus! replies the other, that is my name. So then they being namesakes, he laid the matter more to heart, that Faunus might deliver Faunus. Faunus asking a multitude of questions, lest a long discourse should discover the fraud, the ghost retires, saying it was not permitted to stay to talk any longer, because its time was come that it must go whither its devil pleased to carry it, but yet promised to come again the next day at what hour it could be permitted. They meet together again at Polus' house, who was the master of the show. There the exorcist relates what was done, and though he added some lies to the story, yet he believed them to be true himself — he was so heartily affected with the matter in hand.

At last it appeared manifestly that it was the soul of a Christian who was vexed with the dreadful torments of an unmerciful devil. Now all the endeavors are bent this way. There happened a ridiculous passage in the next exorcism.

Thomas — Prithee, what was that?

Anselm — When Faunus had called up the ghost, Polus, that acted the devil, leaped directly at him, as if he would, without any more to-do, break into the circle; and Faunus resisted stoutly with his exorcisms, and had thrown a power of holy water; the devil at last cries out that he did not value all this of a rush, you have had to do with a wench, and you are my own yourself. And though he had told Polus so in jest, it seemed that he had spoken truth; for the exorcist being touched with this word, presently retreated to the very center of the circle and whispered something in the priest's ear. Polus, seeing that, retires, that he might not hear what it was not fit for him to hear.

Thomas — In truth, Polus was a very modest, religious devil.

Anselm — He was so, otherwise he might have been blamed for not observing a decorum, but yet he heard the priest's voice appointing him satisfaction.

Thomas — What was that?

Anselm — That he should say the glorious 78th psalm three times over, by which he conjectured he had had to do with her three times that night.

Thomas — He was an irregular regular.

Anselm — They are but men, and this is but human frailty.

Thomas — Well, proceed. What was done after this?

Anselm — Now Faunus more courageously advances to the very edge of the circle and challenges the devil of his own accord; but the devil's heart failed him, and he fled back. You have deceived me, says he; if I had been wise I had not given you that caution. Many are of opinion that what you have once confessed is immediately struck out of the devil's memory, that he can never be able to twit you in the teeth for it.

Thomas — What a ridiculous conceit do you tell me of?

Anselm — But to draw towards a conclusion of the matter. This dialogue with the ghost held for some days; at last it came to this issue: The exorcist asking the soul if there was any way by which it might possibly be delivered from its torments, it answered it might, if the money that it had left behind, being got by cheating, should be restored. Then, says Faunus, what if it were put into the hands of good people to be disposed of to pious uses? The spirit replied, That might do. The exorcist was rejoiced at this; he inquires particularly what sum there was of it? The spirit replied that it was a vast sum, and might prove very good and commodious. It told the place too where the treasure was hid, but it was a long way off; and it ordered what uses it should be put to.

Thomas — What were they?

Anselm — That three persons were to undertake a pilgrimage — one to the threshold of St. Peter, another to salute St. James at Compostella, and the third should kiss Jesus' comb at Triers; and after that a vast number of services and masses should be performed in several great monasteries, and as to the overplus, he should dispose of it as he pleased. Now Faunus' mind was fixed upon the treasure; he had, in a manner, swallowed it in his mind.

Thomas — That is a common disease, but more peculiarly thrown in the priest's dish upon all occasions.

Anselm — After nothing had been omitted that related to the affair of the money, the exorcist being put upon it by Polus, began to put questions to the spirit about several arts, as alchemy and magic. To these things the spirit gave answers, putting off the resolution of these questions for the present, promising it would make larger discoveries as soon as ever, by his assistance, it should get out of the clutches of its keeper, the devil ; and, if you please, you may let this be the third act of this play.

As to the fourth act, Faunus began in good earnest everywhere to talk high, and to talk of nothing else in all companies and at the table, and to promise glorious things to monasteries, and talked of nothing that was low and mean. He goes to the place and finds the tokens, but did not dare to dig for the treasure, because the spirit had thrown this caution in the way, that it would be extremely dangerous to touch the treasure before the masses had been performed. By this time a great many of the wiser sort had smelt out the plot, while Faunus at the same time was everywhere proclaiming his folly ; though he was privately cautioned by his friends, and especially his abbot, that he who had hitherto had the reputation of a prudent man should not give the world a specimen of his being quite the contrary. But the imagination of the thing had so entirely possessed his mind that all that could be said of him had no influence upon him, to make him doubt of the matter, and he dreamt of nothing but specters and devils. The very habit of his mind was got into his face, that he was so pale, and meager, and dejected, that you would say he was rather a sprite than a man. And, in short, he was not far from being stark mad, and would have been so had it not been timely prevented.

Thomas — Well, let this be the last act of the play.

Anselm — Well, you shall have it. Polus and his son-in-law hammered out this piece betwixt them. They counterfeited an epistle written in a strange antique character, and not upon common paper, but such as gold beaters put their leaf gold in, a reddish paper, you know. The form of the epistle was thus : —

Faunus, long a captive, but now free. To Faunus, his gracious deliverer, sends eternal health. There is no need, my dear Faunus, that thou shouldest macerate thyself any longer in this affair. God has respected the pious intention of thy mind, and by the merit of it has delivered me from torments,

and I now live happily among the angels. Thou hast a place provided for thee with St. Austin, which is next to the choir of the apostles: when thou comest to us I will give thee public thanks. In the mean time see that thou livest merrily.

From the Imperial Heaven, the Ides of September, Anno 1498.
Under the seal of my own ring.

This epistle was laid privately under the altar where Faunus was to perform divine service. This being done there was one appointed to advertise him of it, as if he had found it by chance. And now he carries the letter about him, and shows it as a very sacred thing, and believes nothing more firmly than that it was brought from heaven by an angel.

Thomas — This is not delivering the man from his madness, but changing the sort of it.

Anselm — Why truly, so it is, only he is now more pleasantly mad than before.

LUTHER'S TABLE TALK.

[MARTIN LUTHER was born of humble parents at Eisleben, November 10, 1483. He was educated at the University of Erfurt; entered an Augustinian monastery; and became professor of philosophy at Wittenberg (1508). When the Dominican Tetzel was commissioned to sell indulgences, Luther drew up ninety-five propositions condemning the practice and nailed them to the church door at Wittenberg. For this he was denounced as a heretic, excommunicated by the Pope (1520), and summoned to appear at the Diet of Worms, convened April 1521. There he made the celebrated speech which ended with: "Here I take my stand. I can do naught else. So help me God. Amen." On his return from Worms he was ostensibly taken prisoner by his friend, the Elector of Saxony, and lodged in the castle of Wartburg, where he remained for a year and occupied his time in a translation of the New Testament. He afterwards resumed his university duties at Wittenberg, and, having renounced his monastic vows, in 1525 married Katharina von Bora, an emancipated nun. He died at Eisleben, February 18, 1546. Luther's works are very voluminous, partly in Latin and partly in German, Among those of more general interest are his "Table Talk," "Letters," and "Sermons." His translation of the whole Bible (published in 1534) permanently established the literary language of Germany.]

THE DEVIL AND HIS WORKS.

THE greatest punishment God can inflict on the wicked, is when the church, to chastise them, delivers them over to Satan, who, with God's permission, kills them, or makes them undergo great calamities. Many devils are in woods, in waters,

in wildernesses, and in dark pooly places, ready to hurt and prejudice people; some are also in the thick black clouds, which cause hail, lightnings, and thunderings, and poison the air, the pastures, and grounds. When these things happen, then the philosophers and physicians say, it is natural, ascribing it to the planets, and showing I know not what reasons for such misfortunes and plagues as ensue.

Dr. Luther was asked whether the Samuel who appeared to king Saul, upon the invocation of the pythoness, as is related in the first Book of Kings, was really the prophet Samuel. The doctor answered: "No, 'twas a specter, an evil spirit, assuming his form. What proves this is that God, by the laws of Moses, had forbidden man to question the dead; consequently, it must have been a demon which presented itself under the form of the man of God. In like manner, an abbot of Spanheim, a sorcerer, exhibited to the emperor Maximilian all the emperors his predecessors, and all the most celebrated heroes of past times, who defiled before him each in the costume of his time. Among them were Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar. There was also the emperor's betrothed, whom Charles of France stole from him. But these apparitions were all the work of the demon."

The devil vexes and harasses the workmen in the mines. He makes them think they have found fine new veins of silver, which, when they have labored and labored, turn out to be mere illusions. Even in open day, on the surface of the earth, he causes people to think they see a treasure before them, which vanishes when they would pick it up. At times, treasure is really found, but this is by the special grace of God. I never had any success in the mines, but such was God's will, and I am content.

The emperor Frederic, father of Maximilian, invited a necromancer to dine with him, and, by his knowledge of magic, turned his guest's hands into griffins' claws. He then wanted him to eat, but the man, ashamed, hid his claws under the table.

He took his revenge, however, for the jest played upon him. He caused it to seem that a loud altercation was going on in the courtyard, and when the emperor put his head out of window to see what was the matter, he, by his art, clapped on him a pair of huge stag's horns, so that the emperor could not get his head into the room again until he had cured the necromancer of his disfigurement. "I am delighted," said Luther,

"when one devil plagues another." They are not all, however, of equal power.

There was at Nieuburg a magician named Wildferer, who, one day, swallowed a countryman, with his horse and cart. A few hours afterwards, man, horse, and cart were all found in a slough, some miles off. I have heard, too, of a seeming monk, who asked a wagoner, that was taking some hay to market, how much he would charge to let him eat his fill of hay? The man said, a kreutzer, whereupon the monk set to work, and had nearly devoured the whole load, when the wagoner drove him off.

A man had a habit, whenever he fell, of saying: "Devil take me." He was advised to discontinue this evil custom, lest some day the devil should take him at his word. He promised to vent his impatience by some other phrase; but, one day, having stumbled, he called upon the devil, in the way I have mentioned, and was killed upon the spot, falling on a sharp-pointed piece of wood.

A pastor, near Torgau, came to Luther, and complained that the devil tormented him without intermission. The doctor replied: "He plagues and harasses me too, but I resist him with the arms of faith. I know of one person at Magdeburg, who put Satan to the rout, by spitting at him; but this example is not to be lightly followed; for the devil is a presumptuous spirit, and not disposed to yield. We run great risk when, with him, we attempt more than we can do. One man, who relied implicitly on his baptism, when the devil presented himself to him, his head furnished with horns, tore off one of the horns; but another man, of less faith, who attempted the same thing, was killed by the devil."

Henning, the Bohemian, asked Dr. Luther why the devil bore so furious a hatred to the human race? The doctor replied: "That ought not to surprise you; see what a hate prince George bears me, so that, day and night, he is ever meditating how he shall injure me. Nothing would delight him more than to see me undergo a thousand tortures. If such be the hatred of man, what must the hatred of the devil be?"

It was asked: "Can good Christians and God-fearing people also undergo witchcraft?" Luther replied, "Yes, for our bodies are always exposed to the attacks of Satan. The maladies I suffer are not natural, but devils' spells."

Discord.

When two goats meet upon a narrow bridge over deep water, how do they behave? neither of them can turn back again, neither can pass the other, because the bridge is too narrow; if they should thrust one another, they might both fall into the water and be drowned; nature, then, has taught them that if the one lays himself down and permits the other to go over him, both remain without hurt. Even so people should rather endure to be trod upon, than to fall into debate and discord one with another.

Sicknesses, and of the Causes thereof.

When young children cry lustily, they grow well and rapidly, for through crying, the members and veins are stretched out, which have no other exercise.

Experience has proved the toad to be endowed with valuable qualities. If you run a stick through three toads, and, after having dried them in the sun, apply them to any pestilent tumor, they draw out all the poison, and the malady will disappear.

Sleep is a most useful and most salutary operation of nature. Scarcely any minor annoyance angers me more than the being suddenly awakened out of a pleasant slumber. I understand that in Italy they torture poor people by depriving them of sleep. 'Tis a torture that cannot long be endured.

The physicians in sickness consider only of what natural causes the malady proceeds, and this they cure, or not, with their physic. But they see not that often the devil casts a sickness upon one without any natural causes.

Music.

I always loved music; whoso has skill in this art is of a good temperament, fitted for all things. We must teach music in schools; a schoolmaster ought to have skill in music, or I would not regard him; neither should we ordain young men as preachers, unless they have been well exercised in music.

Learning.

Luther advised all who proposed to study, in what art soever, to read some sure and certain books over and over

again; for to read many sorts of books produces rather confusion than any distinct result; just as those that dwell everywhere, and remain in no place, dwell nowhere, and have no home. As we use not daily the community of all our friends, but of a select few, even so we ought to accustom ourselves to the best books, and to make them familiar unto us, so as to have them, as we say, at our fingers' end. A fine talented student fell into a frenzy; the cause of his disease was that he laid himself out too much upon books, and was in love with a girl. Luther dealt very mildly and friendly with him, expecting amendment, and said: "Love is the cause of his sickness; study brought upon him but little of his disorder. In the beginning of the gospel it went so with myself."

The discourse turning upon the great differences amongst the learned, Luther said: "God has very finely distributed his gifts, so that the learned serve the unlearned, and the unlearned humble themselves before the learned, in what is needful for them. If all people were equal, the world could not go on; nobody would serve another, and there would be no peace. The peacock complained because he had not the nightingale's voice. God, with apparent inequality, has instituted the greatest equality; one man, who has greater gifts than another, is proud and haughty, and seeks to rule and domineer over others, and contemns them. God finely illustrates human society in the members of the body, and shows that one member must assist the other, and that none can be without the other."

Vocation and Calling.

It is said, occasion has a forelock, but is bald behind. Our Lord has taught this by the course of nature. A farmer must sow his barley and oats about Easter; if he defer it to Michaelmas, it were too late. When apples are ripe they must be plucked from the tree, or they are spoiled. Procrastination is as bad as overhastiness. There is my servant Wolf: when four or five birds fall upon the bird net, he will not draw it, but says: O, I will stay until more come; then they all fly away, and he gets none. Occasion is a great matter. Terence says well: I came in time, which is the chief thing of all. Julius Cæsar understood occasion; Pompey and Hannibal did not. Boys at school understand it not, therefore they must have fathers and masters, with the rod to hold them thereto,

that they neglect not time, and lose it. Many a young fellow has a school stipend for six or seven years, during which he ought diligently to study; he has his tutors, and other means, but he thinks: O, I have time enough yet. But I say: No, fellow. What little Jack learns not, great John learns not. Occasion salutes thee, and reaches out her forelock to thee, saying: "Here I am, take hold of me;" thou thinkest she will come again. Then says she: "Well, seeing thou wilt not take hold of my top, take hold of my tail;" and therewith flings away.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Anno 1546, a case in law was related to Luther: A miller had an ass, which went into a fisherman's boat to drink; the boat, not being tied fast, floated away with the ass, so that the miller lost his ass, and the fisherman his boat. The miller complained that the fisher, neglecting to tie his boat fast, had lost him his ass; the fisher complained of the miller for not keeping his ass at home, and desired satisfaction for his boat. Query: What is the law? Took the ass the boat away, or the boat the ass? Luther said: "Both were in error; the fisherman that he tied not fast his boat; the miller in not keeping his ass at home."

There was a miser who, when he sent his man to the cellar for wine, made him fill his mouth with water, which he was to spit out on his return, to show he had drunk no wine. But the servant kept a pitcher of water in the cellar, wherewith, after taking his fill of the better drink, he managed to deceive his master.

A student of Erfurt, desiring to see Nuremberg, departed with a friend on a journey thither. Before they had walked half a mile, he asked his companion whether they should soon get to Nuremberg, and was answered: "'Tis scarce likely, since we have only just left Erfurt." Having repeated the question, another half mile further on, and getting the same answer, he said: "Let's give up the journey, and go back, since the world is so vast!"

There are poets who affect to be carried away by their enthusiasm. There was Richius, for example; I remember his sitting with his legs out of window, pretending to be in a fit of poetic fury against the devil, whom he was abusing and vilifying with long, roundabout phrases. Stiegel, who chanced to

pass under, for sport suddenly took hold of the brawling poet's leg, and frightened him horribly, the poor man thinking the devil had come to carry him off.

An idle priest, instead of reciting his breviary, used to run over the alphabet, and then say: "O, my God, take this alphabet, and put it together how you will!"

A certain honest man, at Eisleben, complained to me of his great misery; he had bestowed on his children all his goods, and now in his old age they forsook and trod him under their feet. I said: Ecclesiasticus gives unto parents the best counsel, where he says: "Give not all out of thy hands while thou livest," etc., for the children keep not promises. One father, as the proverb says, can maintain ten children, but ten children cannot, or at least will not, maintain one father. There is a story of a certain father that, having made his last will, locked it up safe in a chest, and, together with a good strong cudgel, laid a note thereby, in these words: "The father who gives his goods out of his hands to his children, deserves to have his brains beat out with cudgels." Here is another story: A certain father, that was grown old, had given over all his goods to his children, on condition they should maintain him; but the children were unthankful, and being weary of him, kept him very hard and sparingly, and gave him not sufficient to eat. The father, being a wise man, more crafty than his children, locked himself secretly into a chamber, and made a great ringing and jingling with gold crowns, which, for that purpose, a rich neighbor had lent him, as though he had still much money in store. When his children heard this, they gave him ever afterwards good entertainment, in hopes he would leave them much wealth; but the father secretly restored the crowns again to his neighbor, and so rightly deceived his children.

I am a great enemy to flies: *Quia sunt imagines diaboli et hæreticorum.* When I have a good book, they flock upon it and parade up and down upon it, and soil it. 'Tis just the same with the devil: when our hearts are purest, he comes and soils them.

Question was made why, in the Psalms and other portions of the Bible, there is repeated mention of ravens and sparrows, of all birds the least agreeable to the sight, and, in other respects, odious? Dr. Luther said: "If the Holy Ghost could have named birds more objectionable than these, he would

have done so, in order to show us that, as in their case, what we receive is not given to our merits."

Before I translated the New Testament from the Greek, every one longed for it; when it was finished, their longing hardly lasted a month. Then they wanted the books of Moses; when I had translated these, they had enough of them in a little time. After that, they must have the Psalms; they were soon weary of these and desired others. It will be the same with the Book of Ecclesiasticus, which they are now eager for, and which I have taken great pains with. Everything is acceptable till our fickle minds are glutted; then we leave the things alone and seek for new ones.

My being so insignificant was a great misfortune to the Pope: he despised me too much. What could a menial like me, he thought, do to him — to him, the greatest potentate in the world. If he had accepted my proposal he would have extinguished me.

The multitude of books is a great evil. There is no measure or limit to this fever for writing; every one must be an author; some out of vanity, to acquire celebrity and raise up a name; others for the sake of lucre and gain. The Bible is now buried under so many commentaries, that the text is nothing regarded. I could wish all my books were buried nine ells deep in the ground, by reason of the ill example they will give, every one seeking to imitate me in writing many books, with the hope of procuring fame. But Christ died not to favor our ambition and vainglory, but that his name might be glorified.

The aggregation of large libraries tends to divert men's thoughts from the one great book, the Bible, which ought, day and night, to be in every one's hand. My object, my hope, in translating the Scriptures, was to check the so prevalent production of new works, and so to direct men's study and thoughts more closely to the divine Word. Never will the writings of mortal man in any respect equal the sentences inspired by God. We must yield the place of honor to the prophets and the apostles, keeping ourselves prostrate at their feet as we listen to their teaching. I would not have those who read my books, in these stormy times, devote one moment to them which they would otherwise have consecrated to the Bible.

DEFENSE OF PROTESTANTISM.

By JOHN CALVIN.

(Prefatory Address to the "Institutes of the Christian Religion.")

[John Calvin, French Protestant reformer and theologian, was born at Noyon, Picardy, France, July 10, 1509. He studied theology at Paris, and then law at Orleans and Bourges; became an avowed friend of the Reformation; and began preaching in Paris, from which he was banished for his bold attacks on Romanism. He took refuge at Geneva, and here passed the remainder of his life, with the exception of a few years spent in banishment (1538–1541). In 1559 he founded the Academy of Geneva. His chief work, which has been translated into nearly all the European languages, is the "Institutes of the Christian Religion." He died at Geneva, May 27, 1564.]

TO

HIS MOST CHRISTIAN MAJESTY,

THE MOST MIGHTY AND ILLUSTRIOUS MONARCH,

FRANCIS, KING OF THE FRENCH,

HIS SOVEREIGN;

JOHN CALVIN PRAYS PEACE AND SALVATION IN CHRIST.

Sire, — When I first engaged in this work, nothing was farther from my thoughts than to write what should afterwards be presented to your Majesty. My intention was only to furnish a kind of rudiments, by which those who feel some interest in religion might be trained to true godliness. And I toiled at the task chiefly for the sake of my countrymen, the French, multitudes of whom I perceived to be hungering and thirsting after Christ, while very few seemed to have been duly imbued with even a slender knowledge of him. That this was the object which I had in view is apparent from the work itself, which is written in a simple and elementary form adapted for instruction.

But when I perceived that the fury of certain bad men had risen to such a height in your realm that there was no place in it for sound doctrine, I thought it might be of service if I were in the same work both to give instruction to my countrymen, and also lay before your Majesty a Confession, from which you may learn what the doctrine is that so inflames the rage of those madmen who are this day, with fire and sword, troubling your kingdom. For I fear not to declare that what I have

here given may be regarded as a summary of the very doctrine which, they vociferate, ought to be punished with confiscation, exile, imprisonment, and flames, as well as exterminated by land and sea.

I am aware, indeed, how, in order to render our cause as hateful to your Majesty as possible, they have filled your ears and mind with atrocious insinuations; but you will be pleased, of your clemency, to reflect that neither in word nor deed could there be any innocence, were it sufficient merely to accuse. When any one, with a view of exciting prejudice, observes that this doctrine, of which I am endeavoring to give your Majesty an account, has been condemned by the suffrages of all the estates, and was long ago stabbed again and again by partial sentences of courts of law, he undoubtedly says nothing more than that it has sometimes been violently oppressed by the power and faction of adversaries, and sometimes fraudulently and insidiously overwhelmed by lies, cavils, and calumny. While a cause is unheard, it is violence to pass sanguinary sentences against it; it is fraud to charge it, contrary to its deserts, with sedition and mischief.

That no one may suppose we are unjust in thus complaining, you yourself, most illustrious Sovereign, can bear us witness with what lying calumnies it is daily traduced in your presence, as aiming at nothing else than to wrest the scepters of kings out of their hands, to overturn all tribunals and seats of justice, to subvert all order and government, to disturb the peace and quiet of society, to abolish all laws, destroy the distinctions of rank and property, and, in short, turn all things upside down. And yet, that which you hear is but the smallest portion of what is said: for among the common people are disseminated certain horrible insinuations — insinuations which, if well founded, would justify the whole world in condemning the doctrine with its authors to a thousand fires and gibbets. Who can wonder that the popular hatred is inflamed against it, when credit is given to those most iniquitous accusations? See why all ranks unite with one accord in condemning our persons and our doctrine.

Carried away by this feeling, those who sit in judgment merely give utterance to the prejudices which they have imbibed at home, and think they have duly performed their part if they do not order punishment to be inflicted on any one until convicted, either on his own confession, or on legal evidence. But

of what crime convicted? "Of that condemned doctrine," is the answer. But with what justice condemned? The very essence of the defense was, not to abjure the doctrine itself, but to maintain its truth. On this subject, however, not a whisper is allowed!

Justice, then, most invincible Sovereign, entitles me to demand that you will undertake a thorough investigation of this cause, which has hitherto been tossed about in any kind of way, and handled in the most irregular manner, without any order of law, and with passionate heat rather than judicial gravity.

Let it not be imagined that I am here framing my own private defense, with the view of obtaining a safe return to my native land. Though I cherish towards it the feelings which become me as a man, still, as matters now are, I can be absent from it without regret. The cause which I plead is the common cause of all the godly, and therefore the very cause of Christ, — a cause which, throughout your realm, now lies, as it were, in despair, torn and trampled upon in all kinds of ways, and that more through the tyranny of certain Pharisees than any sanction from yourself. But it matters not to inquire how the thing is done; the fact that it is done cannot be denied. For so far have the wicked prevailed, that the truth of Christ, if not utterly routed and dispersed, lurks as if it were ignobly buried; while the poor Church, either wasted by cruel slaughter, or driven into exile, or intimidated and terror-struck, scarcely ventures to breathe. Still her enemies press on with their wonted rage and fury over the ruins which they have made, strenuously assaulting the wall, which is already giving way. Meanwhile, no man comes forth to offer his protection against such furies. Any who would be thought most favorable to the truth merely talk of pardoning the error and imprudence of ignorant men. For so those modest personages speak, giving the name of *error and imprudence* to that which they know to be the infallible truth of God, and of *ignorant men* to those whose intellect they see that Christ has not despised, seeing he has deigned to intrust them with the mysteries of his heavenly wisdom. Thus all are ashamed of the Gospel.

Your duty, most serene Prince, is, not to shut either your ears or mind against a cause involving such mighty interests as these: how the glory of God is to be maintained on the earth inviolate, how the truth of God is to preserve its dignity, how

the kingdom of Christ is to continue amongst us compact and secure. The cause is worthy of your ear, worthy of your investigation, worthy of your throne.

The characteristic of a true sovereign is to acknowledge that, in the administration of his kingdom, he is a minister of God. He who does not make his reign subservient to the divine glory acts the part not of a king, but a robber. He, moreover, deceives himself, who anticipates long prosperity to any kingdom which is not ruled by the scepter of God, that is, by his divine word. For the heavenly oracle is infallible which has declared that "where there is no vision, the people perish" (Prov. xxix. 18).

Let not a contemptuous idea of our insignificance dissuade you from the investigation of this cause. We, indeed, are perfectly conscious how poor and abject we are: in the presence of God we are miserable sinners, and in the sight of men most despised; we are (if you will) the mere dregs and offscourings of the world, or worse, if worse can be named: so that before God there remains nothing of which we can glory save only his mercy, by which, without any merit of our own, we are admitted to the hope of eternal salvation: and before men not even this much remains, since we can glory only in our infirmity, a thing which, in the estimation of men, it is the greatest ignominy even tacitly to confess. But our doctrine must stand sublime above all the glory of the world, and invincible by all its power, because it is not ours, but that of the living God and his Anointed, whom the Father has appointed King, that he may rule from sea to sea, and from the rivers even to the ends of the earth; and so rule as to smite the whole earth and its strength of iron and brass, its splendor of gold and silver, with the mere rod of his mouth, and break them in pieces like a potter's vessel; according to the magnificent predictions of the prophets respecting his kingdom (Dan. ii. 34; Isaiah xi. 4; Psalm ii. 9).

Our adversaries, indeed, clamorously maintain that our appeal to the Word of God is a mere pretext, — that we are, in fact, its worst corrupters. How far this is not only malicious calumny, but also shameless effrontery, you will be able to decide, of your own knowledge, by reading our Confession. Here, however, it may be necessary to make some observations which may dispose, or at least assist, you to read and study it with attention.

When Paul declared that all prophecy ought to be accord-

ing to the analogy of faith (Rom. xii. 6), he laid down the surest rule for determining the meaning of Scripture. Let our doctrine be tested by this rule and our victory is secure. For what accords better and more aptly with faith than to acknowledge ourselves divested of all virtue that we may be clothed by God, devoid of all goodness that we may be filled by him, the slaves of sin that he may give us freedom, blind that he may enlighten, lame that he may cure, and feeble that he may sustain us; to strip ourselves of all ground of glorying that he alone may shine forth glorious, and we be glorified in him? When these things, and others to the same effect, are said by us, they interpose and querulously complain that in this way we overturn some blind light of nature, fancied preparatives, free will, and works meritorious of eternal salvation, with their own supererogations also; because they cannot bear that the entire praise and glory of all goodness, virtue, justice, and wisdom should remain with God. But we read not of any having been blamed for drinking too much of the fountain of living water; on the contrary, those are severely reprimanded who "have hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water" (Jer. ii. 13). Again, what is more agreeable to faith than to feel assured that God is a propitious Father when Christ is acknowledged as a brother and propitiator? than confidently to expect all prosperity and gladness from him whose ineffable love towards us was such that he "spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all" (Rom. viii. 32)? than to rest in the sure hope of salvation and eternal life whenever Christ, in whom such treasures are hid, is conceived to have been given by the Father? Here they attack us, and loudly maintain that this sure confidence is not free from arrogance and presumption. But as nothing is to be presumed of ourselves, so all things are to be presumed of God; nor are we stript of vainglory for any other reason than that we may learn to glory in the Lord. Why go farther? Take but a cursory view, most valiant King, of all the parts of our cause, and count us of all wicked men the most iniquitous, if you do not discover plainly that "therefore we both labor and suffer reproach because we trust in the living God" (1 Tim. iv. 10), because we believe it to be "life eternal" to know "the only true God and Jesus Christ," whom he has sent (John xvii. 3). For this hope some of us are in bonds, some beaten with rods, some made a gazingstock, some proscribed, some most cruelly tortured, some

obliged to flee; we are all pressed with straits, loaded with dire execrations, lacerated by slanders, and treated with the greatest indignity.

Look now to our adversaries (I mean the priesthood, at whose beck and pleasure others ply their enmity against us), and consider with me for a little by what zeal they are actuated. The true religion which is delivered in the Scriptures, and which all ought to hold, they readily permit both themselves and others to be ignorant of, to neglect and despise; and they deem it of little moment what each man believes concerning God and Christ, or disbelieves, provided he submits to the judgment of the Church with what they call implicit faith; nor are they greatly concerned though they should see the glory of God dishonored by open blasphemies, provided not a finger is raised against the primacy of the Apostolic See and the authority of holy mother Church. Why, then, do they war for the mass, purgatory, pilgrimage, and similar follies, with such fierceness and acerbity, that though they cannot prove one of them from the Word of God, they deny godliness can be safe without faith in these things — faith drawn out, if I may so express it, to its utmost stretch? Why? Just because their belly is their God, and their kitchen their religion; and they believe that if these were away, they would not only not be Christians, but not even men. For although some wallow in luxury, and others feed on slender crusts, still they all live by the same pot, which without that fuel might not only cool, but altogether freeze. He, accordingly, who is most anxious about his stomach proves the fiercest champion of his faith. In short, the object on which all to a man are bent is to keep their kingdom safe, or their belly filled; not one gives even the smallest sign of sincere zeal.

Nevertheless, they cease not to assail our doctrine, and to accuse and defame it in what terms they may, in order to render it either hated or suspected. They call it new, and of recent birth; they carp at it as doubtful and uncertain; they bid us tell by what miracles it has been confirmed; they ask if it be fair to receive it against the consent of so many holy Fathers and the most ancient custom; they urge us to confess either that it is schismatical in giving battle to the Church, or that the Church must have been without life during the many centuries in which nothing of the kind was heard. Lastly, they say there is little need of argument, for its quality may be known by its fruits, namely, the large number of sects, the many sedi-

tious disturbances, and the great licentiousness which it has produced. No doubt, it is a very easy matter for them, in presence of an ignorant and credulous multitude, to insult over an undefended cause; but were an opportunity of mutual discussion afforded, that acrimony which they now pour out upon us in frothy torrents, with as much license as impunity, would assuredly boil dry. . . .

But to return, Sire. Be not moved by the absurd insinuations with which our adversaries are striving to frighten you into the belief that nothing else is wished and aimed at by this new gospel (for so they term it) than opportunity for sedition and impunity for all kinds of vice. Our God is not the author of division, but of peace; and the son of God, who came to destroy the works of the devil, is not the minister of sin. We, too, are undeservedly charged with desires of a kind for which we have never given even the smallest suspicion. We, forsooth, meditate the subversion of kingdoms; we, whose voice was never heard in faction, and whose life, while passed under you, is known to have been always quiet and simple; even now, when exiled from our home, we nevertheless cease not to pray for all prosperity to your person and your kingdom. We, forsooth, are aiming after an unchecked indulgence in vice, in whose manners, though there is much to be blamed, there is nothing which deserves such an imputation; nor (thank God) have we profited so little in the Gospel that our life may not be to these slanderers an example of chastity, kindness, pity, temperance, patience, moderation, or any other virtue. It is plain, indeed, that we fear God sincerely, and worship him in truth, since, whether by life or by death, we desire his name to be hallowed; and hatred herself has been forced to bear witness to the innocence and civil integrity of some of our people on whom death was inflicted for the very thing which deserved the highest praise. But if any, under pretext of the Gospel, excite tumults (none such have as yet been detected in your realm), if any use the liberty of the grace of God as a cloak for licentiousness (I know of numbers who do), there are laws and legal punishments by which they may be punished up to the measure of their deserts, — only, in the mean time, let not the Gospel of God be evil spoken of because of the iniquities of evil men.

Sire, that you may not lend too credulous an ear to the accusations of our enemies, their virulent injustice has been set before you at sufficient length; I fear even more than sufficient,

since this preface has grown almost to the bulk of a full apology. My object, however, was not to frame a defense, but only with a view to the hearing of our cause, to mollify your mind, now indeed turned away and estranged from us — I add, even inflamed against us — but whose good will, we are confident, we should regain, would you but once, with calmness and composure, read this our Confession, which we desire your Majesty to accept instead of a defense. But if the whispers of the malevolent so possess your ear that the accused are to have no opportunity of pleading their cause; if those vindictive furies, with your connivance, are always to rage with bonds, scourgings, tortures, maimings, and burnings, we, indeed, like sheep doomed to slaughter, shall be reduced to every extremity; yet so that, in our patience, we will possess our souls, and wait for the strong hand of the Lord, which, doubtless, will appear in its own time, and show itself armed, both to rescue the poor from affliction, and also take vengeance on the despisers, who are now exulting so securely.

Most illustrious King, may the Lord, the King of kings, establish your throne in righteousness, and your scepter in equity.

BASLE, 1st August, 1536.

THE COUNTER-REFORMATION AND LOYOLA.

BY LORD MACAULAY.

(From essay on Ranke's "History of the Popes.")

[THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY: An English historian and essayist; born October 25, 1800; son of a noted philanthropist and a Quaker lady; died at London, December 28, 1859. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the bar, but took to writing for the periodicals and to politics; became famous for historical essays, was a warm advocate of Parliamentary Reform, and was elected to Parliament in 1830. In 1834 he was made a member of the Supreme Legislative Council for India, residing there till 1838, and making the working draft of the present Indian Penal Code. He was Secretary of War in 1839. The first two volumes of his "History of England" were published in December, 1848. His fame rests even more on his historical essays, his unsurpassed speeches, and his "Lays of Ancient Rome."]

IN THE northern parts of Europe the victory of Protestantism was rapid and decisive. . . . But while this mighty work was proceeding in the north of Europe, a revolution of a very different kind had taken place in the south. The temper of Italy and

Spain was widely different from that of Germany and England. As the national feeling of the Teutonic nations impelled them to throw off the Italian supremacy, so the national feeling of the Italians impelled them to resist any change which might deprive their country of the honors and advantages which she enjoyed as the seat of the government of the Universal Church. It was in Italy that the tributes were spent of which foreign nations so bitterly complained. It was to adorn Italy that the traffic in Indulgences had been carried to that scandalous excess which had roused the indignation of Luther. There was among the Italians both much piety and much impiety; but, with very few exceptions, neither the piety nor the impiety took the turn of Protestantism. The religious Italians desired a reform of morals and discipline, but not a reform of doctrine, and least of all a schism. The irreligious Italians simply disbelieved Christianity, without hating it. They looked at it as artists or as statesmen; and, so looking at it, they liked it better in the established form than in any other. It was to them what the old Pagan worship was to Trajan and Pliny. Neither the spirit of Savonarola nor the spirit of Machiavelli had anything in common with the spirit of the religious or political Protestants of the North.

Spain again was, with respect to the Catholic Church, in a situation very different from that of the Teutonic nations. Italy was, in truth, a part of the empire of Charles the Fifth; and the court of Rome was, on many important occasions, his tool. He had not, therefore, like the distant princes of the North, a strong selfish motive for attacking the Papacy. In fact, the very measures which provoked the Sovereign of England to renounce all connection with Rome were dictated by the Sovereign of Spain. The feeling of the Spanish people concurred with the interest of the Spanish government. The attachment of the Castilian to the faith of his ancestors was peculiarly strong and ardent. With that faith were inseparably bound up the institutions, the independence, and the glory of his country. Between the day when the last Gothic king was vanquished on the banks of the Xeres, and the day when Ferdinand and Isabella entered Granada in triumph, near eight hundred years had elapsed; and during those years the Spanish nation had been engaged in a desperate struggle against misbelievers. The Crusades had been merely an episode in the history of other nations. The existence of Spain had been one

long Crusade.) After fighting Mussulmans in the Old World, she began to fight heathens in the New. It was under the authority of a Papal bull that her children steered into unknown seas. It was under the standard of the cross that they marched fearlessly into the heart of great kingdoms. It was with the cry of "St. James for Spain," that they charged armies which outnumbered them a hundredfold. And men said that the Saint had heard the call, and had himself, in arms, on a gray war-horse, led the onset before which the worshippers of false gods had given way. After the battle, every excess of rapacity or cruelty was sufficiently vindicated by the plea that the sufferers were unbaptized. Avarice stimulated zeal. Zeal consecrated avarice. Proselytes and gold mines were sought with equal ardor. In the very year in which the Saxons, maddened by the exactions of Rome, broke loose from her yoke, the Spaniards, under the authority of Rome, made themselves masters of the empire and of the treasures of Montezuma. Thus Catholicism which, in the public mind of Northern Europe, was associated with spoliation and oppression, was in the public mind of Spain associated with liberty, victory, dominion, wealth, and glory.

It is not, therefore, strange, that the effect of the great outbreak of Protestantism in one part of Christendom should have been to produce an equally violent outbreak of Catholic zeal in another. Two reformations were pushed on at once with equal energy and effect, a reformation of doctrine in the North, a reformation of manners and discipline in the South. In the course of a single generation, the whole spirit of the church of Rome underwent a change. From the halls of the Vatican to the most secluded hermitage of the Apennines, the great revival was everywhere felt and seen. All the institutions anciently devised for the propagation and defense of the faith were furbished up and made efficient. Fresh engines of still more formidable power were constructed. Everywhere old religious communities were remodeled and new religious communities called into existence. Within a year after the death of Leo, the order of Camaldoli was purified. The Capuchins restored the old Franciscan discipline, the midnight prayer and the life of silence. The Barnabites and the society of Somasca devoted themselves to the relief and education of the poor.

To the Theatine order a still higher interest belongs. Its great object was the same with that of our early Methodists,

namely, to supply the deficiencies of the parochial clergy. The Church of Rome, wiser than the Church of England, gave every countenance to the good work. The members of the new brotherhood preached to great multitudes in the streets and in the fields, prayed by the beds of the sick, and administered the last sacraments to the dying. Foremost among them in zeal and devotion was Gian Pietro Caraffa, afterwards Pope Paul the Fourth. In the convent of the Theatines at Venice, under the eye of Caraffa, a Spanish gentleman took up his abode, tended the poor in the hospitals, went about in rags, starved himself almost to death, and often sallied into the streets, mounted on stones, and, waving his hat to invite the passers-by, began to preach in a strange jargon of mingled Castilian and Tuscan. The Theatines were among the most zealous and rigid of men; but to this enthusiastic neophyte their discipline seemed lax, and their movements sluggish; for his own mind, naturally passionate and imaginative, had passed through a training which had given to all its peculiarities a morbid intensity and energy. In his early life he had been the prototype of the hero of Cervantes. The single study of the young hidalgo had been chivalrous romance; and his existence had been one gorgeous day-dream of princesses rescued and infidels subdued. He had chosen a Dulcinea, "no countess, no duchess," — these are his own words, — "but one of far higher station;" and he flattered himself with the hope of laying at her feet the keys of Moorish castles and the jeweled turbans of Asiatic kings. In the midst of these visions of martial glory and prosperous love, a severe wound stretched him on a bed of sickness. His constitution was shattered, and he was doomed to be a cripple for life. The palm of strength, grace, and skill in knightly exercises was no longer for him. He could no longer hope to strike down gigantic soldans, or to find favor in the sight of beautiful women.

A new vision then arose in his mind, and mingled itself with his own delusions in a manner which to most Englishmen must seem singular, but which those who know how close was the union between religion and chivalry in Spain will be at no loss to understand. He would still be a soldier; he would still be a knight-errant; but the soldier and knight-errant of the spouse of Christ. He would smite the Great Red Dragon. He would be the champion of the Woman clothed with the Sun. He would break the charm under which false prophets held the souls of men in bondage. His restless spirit led him to the

Syrian deserts, and to the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. Thence he wandered back to the farthest West, and astonished the convents of Spain and the schools of France by his penances and vigils. The same lively imagination which had been employed in picturing the tumult of unreal battles, and the charms of unreal queens, now peopled his solitude with saints and angels. The Holy Virgin descended to commune with him. He saw the Saviour face to face with the eye of flesh. Even those mysteries of religion which are the hardest trial of faith were in his case palpable to sight. It is difficult to relate without a pitying smile that, in the sacrifice of the mass, he saw transubstantiation take place, and that as he stood praying on the steps of the Church of St. Dominic, he saw the Trinity in Unity, and wept aloud with joy and wonder. Such was the celebrated Ignatius Loyola, who, in the great Catholic reaction, bore the same part which Luther bore in the great Protestant movement.

Dissatisfied with the system of the Theatines, the enthusiastic Spaniard turned his face towards Rome. Poor, obscure, without a patron, without recommendations, he entered the city where now two princely temples, rich with painting and many-colored marble, commemorate his great services to the Church; where his form stands sculptured in massive silver; where his bones, enshrined amidst jewels, are placed beneath the altar of God. His activity and zeal bore down all opposition; and under his rule the order of Jesuits began to exist, and grew rapidly to the full measure of his gigantic powers. With what vehemence, with what policy, with what exact discipline, with what dauntless courage, with what self-denial, with what forgetfulness of the dearest private ties, with what intense and stubborn devotion to a single end, with what unscrupulous laxity and versatility in the choice of means, the Jesuits fought the battle of their church, is written in every page of the annals of Europe during several generations.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA AND HIS WORK.

By Rev. THOMAS HUGHES, S.J.

(From "Loyola and the Educational System of the Jesuits.")

[Ignatius Loyola, founder of the order of Jesuits (Society of Jesus), was a Spanish noble, born in Guipuscoa in 1491. While disabled by severe injuries at the siege of Pampeluna, he read the "Lives of the Saints," and resolved to devote himself to a religious life. He journeyed to Jerusalem in hopes of converting the Mohammedans there or being martyred by them; returning to Spain in 1526, he was imprisoned by the Inquisition on suspicion of sorcery. Released in 1528, he went to Paris; and having gained some adherents to a plan for a new religious order, they vowed themselves to it in 1534, and it was confirmed in 1536 by Pope Paul III. In 1541 Loyola was chosen general of the fraternity, and continued such till his death, July 31, 1556. He was beatified by Paul V. in 1609, and canonized by Gregory XV. in 1622.]

He was oppressed with poverty, without the satisfaction of acting under orders; suffering many diseases, and yet looking neither to honor, dignity, nor other human reward, such as is wont to draw men on, and animate them under fatigue; finding no pleasure nor satisfaction in the life of studies, an inducement which is so great an alleviation to mortals in the work before them. And in all these respects, he was quite unlike the very men whom he singled out, and enlisted in the new service of devotion; unlike Francis Xavier, who had seen with perfect indifference all his brothers take to their ancestral profession of arms, or to a courtier's life, while he himself, with the whole force of an ambitious soul, ran on successfully and brilliantly in his chosen career, as a Professor; unlike Laynez and Salmeron, whose extraordinary gifts had made them Doctors of Philosophy and Divinity while still, in age, little more than mere youths; very unlike by nature to the gentle make of Lefèvre, who began life as a shepherd boy, and ever retained a pastoral sweetness of character. Unlike all of them, Loyola, a soldier born and bred, and still true to his profession, discarded every consideration of taste, comfort, and convenience, in view of one objective point to be reached: through thirteen years he struggled towards it; and when that time of probation was over, he was a marked man. His name was widely known, and favorably so. When he had been paying five times over the price of his daily bread, by traveling to Belgium, to Rouen, and London, and collecting there some Spanish florins, the event seemed to show that he had been but opening the door, here and there and everywhere, for his colleges and universities in the future; albeit, if they came, adversaries came too, in

proportion. But clouds and storms purify the air. When they come again, they will still leave the air the clearer for their coming. If the laws of human conduct are consistent in one way, they are consistent in another. The disturbance comes, but it does its work and goes.

M. Cretineau-Joly, the popular French historian in our own times, speaking of events at a later juncture in the life of Loyola, makes the following observation: "Loyola," he says, "could apply to himself admirably well that proverb which says, 'When a Spaniard is driving a nail into the wall, and his hammer breaks, the Spaniard will drive the nail in with his head!'" Loyola would have his idea go through at any cost.

We shall now follow him to Italy and Rome.

In the year 1537, Rome was not quite the luxurious capital which had fallen under the sword of the Constable of Bourbon. The eternal city, whose Papal Sovereigns have left it on record from time immemorial that in no part of the world were they less recognized as lords than in their own city, had undergone a purification which differed, not substantially, but only in its consequences, from what was called for over half the countries of Europe. The riches, the luxury, the idleness, which elsewhere resulted in a complete change of religious history for many of the northern nations, had here brought about a catastrophe which sobered minds. And no longer an exclusive absorption in elaborate sloth prevented a large portion of the influential element here from doing honor to the Queen of European civilization by doing good to the world.

All roads still led to Rome. Thence too all roads diverged. It was still true that whatever commanded this center could reach out, if only by the force of prestige, to the uttermost limits of the civilized domain. Whatever this venerable source of authority chartered to go on its way, in strength and benediction, had reason to behold, in the privilege so bestowed, the auspicious opening of a useful career, intellectual or moral. It is so to-day, though not in a temporal sense. The charter, or confirmation, or bull, which conveys the recognition of the Church's Head to a project, a cause, or an institute, bestows thereupon a moral power which naturally transcends every franchise in the gift of the most powerful governments. Compared with it, they are local. And, standing no comparison with it, under a moral aspect, they do not pretend to such a power as touches the inner conscience of nations.

When therefore Ignatius turned to the great Rome, he was like the skillful commander whom he describes in a certain place: he was possessing himself of the vantage ground, taking the citadel. It would be more correct to say, as all history avers, that he meant to defend that citadel, the See of Rome. He had waited nearly a year at Venice, to carry out his project of voyaging to Jerusalem. War made that impossible. Now, in accordance with the express proviso in their vow, he and his companions repaired to Rome, and offered their services to the spiritual head of Christendom.

To win approbation for a new religious institute was no easy matter; then less than ever. The recent occurrences in the North had been due to this, among other moral causes, that the later history of certain religious orders, which centuries before had begun one way, latterly had taken a novel and fatal turn. Still, in spite of criticism and hostility, chiefly in the high places, Ignatius received at length the approving word of the Pope; and his Institute was chartered with a bull of confirmation. Henceforth, the evolution of events belongs to general history. What concerns us, in this chartering of the plan and Institute of Ignatius Loyola, is the new character it gave to education, and the epoch it made in the intellectual history of the world. To explain this matter, we may follow briefly the deliberations which the Fathers held, and in the course of which, among other conclusions, they came to decide upon reëstablishing education.

It was the fourth of May, 1539, a year and a half before their services were finally accepted by the Pope. Such of the ten members as were then in Rome occupied themselves, after the labors of the day, in nightly deliberations, which were protracted during three months. They decreed, among other things, that they should teach boys and uncultured persons the necessary points of Christian doctrine, at least once a year, and for a definite time. This decree obviously is not about that secondary and superior education of youth, which is our subject; neither does it concern primary education, of which there is nowhere question in the Institute of the Jesuits. But, as the Constitution subsequently drawn up says, "this work of charity, in the Divine service, is more likely to be consigned to oblivion, and to pass into disuse, than other duties more specious in their character, as preaching," etc.

Teaching Christian doctrine pertains to the duty of those

who have the ordinary care of souls. No duty of this kind, as belonging to the ordinary sphere of the Church's clergy, would Ignatius assume as characteristic of his own Institute, except this one. He was, indeed, more than ready to throw in his contribution of personal zeal and charity, for the furtherance of all kinds of benevolence and beneficence. Personally, at the cost of untiring activity, he sowed, as Genelli well observes, the first seeds of those ameliorations in social life, and of those humane institutions, which are so marked a feature of later ages. He was an original benefactor of humanity at the turning point of modern history, which has since become an era of social organized beneficence. Urban VIII. solemnly testifies that Ignatius organized homes for orphans, for catechumens, for unprovided women; that the poor and the sick, that children and the ignorant and prisoners, were all objects of his personal solicitude. These works of zeal and charity became, in subsequent years, the specific reasons of existence for various other communities, which rose in order and in number. But he did not adopt them as specific in his Institute; nor did he assume as characteristic anything within the province of the ordinary parochial clergy, except the teaching of Christian doctrine to boys and uncultured persons. The rest he attended to while not provided for, ready to drop them when provision should be made for them.

But he did assume five works which were outside of the ordinary lines; and, among them, is the subject of our study, the Education of Youth. As the selection of all these specialties for his Institute reveal the commander's eye resting on a field where many issues were being fought out, so, in particular, his selection of education as a specialty betrayed the same masterly thought, in the institutions he projected, in the scope he proposed, and, above all, in the formation of his teachers.

There had been, among the Fathers deliberating, a difference of opinion, with respect to Christian doctrine. Bobadilla had dissented from making that work the subject of a special vow; and the others deferred to him. But there was unanimity with regard to every other topic of deliberation, including this one, "the education of youth, having colleges in universities."

As defined by Jesuit authors, the education of youth means the gratuitous teaching of letters and science, from almost the first beginnings of Grammar up to the culminating science of Sacred Theology, and that for boys and students of every kind,

in schools open to all. Evidently these university men, who were engaged in drawing up the Institute, considered that, if the greatest Professor's talents are well spent in the exposition of the gravest doctrines in Theology, Philosophy, and Science, neither he, nor any one else, is too great to be a schoolmaster, a tutor, and a father to the boy passing from childhood on to the state of manhood, — that boyhood which, as Clement of Alexandria says, furnishes the very milk of age, and from which the constitution of the man receives its temper and complexion.

It is requisite here to observe that there was no such thing in existence as State Education. Two reasons may briefly be mentioned for this, one of them intrinsic to the question, the other an historical fact. The intrinsic and essential reason was the sacred character of education, as being an original function, belonging to the primary relations of parents and child. States, or organized commonwealths, come only in the third or fourth degree of human society. It was much later, in that short interval between the extinction of the Society of Jesus and the outburst of the French Revolution, that new theories came to be proclaimed, as La Chalotais did openly proclaim them, of a bald and blank deism in social life, and therefore of secularizing education. Between deism and secularization the connection was reasonable. For, if the rights of God went by the board, there was no reason why the rights of parents and children should remain. All alike, the persons and "souls of men," fell back into the condition in which Christianity had found them; they became chattels of the state, manikins of a bureau in peace, "food for powder" in war.

The other reason was an historical fact. For all the purposes of charity, mercy, and philanthropy, there were powers in existence, as part of the normal religious life of general Christian society. They were the same powers that had made Christendom, and had carried it on so far as the Christian world, the same to which we owe the civilization of to-day. More than that. As there is not a single work of charity or mercy, says St. Thomas Aquinas, which may not be made the object of an institution, religious men or women devoting their lives as a service to God, in a special service towards their neighbors; so, in point of fact, there were very few such objects which had not originated some service of religious self-consecration in their behalf.

Now, as operating on education in particular, the powers in the world were, as they had been, almost entirely clerical or religious. In the universities, there were clergymen and Religious. All the great institutions had the religious cast about them. The old ones have it still. Traces of it hang about Oxford and Cambridge. The Church founded them and supervised them. Kings protected them. And the highest outcome of their schools was Divinity in its widest sense: that is to say, the triple knowledge of God, and of man as signed with the light of God's countenance, and of nature as bearing the impress of God's footstep. As it was in the universities, so, outside too, all pedagogic influence had rested with religious men.

But no one of all these religious powers was bound by its constitution to this labor of education, which Loyola now, formally and expressly, assumed as part of his work. It is at this stage of history that education enters into the fundamental plan of a Religious Order. This is a fact, and an epoch, of prime importance in Pedagogics.

For, inasmuch as education entered thus into the plan of a Religious Order, it became the vocation of a moral body which, while incorporated like other bodies, did not confine itself, like single universities, to limited circumstances of place: it was a body diffusive. And so with regard to conditions of time; though all corporations give an assurance of perpetuity, a diffusive body like this does more: it multiplies the assurance, in proportion to its own diffusiveness.

And again, inasmuch as the body which undertook the work of education was a religious one, bound to poverty, it guaranteed that the members would endow the work, at their own cost, with that which is the first, the essential, and most expensive endowment, among all others, — the labors, the attainments, and the lives of competent men, all gratuitously given. This endowment, which is so substantial, is besides so far-reaching, that no other temporal foundation would be needed, were it not that the necessaries of life, and the apparatus for their work, are still necessary to living men, even though they live in personal poverty.

Thus then it was that Ignatius took in charge the secondary and superior education of the Christian world, as far as his services should be called for: he threw into the work the endowment of a Religious Order. This, as the sequel proved,

meant the whole revival of learning. Lord Bacon bears witness to it in a few words, when he says that the Jesuits "partly in themselves, and partly by the emulation and provocation of their example, have much quickened and strengthened the state of learning." Father Daniel gives some of the details in a summary way. He says: "The exclusively University régime of the late centuries replaced, for a notable portion of students, by a scholastic discipline much more complete; Scholastic Philosophy and Theology renovated, through the care applied to prevent young men from throwing themselves too early into the disputes of the schools; in fine, Literature and Grammar resuming the place they had lost in the twelfth century, and, over and above that, enjoying the new resources created for their use by the Renaissance; all this I call a capital fact in the history of the human mind, and even in the history of the Church."

After the time of Ignatius, other religious congregations, fortified with their own special means for respective departments of activity, entered upon the same general field of work. They were the Oratorians, the Barnabites, the Fathers of the Pious Schools, the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and others whose names may occur in the course of this essay. And, for the education of women, inferior and superior alike, congregations of devoted religious women came into being, and opened their convents to supply the best and highest culture.

For fear that, in the execution of this plan, and in their other enterprises of devotion and zeal, any secondary intentions or results, with regard to power and office, might mar the purity of the work and defeat the main object, the same men, whose future under the generalship of such a leader was about to open as one of transcendent influence in the civilized world, bound themselves by vow never to accept any dignity or office in the Church. Naturally they should keep aloof from affairs of state. In fact, it would be incompatible with their own purposes of literary and scientific competence, to leave themselves at the mercy of other men's views, and be drafted into posts outside of the Institute, and be placed in an impossible situation for working out the specific end intended. It would be suicidal too. Just when a man was capable of continuing his kind, he would be lost to the body, and be rendered incapable thereby of propagating his own type of eminence. Besides, without touching upon the inner reasons of the spiritual life,